

December 1916

Everybody's Magazine

JUN 25 1917
MICHIGAN

The background of the cover is a stylized illustration. It depicts a large, early 20th-century tank, possibly a British Mark I, with its turret angled upwards. Two soldiers in World War I-era uniforms, including helmets and tunics, are positioned near the rear of the tank. The scene is set against a dark blue sky with some greenish-yellow clouds or smoke on the right side. Bare, dark branches are visible on the left. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century pulp magazine art.

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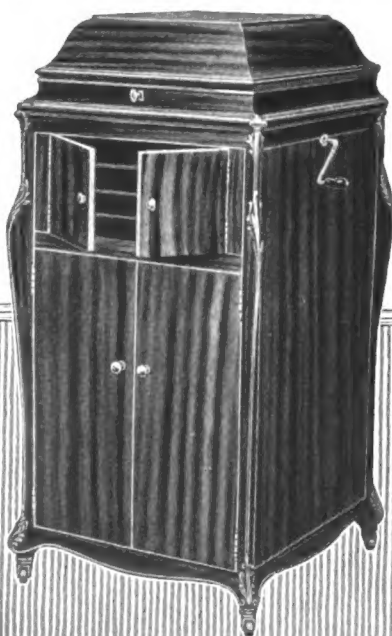
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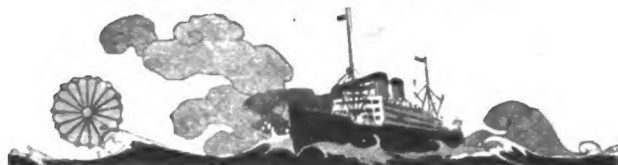
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JAPAN IN THE CHINA SHOP

*What the Sons of Nippon are up to
in the Far East*

BY O. K. DAVIS



WE HAVE talked much in this country about the Yellow Peril and the menace of war with Japan. Here is a frank discussion by an expert in Eastern affairs, fresh from a study of Japanese activities in China. In this article and another in the January number, Mr. Davis will throw the light on Japan's intentions, and show what they mean to the United States.

THE road to war with Japan lies through China. It is an easy road, for the United States, as far as the opening of the war, and after that it will be mighty difficult. When the people of this country make up their minds that they want to go to war with Japan, they can find the pretext, the opportunity, the cause—whatever they choose to call it—ready to hand on the eastern Asiatic mainland. Let them interfere with the development of Japan's plans in China; let them undertake to block the deliberately conceived and carefully built-up scheme for the establishment of Japanese dominion over the people and the territory of the ancient Middle Kingdom. When they have done that, the next move may very well be one of vigorous preparation for defense.

For Japan has her eye on China, and her eye is set. For a number of years we have been indulging ourselves in a great deal of idle talk about war with Japan. None of it has helped to prevent war, and some of it has been of a character that tends to make such a war easier, at least for the other side, to undertake.

Most of our foolish talk of this sort has been concerned in one way or another with the Philippines. Undoubtedly the Philippines are a hostage to fortune, and will be so for us as long as we hold them unless we wake up some day and really put them in a proper state of defense. That, however, would be such an expense, in money, time, and men, that it is practically out of the question to think of any American Government ever taking on the job. The practical probability is that the Philippines will remain very much in the same condition that they are in to-day. In that condition they offer a lovely and attractive mark for Japan, whenever the exigencies of any other situation bring her to war with the United States. Japan would not undertake war with us for the sake of the Philippines. But if ever Japan gets into war with us for any other cause, we may expect one of her first moves to be against the Philippines.

It is China, not the Philippines, that Japan really wants. And it is China that Japan must have. For it is China which will give Japan the outlet she needs so desperately. We are accustomed to think that it is merely ambition—and chiefly military

ambition—that is driving Japan on. But behind her ambition there lies an economic necessity hard and insistent, which knows no relief but one—it is the imperative press of population which demands relief and will not be denied.

It is idle to contend that there are not several points of decided friction between the Japanese and the Americans.

We do not like them because they can beat us economically. They can and do under-live us, and consequently they can and do undersell us. We can not permit them to come into our markets and compete on even terms with our own people. If we did, they would drive us out of our own territory. Our country is very attractive to them, for a number of reasons, especially in the western part. Wages are high, the climate is pleasing to them, and, in general, conditions of life are such that it is possible for the frugal Japanese to work for smaller wages than an American can accept, and still save enough so that in a few years he will be able to return to Japan and establish himself at home.

THE Japanese do not like us because we have affronted them with a supercilious superiority that is terribly galling to their race pride and their personal egotism. We have denied them social, if not racial, equality. When our people in San Francisco refused to admit Japanese to their schools simply because they were Japanese, they gave offense in a way that will never be forgotten or forgiven by the Japanese people. The Japanese Government has chosen to let that matter sink into the limbo of inaction, along with the California anti-alien land-law question, but only because it suits the Japanese Government for the time being to do so. Both questions are merely lying dormant, ready for revival whenever it suits Japan.

However deeply the Japanese people may feel the affront we have put upon them, the Japanese Government—and that is a very different matter—has not displayed the least indication of losing its head over it; and until the Government makes up its mind that it is for the best interests of Japan to take positive action against us, that action will not be taken, and the Japanese people will have to content themselves about it as best they can. For Japan is still a country of very strong central control,

and in matters of foreign policy the popular voice counts for little unless it clamors for what the Government wants.

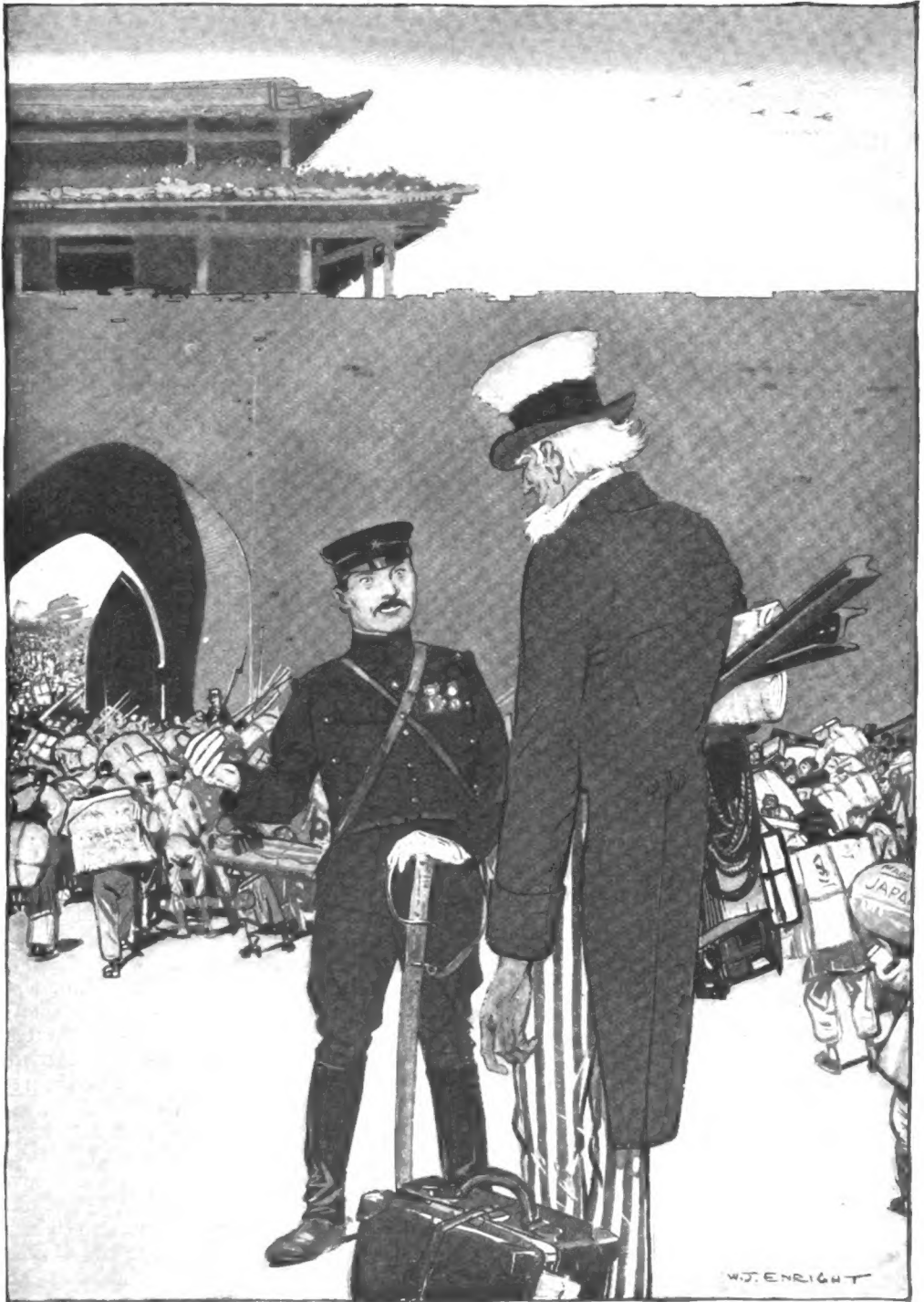
What does the Japanese Government want? China. Why? Because China, and China alone, can furnish the outlet which Japan imperatively needs. If the problem of Japan is translated, for illustration, into terms of the United States, it will undoubtedly be more intelligible to American readers. Let us try it.

Japan proper consists of a number of islands, the largest of which, called Hondo, is that on which Tokyo and Yokohama, Kyoto and Kobe, Osaka and Shimonoseki are situated. It constitutes more than half the area of Japan. And yet it is only about as large as the state of Kansas. When all the hundreds of her islands are reckoned in, the total area of Japan is only about 147,000 square miles, or about the area of our state of Montana.

Yet in that small area there are living to-day approximately fifty-three millions of Japanese men, women, and children. And by far the greater part of them live on the island of Hondo. Just think of that! Suppose fifty-three millions of people were put into the state of Montana. The grandest moving out the United States have ever seen would begin overnight, and it would keep up until the pressure of population per square mile had been very substantially reduced. Suppose four-fifths of that population, or say forty millions, were placed in Kansas. What sort of an exodus would there not be—even from Kansas?

And yet all of Kansas is arable, whereas only one-sixth of Japan is arable. Five-sixths of Japan stand on end—like the kingdom where Namgay Doolah lived—and not even the marvelously patient and thrifty Japanese can wring a living from its reluctant soil. Certain eminent observers have written most interestingly about the wonderful skill and ability of the Chinese as farmers. But if you want to see three blades of grass growing where there is room for only two, go to Japan. That is one result of having fifty-three millions of people living in a territory the size of Montana.

But that is not the whole of Japan's economic problem. Her population is increasing about 700,000 a year, wholly from the excess of births over deaths. With a death-rate of 22 per thousand, her birth-rate is 34 per thousand. The war with Russia checked

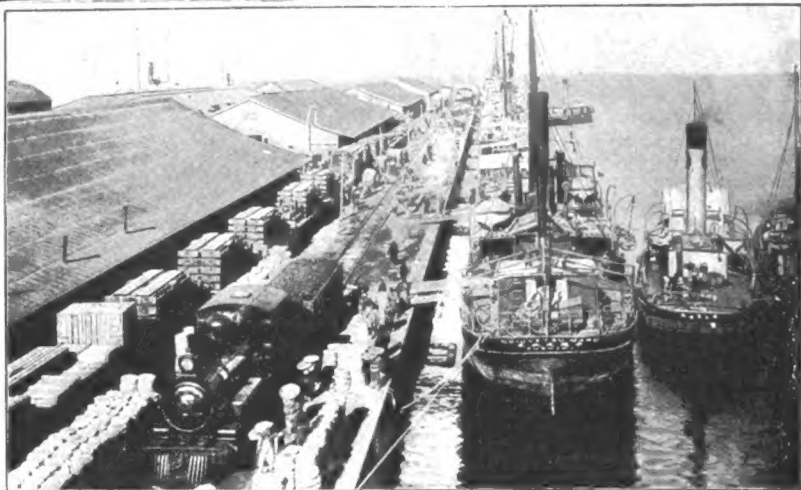


"YOU SEE, HONORABLE UNCLE, THE DOOR TO CHINA IS WIDE OPEN!"



Photographs from Bain News Service.

CHINA'S SOVEREIGNTY IN MANCHURIA IS HARDLY MORE THAN NOMINAL. JAPAN IS IN ALMOST COMPLETE CONTROL. THE SOUTH MANCHURIA RAILWAY, TO WHICH THIS SHIP BELONGS, WAS TAKEN OVER BY JAPAN AFTER THE WAR WITH RUSSIA.



this increase of population for three or four years, but the total effect of this check was probably less than a million lives.

Here is a problem, you see, which has been presented several times in the development of the world's history. And every time it has found its answer. The press of population is not denied. It can not be believed that it will be denied in the case of Japan.

Not so very long ago I had opportunity to discuss this problem with several of the leading statesmen of Japan in their own homes. Among those who talked frankly with me about it was Marquis Okuma, then the head of the Government. In the course of his long tenure of the prime-ministership of Japan Marquis Okuma has made a good many statements for American consumption, and some of them have demanded much credulity on the part of Americans. But when he fell to discussing this economic problem, and Japan's relation to China in connection with it, the venerable statesman developed a line of argument which must appeal to every American who takes the trouble to look at all into the Far Eastern question. Marquis Okuma does not speak English, and my talk with him was through an interpreter. I do not profess, therefore, to give his phraseology, but I do give faithfully the line and substance of what he said, and for that reason I use quotation-marks.

"We are facing a very difficult problem,"

he said. "We have a great population which is increasing very rapidly. Our land is all taken up—that is, all of it that is capable of cultivation. Our people are very good tillers of the soil, but even then we can not count surely upon being able to raise enough from our small area to supply the needs of all our people. So much of our country is rugged and mountainous, and not capable of cultivation, that it necessitates great care and skill on the part of our farmers to raise crops that will suffice for our needs.

"We must have relief; we must have outlet for expansion. It is a hard problem for us, but it is not a new problem in the world. Thirty years ago Germany was facing a problem largely similar. At that time she was exporting some three hundred thousand of her citizens to the United States every year. The Germans flocked to America because they could not earn a comfortable living in their native land.

"It was a bad thing for Germany to have so many of her good citizens forced to leave their homes every year. The German Government saw that very clearly, and determined to put an end to the conditions which were driving these Germans to the United States. They set deliberately about creating a situation where those German citizens could earn a decent living and stay in their own country and with their own people.

"Territorial expansion was not possible

for Germany, in a way suited to the needs of her Government. Her colonial development offered no special attractions for the emigration of her people. Consequently it was necessary for the German Government to foster the development of industries at home so as to afford the opportunity to her people to make good wages at home. Germany deliberately and carefully did that. In every way her Government has assisted her people to create and develop industrial enterprises. Germany became a vast workshop, as has been shown very well by the events of the present war.

"This industrial development served the purpose for which it was intended. It kept the Germans at home. Their emigration was reduced to a minimum. You will see that in the last few years hardly fifteen thousand a year have gone to the United States, and far fewer to other new locations. Germany needed her men at home, and she kept them there.

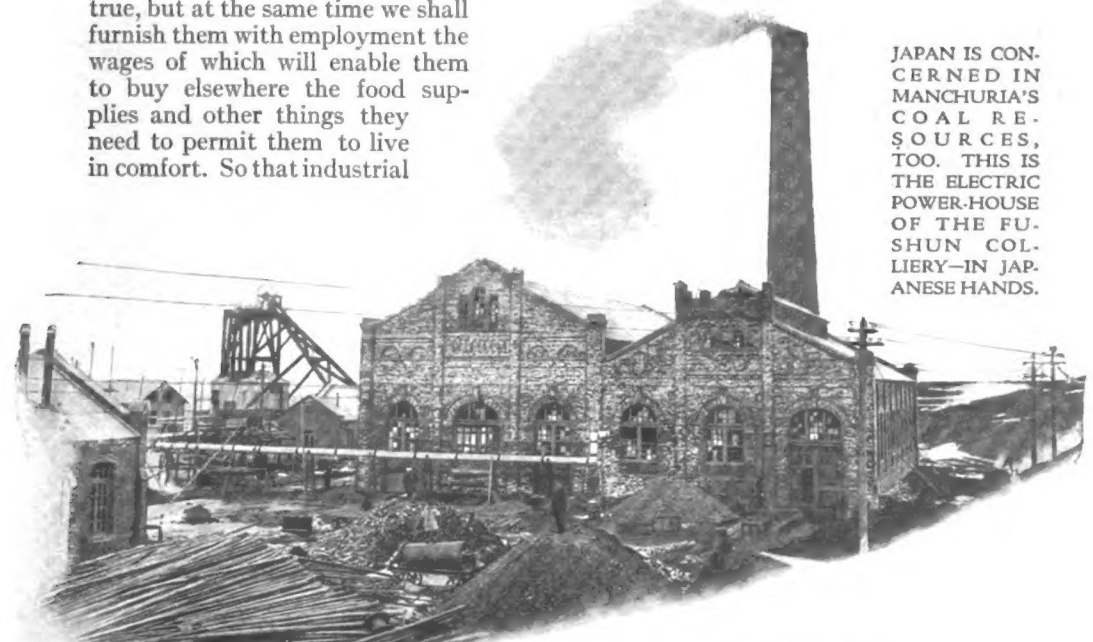
"It is not so much that we need our men here in Japan, but that they are so many that we can not produce here enough food for them. Consequently our problem is not quite the same as that of Germany, but it is similar. If we succeed in bringing about here an industrial development along the lines of that accomplished in Germany, we shall keep our men at home, it is true, but at the same time we shall furnish them with employment the wages of which will enable them to buy elsewhere the food supplies and other things they need to permit them to live in comfort. So that industrial

development, if we could bring it about promptly, would furnish one possible solution for our problem.

"But industrial development such as is necessary to furnish this needed relief for us is a slow process. It is specially slow for us Japanese. Such a development requires vast accumulation of capital, which we have not; it requires organization of industry, which we have not and which we are only slowly learning; and it requires skill in labor, which we are slowly acquiring. In the end we shall possess all these essential requirements, for they are all obtainable, and we have the ability and the determination to acquire them.

"But the relief we need is immediate, and inasmuch as the relief to be afforded by industrial development is slow and far off, we must find some other solution of our problem. There is only one other solution possible. That is territorial expansion. We must find an opportunity for our increasing population to spread out, and to work on the soil and produce from that the things it needs to maintain itself.

"Where shall we go? We can not go north. There is no land available, and even if there were, our people do not like the cold and will not go there. We can not go south, because it is too hot. Our people are



JAPAN IS CONCERNED IN MANCHURIA'S COAL RESOURCES, TOO. THIS IS THE ELECTRIC POWER-HOUSE OF THE FUSHUN COLLIERY—IN JAPANESE HANDS.

accustomed to a temperate climate. They do not like either a hot or a cold climate. You have in the United States, and especially along the Pacific Coast, the soil and the climate that appeal to our people, and when we go there we can earn high wages and save money. But you do not like us, you do not want us, you will not have us, and we can not go there.

"Where, then, can we go? There is only one direction left, and that is west, into China. And why not? China meets all the conditions for the solution of our so difficult problem. It is near. It is the same kind of climate, or very much so, that we enjoy in our own country. Its soil will produce the sort of things that we are accustomed to grow in much of our own agricultural territory, and in the whole range of China everything can be grown that is raised in Japan.

"And there is room in China for us. You are accustomed, no doubt, to think of China as densely populated and tremendously overcrowded. But that is only in compari-

son with your own country. Compared with Japan there is plenty of room. Where we have in the neighborhood of three thousand persons to the square mile in our more densely populated districts, China has probably less than five hundred. This is not strictly accurate—for there are no accurate figures regarding anything in China. But these figures are sufficiently accurate for the comparison. In Manchuria there are probably less than fifty persons to the square mile.

"But necessary as is China to us as a territorial outlet for our pressing population, her trade is quite as essential to us—perhaps even more so—for the industrial development that we must achieve. If we are to bring about an industrial development in Japan which will enable our Japanese workmen to earn their living at home, we must find markets for the sale of the goods these workmen will produce. No country in the world offers us such an opportunity in this respect as China.

"Just as soon as we undertake to expand our trade in the United States, or in Europe, we meet the very keen and well-provided competition of your country and of those in which we endeavor to trade in Europe. Our trade, therefore, is limited practically to those things which you can not manufacture as cheaply as we can, and to goods and materials which are peculiarly the products of Japan or this part of the world.

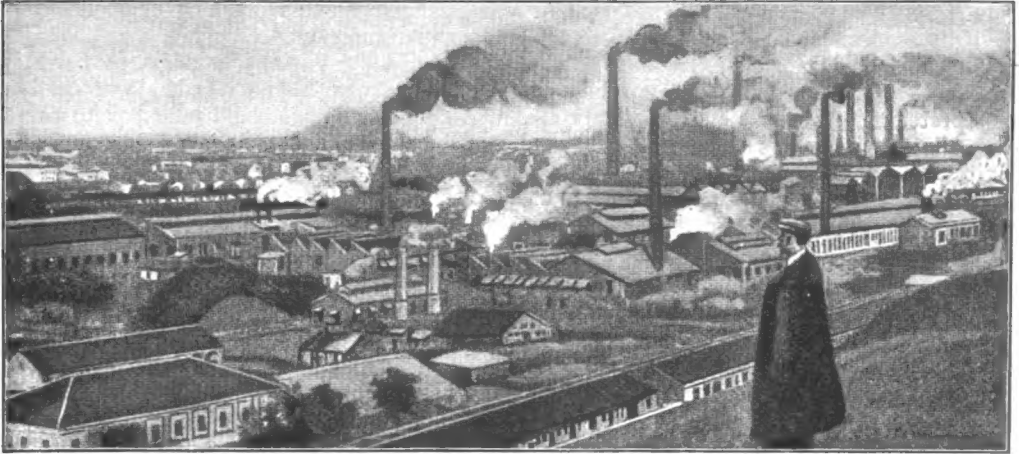
"But in China we enter into competition directly with you and with Europe for the supply of articles of all kinds which are not produced in China, and which until

Cartoon by W. J. Enright.



"PARDON ME, O CHINA—I MUST BE CAREFUL THAT
NEITHER OF US HAS TOO MUCH—OR TOO LITTLE!"

From "Our Eastern Question," courtesy of The Century Company.



CANNY JAPANESE CAPITALISTS MADE HEAVY LOANS TO THE HANYEHING IRON WORKS AT HANYANG, CHINA, AND SO GOT THEM PRACTICALLY UNDER JAPANESE CONTROL.

recently were not produced in Japan. As I said, the trade of China is essential to us. China is our natural market, and we mean to do all we can to secure it. Competition is a natural law. You meet it everywhere. We meet it here among our own people. You meet it among your people. No doubt it will be met in developing the markets of China. You need not be surprised and you must not be vexed if you meet it there.

"You must remember that in respect to China we have three great natural advantages over all the rest of the world—geographical, racial, and political. These are permanent advantages. Most of the rest of the world has three advantages over us in China. These are, first, accumulation of capital; second, organization of industry; and third, skill of labor. All these are temporary. We may not be able to overcome them, but we can surely put ourselves in much better position with regard to them all than we now hold. We can acquire skill in labor and we can develop accumulation of capital. Also, we can accomplish organization of industry. In these three respects the United States and Europe, especially Germany, now have the advantage over us. But in time we shall lessen that advantage.

"Thus, you see, our natural and inevitable outlet is to the west, on the mainland of Asia, in a country where there is room for us, and where the climate is suited to us and the soil is capable of meeting our needs. We must develop our trade there, too, for that is most important for us. You must

remember that our people are great home people. They love their own country and are unwilling to leave it. They dislike to form new associations and to encounter new neighbors. The Japanese like Japan, and prefer to stay here. That has been shown in Korea. Korea, which is approximately the size of this island of Hondo, affords some relief from our problem, but not enough. It does not solve the problem. And as I said, we can not go east, across the Pacific, because you won't have us. We must go west, then. Where else can we go?"

This talk has always appealed to me as being entirely frank and sound. Its presentation of the problem of Japan seems to me to be thoroughly honest and sincere, and not clouded by special pleas of the kind that have caused so much of what is said or done on behalf of Japan to be regarded with suspicion and mistrust by the rest of the world. This kind of talk expresses the plausible view of the matter—the view that a disinterested Westerner would be likely to take of the economic problem presented—and perhaps that is one reason why it has seemed frank and sincere to me. The argument is natural, and not mixed up with any mystery, or Orientalism, or that sort of thing. There is no "East is East and West is West" business in it. It is a statement of conditions which an American or European can accept and believe without writing himself down as a partisan of Japan or stultifying his intelligence. One of the greatest possibilities of trouble between

Japan and the United States is the vast and colossal ignorance in this country of the true situation in Japan. Once that is understood, a good many things which are interpreted nowadays as evidence of Japanese jingoism, or unfriendliness to the United States, will much more probably be taken as moves in the game Japan is playing for the furtherance of her plans in China.

I hold no brief for Japan in all this, and I have no admiration whatever for the methods she employs in seeking to develop her plans and advance her interests. If there is or can be any justification at all for the course Japan has followed with regard to China, and for her continued aggression on her feeble and helpless neighbor, it can only be in the economic necessity which Marquis Okuma discussed so openly with me. But so far as I know that is the last of the reasons put forward on behalf of Japan by any of her statesmen in explanation of their conduct toward China. For the most part they have contented themselves with endeavors to conceal what they were really doing, and with grotesquely false assertions that they were not doing exactly the thing they were actually doing.

For instance, at the very moment when they were invading the sovereignty of China and impairing her integrity and robbing her of her independence, the Japanese were stolidly asserting that they were doing none of those things. Marquis Okuma himself was cabling to the United States from Tokyo his formal assurance that Japan was not doing the very thing that Minister Hioki,

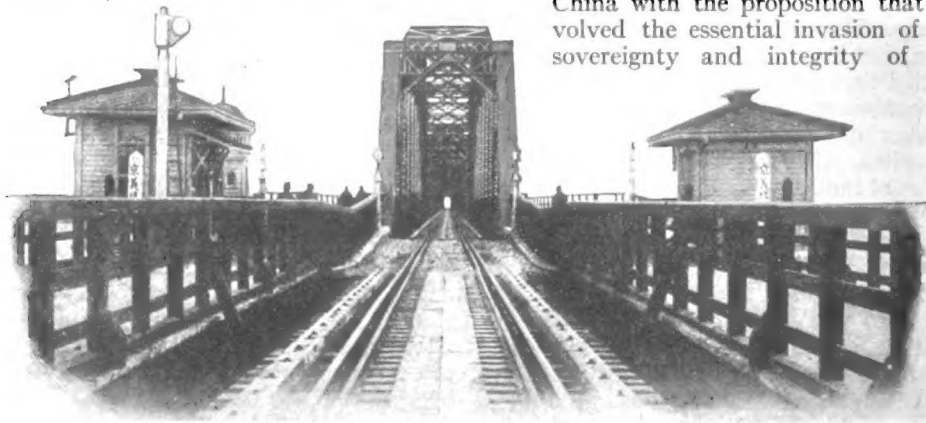
in Peking, was exerting himself to the utmost to accomplish.

Japan did not endeavor to justify herself before the world for what she was really doing in China. She did not seek to present a case that would lead part or all of the rest of the world to sympathize with her necessity and to accept her argument of self-preservation as the motive of her action. She blandly denied, or attempted to deny, that what was going on was in fact going on. Yet it was going on under the very eyes of the rest of the world, and the rest of the world refused to believe what Japan said and insisted on believing what its own eyes reported to it.

Suppose there had been a big post somewhere on the international boundary which was in need of painting, and it was the business of Japan to keep it properly painted. If the Japanese Government believed the post should be painted white, there was a first-class chance that the proper presentation of its arguments would convince at least half the rest of the world that the post ought to be white. But if without telling the rest of the partners that the post was in need of paint, and that she was about to do the work, Japan went ahead and painted the post black, she could not convince a single soul in the world except blind men that she had really painted it white.

But that is just what she tried to do in China.

And now she is trying it on again. Her demands of a year ago were more comprehensive and far-reaching than those of the present aggression. Then she covered all China with the proposition that involved the essential invasion of the sovereignty and integrity of the



THE GREAT IRON RAILWAY BRIDGE BUILT BY THE JAPANESE OVER THE YALU—THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN KOREA AND MANCHURIA



Photographs from Bain News Service.



IN THE HEIGHT OF THE BEAN SEASON IN SOUTHERN MANCHURIA—UNLOADING LOOSE BEANS.

ancient Empire - Republic. Now she is operating against only a part—Eastern Inner Mongolia, that undefined and never delimited expanse of grass plain and desert stretching from her Manchurian sphere of influence on the east across to the Russian sphere of influence on the north and west.

Manchuria already is almost wholly in Japanese control. China maintains the show of sovereignty there, but it is a sovereignty so badly impaired in so many important particulars that only shreds of its original authority are left, and those shreds will be lost also whenever it suits the plans of Japan to bring forward, or create, the pretext for action. Mongolia will soon be in the same condition exactly as Manchuria, and then, unless Japan concludes that wider action earlier is safe, it may be expected confidently that the next forward movement will be southward from Manchuria and Mongolia into the very vitals of that great country which once was the "Middle Kingdom."

For Japan must develop for herself the vast trade of China, and Japan doesn't know how to develop that trade for herself except by first acquiring dominion over China as she has practically acquired it over Manchuria and is now setting out to acquire it over Mongolia. Japan must play the game in her own way. It is not the way of Westerners, and we have great difficulty in comprehending or accepting it. But we might just as well make up our minds first as last to the fact that that is the way Japan is going to play. It is her game, and she will play the only way she knows how. So the rest of the world must expect to have her go right on denying and

endeavoring to conceal what she is doing, no matter how obvious and clear it may be, until the moment arrives when it suits her bland purpose to admit that, after all, she has done what she denied doing.

The war in Europe has greatly improved Japan's position. It has brought her an undreamed-of and un hoped-for prosperity. It has stimulated industrial activity and expansion, and in marked degree has tended to supply one of the deficiencies of which Marquis Okuma spoke so strongly—the accumulation of capital. If you travel by rail from Shimonoseki to Tokyo now, you will see at almost every station from three to a dozen stacks belching smoke. The newspapers constantly report the organization of new concerns, and there is a steadily lengthening list of new enterprises. And most significant of all, Japan has found the money to invest in foreign securities. Nothing has had more appeal to Japanese imagination, or been a greater stimulus to Japanese pride, than this ability to subscribe, even though in small amount compared to the enormous subscriptions in this country, to loans issued in France and Russia.

It is not on war supplies alone that Japan is increasingly busy. She is making ammunition and clothing for Russia and her other allies; but more than that, she is developing her peaceful trade and her merchant marine. She has almost the entire carrying trade of the Pacific Ocean in her grasp, and the Government fixes the freight rates. Her busy, energetic trade scouts have taken very careful account of the trade that was Germany's before the war, and samples of every kind of German product



PILES OF SOYA BEANS AWAITING SHIPMENT. MOST OF THIS TRADE GOES TO JAPAN.

which the scouts conceived it possible to make in Japan have been sent home and exhibited to Japanese manufacturers under Government supervision. The Japanese Government gives every form of aid and advantage to the organization and development of new enterprises, even to subscribing to the capital and granting exemption from taxation.

Past question, the war has greatly advanced the day when Japan will be prepared financially to come into the open in the execution of her designs upon China.

China is helpless to prevent Japan from having her own way. It is of no material importance, so far as effective Chinese resistance is concerned, whether Japan demands and takes Mongolia or the whole of China. Of course the Chinese still have a lingering hope that if Japan should come out in the open and announce her intention to absorb China entirely, some European power might interfere to prevent the accomplishment of that purpose. But it is a faint hope at best, and is based very largely upon the greatly desired early termination of the European war.

The Chinese recognize the fact that during the war Japan is practically free to work her will in China uninterfered with by anybody in Europe. And the Chinese also recognize the fact that, war or no war in Europe, it is idle for them to expect any effective support from the United States, at least as long as the present administration is in power.

I was in Peking at the close of the negotiations between Japan and China over the twenty-one Japanese demands of 1915. It was at that juncture which the United States

picked out to send an identical telegram to Japan and China solemnly warning those countries that this Government would not recognize any result of their negotiations. It was phrased in diplomatic language, and seemed to be meant to notify Japan that the United States would not submit to her violation of her numerous engagements to maintain the "open door" in China. Japan smiled at receipt of this message, and complacently filed it away. China sighed regretfully and said to me, through the lips of one of her high diplomatic officials:

"You don't suppose that a government which will not protect its own citizens across the Rio Grande River is going to come across the Pacific Ocean to try to protect us, do you?"

And I was obliged to confess that I could not support such a supposition for a single moment.

The causes of China's helplessness are numerous and varied. Sometimes it seems that the essential philosophy of pacifism—the doctrine of non-resistance—is at the bottom of them all. Yet the Chinese people are very far from being wholly peaceful. Their history is filled with wars and rebellions, with strife and bloody conflict. But it is a history that contains one very curious chapter. Always, seemingly, they have fought among themselves with valor and vigor. Never have they shown either against a foreign enemy. At every conflict with the Western world the Chinese have lost shamefully, and the Westerner has won with ridiculous ease. On several different occasions the foreigner has marched into the capital itself and possessed himself of the seat of government, without material

loss or difficulty. Yet the Chinese have learned no lesson from this repeated experience. Their latest contact with foreigners has resulted as disgracefully for them as their first. But consider that the Chinese invented, made, and used gunpowder long before the Western world knew about it.

So, too, China had others of the useful arts long before the West had them, and has seen the West invent them for itself, develop them, and apply them to general use and the advancement of civilization, while China has stagnated, inactive, turning her originality to no profit.

The foundation of the civilization of the world to-day is transportation—the transportation of ideas, of persons, and of things. Transportation made possible the communi-

cation that led to the

had her miles and miles of broad highways paved with great blocks of solid stone.

But while the Western world has gone on developing this road-making enthusiasm of the pre-Christian era, China has lingered in the lap of Confucius, dreaming of the perfection of the teachings of that philosopher, and letting her roads, her canals, her entire system of communication and transportation, her entire system of philosophy and government, her whole civilization, in fact, stagnate, decay, and crumble into dust.

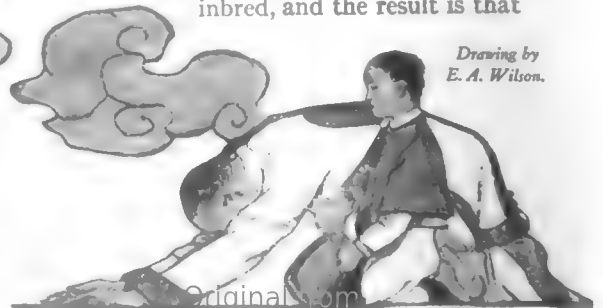
There is a popular saying that China has the most ancient civilization on earth. That saying is true, it seems, in different ways. It is the most ancient civilization in point of years and in point of lack of progress. It was founded more years ago than any other system, and it has remained stationary from its early days. One of the most distinguished students of the problem of China says that the trouble with the people is that they attained perfection away back there before the opening of the Christian era, and in all the subsequent generations have been looking backward, over their shoulders, at that perfection, never attempting, and never desiring, to move onward.

But along with this dead weight of the far-off and forgotten past that has paralyzed the mind and atrophied the soul of China, that unhappy nation has had to bear the crushing weight of an almost universally obeyed rule of life which has led with irresistible strides to physical degeneracy and the permanent impairment of the stamina of the race. It is the inevitable development of the cult of ancestor worship that drives even the children to become ancestors at the earliest possible day. The overmastering law of existence in China is to get an heir. Devotion to parents and the spirits of the ancestors is inbred, and the result is that



ANCESTOR WORSHIP IS A CRUSHING WEIGHT ON CHINA—IT IS PART OF THE REASON WHY SEVEN OUT OF EVERY TEN CHILDREN IN CHINA DIE UNDER FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

friction of intelligence, the contact of minds all over the globe, and out of that has come whatever of forward movement the world has made. But in the days of the Western ancients, some thousands of years ago, who were signaling their enlightenment by the construction of superb roads and the improvement of means of transportation and communication, China already had known the art of road-building for centuries and



Drawing by E. A. Wilson.

Photograph from Bain Nisse Sweden.



A COLLIERY MACHINE-SHOP OF THE SOUTHERN MANCHURIA RAILWAY—AT CHIEN-CHIN-CHAI.

on the average the first one or two babies in a family are born before their father and mother have attained full stature and full age. It is no wonder that those who have made careful observation report that seven out of every ten children born in China die before they reach the age of five years.

And it was on a race physically blighted by the observance of such a practise that there was imposed that other dreadful and inhuman blight of opium.

With such a philosophy and such a debilitating rule of life laid upon them, the wonder is not that the Chinese people are helpless before the aggression of the virile Japanese. It is no wonder that they have lost with amazing indifference to the different foreign forces that have invaded their country and marched to their capital. The wonder is that they have maintained the outward semblance of a great power for so long.

It is not remarkable that under such a philosophy China should never have joined step with the rest of the world in its forward march. The forward movement of Western civilization held no incentive or attraction for China, because her eyes were fixed upon the perfection attained by the Chinese sys-

tem more than two thousand years ago. If you study the literature of China you will find that, broadly speaking, her writers on ethics were Láo-tse, Confucius, and Mencius; her writers on philosophy were Confucius, Mencius, and Láo-tse; her writers on religion were Mencius, Láo-tse, and Confucius; her writers on government were Láo-tse, Confucius, and Mencius, and her writers on almost everything else were the commentators on these three.

History the Chinese love, and they devote themselves to the writing and study of it. But for them history is chiefly a curious compilation of the sayings and doings of mythical kings and emperors and the furious fights of rebels and brigands. The writings of their three great philosophers, of the never-ending company of commentators on the three great ones, together with a mass of poetry and the incessant outpouring of history, constitute the literature of China.

If you look for anything of value on the practical side of the development of a great race, such works as fill the shelves of the Japanese libraries, you will not find them. Dr. Giles, in his great survey of the literature of China, refers to one man who wrote on economics, away back in 978, or thereabouts, but whose work was not of

sufficient merit to lead to the quotation of a single line of it.

With such a background, and under such present-day circumstances, it is not surprising that China of to-day lacks that organization and system which coordinate the energies of the West. It is not surprising to learn that there has never been a survey or a census of China; that no one knows accurately and scientifically the area and extent of Chinese territory or the number of Chinese people. Peking is a city almost a thousand years old. For centuries it has been the northern capital of China. The Tartar or northern part of the city is densely populated, and lies within a wall fifteen miles around. But no living man can tell you with any reasonable degree of accuracy the number of people who live within that wall. Different persons, each of whom had some claim to being classed as an authority on the subject, have estimated the population of Peking to me as from 800,000 to 1,250,000.

MR. MORSE, the famous authority on the trade and administration of China, found 173 kinds of currency in circulation in different parts of the country. In Peking alone, only a short time ago, as many as nine kinds of taels, all theoretical and imaginary, were employed in the bookkeeping of the capital, and all accounts were actually settled in dollars. In one hundred silver dollars, drawn at one time from the bank, I found seven different kinds of coins, all current at face value.

There is no standard of weights or measures. If you buy a yard of silk in one city it does not follow necessarily that you have a yard according to the measure in the next city to which you may go.

If you travel through the rural districts of China, you will observe a tremendous over-application of labor to the soil. Everywhere it is apparent that the law of diminishing returns has been long in operation. There is very great waste of labor. The Chinese seem not to have been able to devise new means of employing their labor, and their only way of caring for an increase in the supply is further to subdivide the already overmanned job.

All these matters have their share of responsibility for the feebleness of China to-day, and for her helplessness in the face of the aggression of her confident, self-reliant,

efficient, militant neighbor, Japan. But there is something more than the philosophy of perfection and non-resistance, and the utter absence of scientific organization and direction of their labor and enterprise. Broadly speaking, the Chinese people are individualists, not nationalists. The vast majority of them do not care what kind of a government they have, or whether they have any government of their own, so long as they are let alone to go their own way and pursue their own fortunes as they please. Their interest is in themselves first, and in their families next. In the homely expression of the day, China is only half a hop ahead of hunger. The attention, the thought, and the interest of China is centered on the next meal. China is the land of the dinner-pail issue, and the dinner-pail is empty most of the time.

Consequently, it is only a minor fraction of the Chinese people that ponder questions of government. Public office is not thought of in China as a public trust. It is recognized as one of the standard roads to fortune, and every family seeks to have at least one of its sons always in public office so that out of his pay and "squeeze" he may help support his family, and because of his position he may help secure places for others of the family. The hope of Chinese regeneration lies, to-day, in the very small fraction of the people that, having come into contact with Western ideas and teachings, or with the influence of Western schooling and Western business organization and discipline, realize the imperative necessity of immediate and far-reaching reform. They comprehend that China must get into step with the onward march of civilization at last, or else be left hopelessly and helplessly behind.

And just when they come, all unprepared, inexperienced, filled with undigested, half-baked theories derived from hasty and too often superficial contact with Western civilization, to face the heavy responsibility of directing and inducing the national regeneration, they are called upon to meet, also, the aggression of hungry, overcrowded Japan reaching desperately over into China to find for herself the outlet so insistently demanded by that eager press of population.

Can they do it? Can the "New Idea" fellows, the modern school-men of America and Europe, who have acquired some vision and a healthy nationalism with their schooling—

is it within the range of human possibilities that they can in the end leaven that vast lump of three or four hundred millions of conservatives, the inheritors of forty centuries of conservatism? One thing is absolutely certain. They can not do it unless they have time and opportunity to work it out in the Chinese way. China must play her game in her own way, just as Japan is playing her game in her own way.

If China is to live as China, the Chinese people must abandon their individualism and become nationalists. There is no other way. The first relation of life with all the old-school Chinese to-day is the relation of father and son. But if China is to remain on the roster of nations the first relation of life among her people must be that of citizen and state. If they do not want their own government badly enough to sacrifice themselves for it, then they are not entitled to have it, and they won't have it very long.

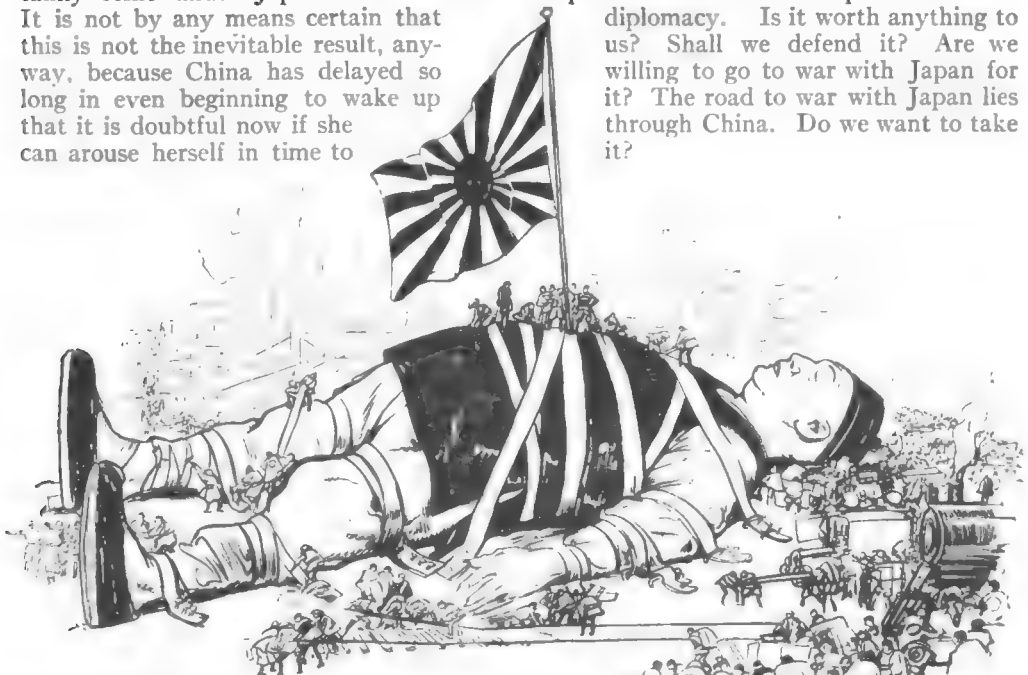
If the Chinese people prefer to remain selfish and indifferent individualists, there will never be any force in China capable of meeting the virile aggression of the strongly nationalist Japanese, and China will certainly come under Japanese domination. It is not by any means certain that this is not the inevitable result, anyway, because China has delayed so long in even beginning to wake up that it is doubtful now if she can arouse herself in time to

organize any resistance that will be worth while.

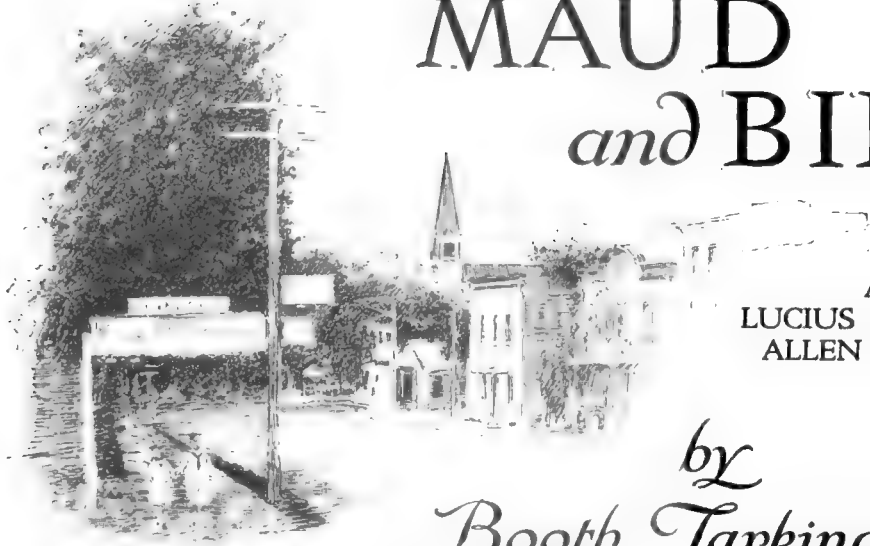
So, weakened by centuries of devotion to a false philosophy of government and a degenerating rule of life, disorganized—or rather never organized—in all the machinery of modern enterprise and administration and bound almost indissolubly to a conservatism and an individualism seemingly immovable, the Chinese are brought face to face with the most highly developed product of modern scientific organization, based upon a self-sacrificing nationalism that knows no equal among the peoples of the earth, and impelled by the most insistent and imperious demand recorded in the history of civilization.

Left to themselves, there is no question at all as to the result. But will they be left alone? Will Europe stand by and see Japan take over the domination, the practical sovereignty of China, and make no move to interfere? And if Europe does not move to check Japan, shall we attempt it?

This is the exact point at which we come in, if ever we come at all into this Far-Eastern question. Ours is the policy of the "Open Door." It is the product of our diplomacy. Is it worth anything to us? Shall we defend it? Are we willing to go to war with Japan for it? The road to war with Japan lies through China. Do we want to take it?



THE CHINESE GULLIVER, BOUND DOWN
BY JAPANESE AMBITIONS AND DEMANDS.



MAUD *and* BILL

A
LUCIUS BRUTUS
ALLEN STORY

by
Booth Tarkington

AUTHOR OF "THE TURMOIL," "PENROD," "SEVENTEEN," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY.

THE "National House" stands on the eastern side of the Square in Marlow; its morning shadow is a rhomboid of cool, blue dusk thrown far out upon the white street; and here is the summer resort, or springs, for local men of leisure, since the bar is handy upon one side, while upon the other is Milo Carter's drug-store, with its glass-domed, soda-fountain hissing icily to allure the passing ear.

Throughout the summer six or seven wooden chairs are to be found upon the sidewalk in front of the hotel, and usually most of them are occupied; but sometimes it happens that the loungers drift to other parts of the Square, or even to their homes, and only one is left, perhaps drowsing with an open jack-knife in his hand. That is Mortimer Fole.

Mortimer will not be sitting in one of the chairs upon the sidewalk, close to the broad window of the hotel; he establishes his chair in the gutter so that he can tilt back against the telegraph-pole which stands at the edge of the pavement, though when his mood is lively he will face about to join in the conversation of the occupants of the other chairs, and then he places his feet against the telegraph-pole at about the level of the buckle of his suspenders. Of

all the men of leisure in Marlow, Mortimer is the one who has the most; but there is a Mexican War pension in his wife's family, and the public is not inclined to blame him.

As the days grow longer in the spring-time, Mortimer arrives upon the Square a little earlier every morning, because when women are busy about a house with their domestic duties, and all this and that, as Mortimer sometimes explains, a man ought to show them a little consideration and keep out of their way, especially early in the morning, when they provoke easy. Thus Mr. Fole reached the *terrasse* of the National House on the twenty-first of last June—that is to say, the longest day in the year—at a little before eight o'clock, ante-meridian.

He gave thoughtful attention to his selection of a chair, because Mr. Wheen, the proprietor of the hotel, had made some amateur experiments in varnish during the long, dull winter, and now that the warm weather was come, certain pieces of furniture both within and without the hostelry were apt to detain an occupant longer than he wished. However, Mortimer found a chair which he had previously discovered to be free of this too hospitable failing; dragged it to the gutter, sat, tilted himself back against the telegraph-pole, hooked

his heels over the bottom rung of the chair, and, finding nothing in his mind or in the world to keep him awake, went pleasantly to sleep.

Though the usual noises of the town went on about him, his slumber was sweet and deep during more than an hour—even when for ten minutes or so a farmer's saddle-horse, tied to the telegraph-pole, now and then breathed upon his head, and went so far as to extend a tremulous upper lip and tamper softly with the sagging brim of his straw hat. Anon, some fellow-citizen driving an automobile would pass jocosely close to the sleeper and sound murder and sudden death upon a warning horn; and at such times Mortimer would twitch slightly or his hand might fall from his lap and hang, flaccid, at his side. Nevertheless he slept.

What woke him has interest for the student of mysteries. Two beautiful little children, a boy of seven and a girl of five, both charmingly dressed in white and almost sparkingly clean, came gravely walking along Main Street, hand in hand. At the corner they paused, their serious eyes having been arrested by the slumbrous figure against the telegraph-pole; then without consultation, but following an impulse harmoniously shared, they turned, and walking straightway to the telegraph-pole, halted close by and stared in silent fascination at the railroad map of rusty wrinkles upon the back of Mr. Mortimer Fole's neck.

Finally, the little girl detached her hand from her brother's, extended a curling forefinger, and touched the most important of these corrugations, which disturbed Mortimer not at all. Then she examined her finger to see if any of the wrinkle had come off upon it, and, finding that none had, looked puzzled. Meanwhile her brother, leaving her to this investigation, went round in front of the sleeper and became profoundly interested in his open mouth.

By stooping slightly the boy could see farther into this cavity than he had ever before seen into a similar one, though in truth he had never beheld one very similar; and his sister became aware of tokens of such excitement upon his countenance that she too came, and stooped with him to gain a view of new wonders in the world. Thus they looked long and long upon strange things and all manner of curiosities which, it might be, they would remember

at inexplicable times thirty years afterward.

And their escape from a punitive confinement within their own yard at home seemed now by all means justified.

At last the boy found his stooping position irksome, straightened his back, and, wrenching his gaze from the orifice, looked about him for something to place within it. Inevitable that the experimental impulse should be stimulated by such revelations of the marvels of Nature: this is the very seed of human progress. Therefore, his eye falling upon a rusty buckle in the gutter, he decided to ascertain the effect of dropping the buckle into the orifice.

But though the visible Mortimer slept, his subliminal self had flung out guards and pickets on the watch; and here is the mystery: He who had slumbered through the horse's nosings, and through the turbulence of motor warnings, became aware of something within his profundities shrieking, "Wake, Mortimer!" He stirred; his moist eyelids fluttered, and between them he began to glimpse underwater images of the old, red-brick courthouse across the street; doors, windows, roof, and cupola swimming and leaping in whirlpools of yellow sunshine; but, larger than the distorted building, there rose before him an enormous white hand, holding between thumb and forefinger a monstrous instrument of rusty metal. Suddenly he knew himself to be in the presence of danger, and, with a start that brought his chair down upon a level, he woke.

Two serious pink faces were within a foot of his own, but the hand which had threatened him was thoughtfully withdrawn behind its owner's back. Nevertheless Mortimer had identified it and what it held.

"What did you have in mind to do with that halter-buckle, Bill Ricketts?" he demanded. "Goin' to stob my eyes out with it?"

His tone being severe, Bill and his sister took several steps backward, saying nothing, and, in spite of their apprehension, staring at Mortimer with an interest in him never felt before this hour—an interest which would never cease to rise within them thereafter at sight of him, though Mortimer himself was destined to remain in ignorance of what inspired it.

"I know what you were up to!" he said



THE BOY COULD SEE FARTHER INTO THIS CAVITY THAN HE HAD EVER BEFORE SEEN INTO A SIMILAR ONE.

fiercely. "You and Maud were goin' to drop that ole halter-buckle down the inside of my shirt while you thought I was asleep."

"I wasn't," said Bill mildly.

"Wasn't," Maud repeated.

"Don't you tell me no stories! I was awake every minute, and I saw you, Bill Ricketts!"

"Wasn't."

"Wasn't," Maud echoed.

"Look here!" said Mr. Fole. "What you doin' up-town alone? That Norwegian lady that works at your house told me last week your mother had went and laid down the law that the both of you couldn't come up to the Square or on Main Street without either her or the Norwegian lady bein' along with you. Told me that was the rule ever since you pried off the lid of your little bank and et a dollar and forty cents' worth of ice-cream sodies at ten cents apiece at Milo Carter's, and they had to carry the

both of you home. What you doin' down here on the Square without nobody to police you?"

Maud and Bill found Mr. Fole's tone, manner, and words overwhelming. To them (after what they had seen) he was not as other men; such a creature must be in possession of strange powers; and they felt that if they remained in his presence, with his mood thus ominous, some disaster to themselves would take place. So with their eyes fixed upon him they groped for each other's hands and began to walk backward rapidly.

"You better!" said Mortimer.

Maud and Bill made a detour in the street, and returned to the sidewalk at a considerable distance from Mortimer.

Then they walked on, hand in hand, looking back at him over their shoulders until they reached the corner, where they disappeared in sudden flight.

Mortimer prepared to tilt back against the telegraph-pole, but at the sound of a voice behind him languidly changed his plans.

"Fine-looking children."

Mortimer partially rose, holding his chair to him and maintaining his sitting position; set the chair, and himself with it, at the appropriate distance from the telegraph-pole, placed his feet against the pole, and stared inscrutably at the person who had pronounced a favorable opinion of Maud and Bill.

"What say?" he inquired.

"Fine-looking children," repeated the middle-aged stranger, who was seated in one of the National House chairs and smoking a cigar.

Mortimer's jaw moved ruminatively for a time, and again he looked long at the stranger. Finally he inquired: "You in the wholesale drug line?"

"Yes. I'm here to see Mr. Carter."

"Well, sir," said Mortimer, "if you want to sell an order to Milo don't say nothin' to him about them two bein' no fine-lookin' chulder. They went and et sodies till they got sick in his store, and he can't hardly stand to have 'em even mentioned. He's one of many: they set on one feller's twelve-dollar hat from New York City."

"Well, they're certainly fine-looking children," said the traveler. "They're the kind that make you think they must have a mighty pretty mother."

"You don't make no such a bad guess on *that*!" Mortimer responded. "Widow, too!"

"Well, if that's the case, I expect maybe I better make this town some Saturday and stay over Sunday."

Mortimer shook his head. "You wouldn't never do it but wunst!"

"Why not?"

"Maud and Bill."

"Oh, well, it all depends," the traveler said, laughing. "I guess I could get on with *them*, all right."

"Then you'd have it on anybody in this town," said Mortimer. "For brains, you would. The smartest man in Marlow is tryin' it right now, and the bettin' ain't hardly any of it on him. 'Most everybody that knows Maud and Bill thinks they'll drive him out."

"Who's that?"

"Lu Allen. You know him?"

"No."

"Name's Lucius Brutus Allen, attorney-at-law," Mortimer explained. "Used to go with their mother before she got married and moved away. Now she's back to live here, and a widow, you never see the like! This here Lu Allen ain't the same man. He's kind of a stocky feller, and sort o' red-headed—what they is of it—and, honest, to see him lately you'd believe he thought he was President of the United States, the way he's got to dressin' up and steppin' out. Used to kind o' just shuffle around, but now he's took on kind of a prance, the way he walks. Well, sir, he can dress up and go prancin' around this town like a ring-master much as he's a mind to, and all this and that, but the majority of 'em thinks Maud and Bill are goin' to git him before long, and Lu'll decide he'll have to quit. Ain't *nobody's* constitution can stand *them* two!"

The traveler, glancing down the street,

laughed again, for he saw the tops of two small, fair heads projecting slightly beyond the corner. These heads were at right angles with the perpendicular; and four earnest blue eyes, in a vertical line, were steadfast upon Mr. Mortimer Fole.

"There they are now, peeking at you round the corner."

But as Mortimer turned to look, the heads were lightly withdrawn. Maud and Bill clasped hands again, and ran.

They slowed to a trot, slipped through an alley, and came out on the lower side of the Square. In his free hand Bill still held the halter-buckle, though he considered it intrinsically uninteresting and wished to dispose of it. There was no law, as people say, to prevent him from tossing it away; but the thought of so obvious a disposal did not even enter his mind—for the way of a mind of seven is its own.

Bill had picked up the buckle with the intention of dropping it into something in order to watch the effect. That something having proved unavailable, Bill was left with the intention: he retained the buckle, and he still had the desire to drop it into something, in order to watch the effect. Maud comprehended this without either of them feeling any need to express in words their sympathetic understanding in the matter. They meant nothing damaging or mischievous, and were conscious of no lack of virtue.

They walked along, looking about them wistfully. Then, before a window display of the simplest kind, the impulse to pause was transmitted from Maud to Bill, and they came to a halt. Across the top of the one-story building ran the sign, "L. Zarff, Bakery and Creamery;" and through the window L. Zarff himself was to be seen, talking to a customer.

Not the window display but the appearance of this customer had arrested Maud's attention; and Bill immediately felt the reasonableness of his sister's wishing to stop. Mr. Zarff's customer would have concentrated public interest anywhere except in Marlow, where every one was used to her and sympathized with her; for, though her height was a little less than the average height of women, she weighed almost three hundred pounds. She was of middle age, and the greater part of her blameless life was spent in efforts to reduce her affliction, which accounted for her



"WELL, I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU!" MRS. PEYTON THOUGHT PROPER TO INFORM THEM; AND SHE ADDED VEHEMENTLY, "PLENTY!"



present visit to Mr. Zarff's hybrid establishment.

"The doctor says I might as well try it, anyhow, Mr. Zarff," she was explaining. "He says it wouldn't do any harm just givin' it a try. It was Mrs. Rolfo Williams told me about it. She says, 'You'll kill yourself, Ruby, just livin' on greens and one cup of hot water a day,' she says. 'Why don't you try what my cousin over in Springfield took herself down on?' she says. So she give me the program of it. 'Eat one stale roll and drink one pint of buttermilk at ten o'clock every morning,' she says, 'and don't eat nothing more till just before you go to bed,' she says, 'and then take one saucer of bran and a teaspoonful of brandy.' So I expect you'll see me here every morning for a while anyhow, Mr. Zarff, until we get on to how it seems to work out."

"I expect you couldn't hardly do better, either," said Mr. Zarff, preparing to serve her. "They give buttermilk for lots worse'n *your* trouble, Mrs. Peyton—typhoid fever and I don't know what all! Would you prefer to take it here?"

"Might just as well," Mrs. Peyton returned. "Save me from carryin' a pitcher up-town and back every morning."

Mr. Zarff set upon his counter a glass of buttermilk, and Mrs. Peyton regarded it favorably. "Nice and fresh it looks," she remarked. "And I like to see them little chunks of butter floatin' round in it. So much of this buttermilk you get nowadays looks skimpy."

"Yes'm," he said, pleased with her praise. "You'll find our buttermilk pretty satisfactory, I guess. It's them little gobs of butter in it that make it go down so slick. That glass holds just a half a pint, Mrs. Peyton. You slide her down and I'll fill her up again for you in a jiffy."

Mrs. Peyton raised the glass to her lips, and as she drank observed that two small figures had quietly entered the store and were standing close beside her, their earnest faces upturned to watch her. Somewhat flushed, she set the glass down empty, and Mr. Zarff refilled it.

"I expect I better eat my stale roll between the two drinks," she said; and upon his suggestion followed him to a drawer

behind the counter, to select, from a miscellany of unsold staples therein, a roll at what stage of death in life she considered helpful. Then she returned to the glass of buttermilk, and ate the roll she had chosen.

She was not comfortable during the process, which was of its nature rather difficult, but what caused the greater part of her discomfort was the fixedness of four earnest eyes upon her while she ate. "My goodness!" she exclaimed presently. "Ain't you got nothin' else to look at?"

Neither Maud nor Bill felt a reply to be necessary, and Mrs. Peyton's irritation increased. "I declare!" she complained to the proprietor. "They keep watchin' me just like two cats lookin' at a penjulum! I can't make a move! Who *are* them two chuldern?"

"I think they're the ones belong to Mrs. Ricketts," Mr. Zarff replied uneasily.

Mrs. Peyton, who had finished the roll, lifted the second glass of buttermilk, but allowed it to remain half-way to her lips. "Are you two Lucy Cope Ricketts's chuldern?"

Bill nodded; and Maud, having noted this action, also nodded.

"Well, I've heard about *you*!" Mrs. Peyton thought proper to inform them; and she added vehemently, "Plenty!"

And, keeping her indignant gaze upon the two founts of scandal, she set the glass to her lips and drank. The children watched her with a searching curiosity which was impersonal and pure; and a growing excitement within them, as she continued to swallow, was marked by the increasing size and intensity of their glossy, azure eyes. It was unfortunate for Mrs. Peyton that she returned this stare over the top of the glass instead of looking within it.

Mr. Zarff, arranging some little cakes, with his back turned to his customer and the two eager observers, was startled by the breaking of a glass upon the floor and simultaneous sounds indicating an impressive strangulation. For a moment he saw nothing unusual, except that Mrs. Peyton had vanished, and that the observers were again outside the store. All that was to be seen of these latter was their eyes and the tops of their heads just above the sill of the display window. They were peering into the room, but not at Mr. Zarff: they seemed to be looking at something

which his line of vision—obstructed by the bread-case upon the counter—prevented him from seeing. But as the choking sounds were repeated he ran out from behind the counter, and found that Mrs. Peyton had seated herself upon the floor.

Her condition did not permit her to speak, but, propping herself with one arm and hand, with the other she pointed at him, then at the fragments of the glass, and then at a milky halter-buckle which lay at some distance from her upon the floor. Gasping and making strange noises, she pointed again at him, shook her finger violently, and the unhappy man perceived that she was charging him with selling buttermilk containing old halter-buckles. And in an agony of denial he lifted his right hand to take an oath affirming his own purity and that of all his works and products.

In the midst of this great gesture he remembered the four beautiful eyes just above the level of the window-sill, and, uttering a terrible cry, he rushed forth from the store. But those eyes and their possessors were no longer within sight. Peering through the window, Maud and Bill had read his thought as the very first ghost of it began to flicker upon his face; and they delayed not. They scurried!

When they again appeared upon the Square, by way of an alley, it was upon the side opposite to L. Zarff's bakery and creamery, and the harmony which had until now prevailed between them was threatened. In dropping the halter-buckle into the glass of buttermilk, when Mrs. Peyton and Mr. Zarff went to select a roll, Bill had merely followed the impulse to experiment which had been stirred within him earlier by Mr. Fole's revelation of so much that was unusual. Bill had not intended to choke anybody, nor had he the slightest ill-will toward Mrs. Peyton. Simply, without realizing what *might* happen, he had sought to discover what *would* happen.

The discovery had been made, and he now perceived that the whole affair was another of those things, news of which reaches the home authorities in an incredibly short time and causes serious trouble. Consequently his state was one of anxiety, and the lack of harmony between him and Maud arose because of her taking the position of an immune, claiming that Bill was

the sole perpetrator, and therefore would be the sole sufferer.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she said, pointing her finger at him in prophecy.

"She won't either!" he protested. "And if she does, you'll get whatever's just the same I do!"

But Maud shook her head, and smiled a superior smile. "Oh, oh, oh!" she repeated.

"You hush up!"

"Spank, spank!" said Maud. "Spankety-spankety-spank!" And she laughed happily.

Bill felt that he could not much longer endure this sister of his. He declined to retain her hand, placed both of his own in his pockets, and walked broodingly; whereupon Maud began to skip light-heartedly from side to side.

"Spank!" she sang. "Spankety-spankety-spank!"

THE DUMMY DRUNKENLY FOLLOWED MAUD ACROSS THE SIDEWALK, WAVERED AT THE CURB, THEN PLUNGED INTO THE GUTTER.



"You quit that!" said Bill, as her skipping brought her into sidelong collision with him. "You better keep away from me!"

"Spankety-spank!"

To Bill, few things had ever seemed so

odious as that small and rosy face brimming with sweet cruelty, and it was but the more hateful in his sight because of his conviction that Maud was a true prophetess, and that her prediction was destined to be fulfilled. Slowly vague impulses gathered in his mind and developed there until they became a purpose: if he was to suffer—and he doubted it not—at least he could make sure that he did not suffer alone. He determined that Maud should be involved in something.

In front of Messieurs Swazey & Raymond's (Dry-Goods, Millinery and Notions) stood four ladies dressed in summer skirts and linen coats, but headless and feetless.

Bill stopped before these and regarded them thoughtfully, and Maud halted likewise. After a moment Bill grasped a sleeve of the nearest dummy and gave it a twitch. Maud at once grasped the other sleeve of the dummy and shook it.

"How do do, missuz?" she said. "You want to go walk-in?" she added, as the dummy wobbled pleasantly upon its stand. "You want to take a walk, missuz?"

"You can't make her walk," Bill said. "Look at me!" And he gave the dummy a jerk that moved it several inches. "Look at me, Maud."

"No!" shouted Maud. "Wook at me. Wook how I make her walk."

MAUD AND BILL

"Fuff! You aren't any good at it! Can't budge her an inch!"

"I can't?" Maud cried.

"No, you can't. Let's see you, then, if you think you can. You pull as hard as you can, and she won't budge an inch. Go ahead and give her the biggest pull you can."

Maud gave her the biggest pull she could. Bill instantly released the sleeve by which he had been detaining the dummy; and the latter drunkenly followed Maud across the sidewalk, wavered at the curb, then plunged magnificently into the gutter, which the morning water-cart had just filled with brown wetness. Maud accompanied her new friend, full length.

But at an uproar on the part of Messieurs Swazey & Raymond, who were already on their way out of the store, she rose and followed Bill down the street. Gallantly he slackened his gait, suffering her to overtake him and to grasp his hand (since once more the future was equal before them) and for the third time in one short hour they fled round a corner and disappeared from the threatening Square.

Their mood was changed. With no evil intentions, and in what had seemed to them full virtue, they all at once found themselves enmeshed in wickedness: a coil of Fate had tripped them. Something inscrutable had wrought out of their innocent actions results that were catastrophes. But until punishment overtook them they were free; and although they knew their condition now to be that of outlaws, their spirits rose to concert pitch. Thenceforth they were consciously Bad. Forced into the ranks of anarchy by the surprising and unfathomable laws of Nature, they deliberately made war upon society.

They passed a cottage built flush with the sidewalk, and at an open window a little, quaint old woman sat reading a Bible. She pored over it, holding it within three inches of her spectacles. Bill crossed the sidewalk on his hands and knees, sprang up suddenly before the window, and belled at the top of his voice:

"Waw!"

The quaint old woman uttered a lamentable cackle, dropped her Bible, and beat the air with her hands.

"Waw!" squeaked Maud; and again fled after Bill.

Throughout the morning they pursued their adventures.



BILL SPRANG UP SUDDENLY BEFORE THE WINDOW, AND BELLOWED "WAW!"

At noon the Square became deserted; even Mortimer Fole was gone. However, before the court-house clock struck one, he reappeared, smoking a cigar which the traveler in drugs had given him; but he did not return to the *terrasse* of the National House. The glare was too great there now, and Mortimer would not use the telegraph-pole again until the western sun threw the shadow of the court-house that far eastward. Instead, he drifted to the shade of the maples in the court-house yard, and was preparing to droop upon the cool old stone steps of the building, when he paused to address a gentleman emerging from the interior.

"I expect it's about time you was showin' up, Lu. I reckon you're wanted."

Mr. Lucius Brutus Allen did not strongly resemble the prancing ring-master Mortimer had sketched to the traveler. Nevertheless, it is not to be denied that his figure was sturdy, even the least bit portly; nor that there was a sparseness upon the top of his head and a hint of auburn all over it. Furthermore, his apparel was new, and bespoke a pleasant liveliness of fancy; one would have looked for it, in truth, rather upon the Riviera than in Marlow. And his air and glance were of a similar liveliness; there was a sparkle and twinkle about him—a special gaiety which never comes to very young lovers, who are commonly



THEIR POSITION, VIEWED AS A PLACE OF REFUGE, WAS NOT DISCREDITABLE SINCE IT HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF ALMOST PERFECT INACCESSIBILITY.

haggard, but is peculiar to middle age when middle age finds itself in a lover's condition.

He fanned himself with a Leghorn hat of a Cavalier design, and inquired mildly: "Who wants me, Mortimore? I've been looking up records ever since early this morning, and I haven't heard the latest news of our city. What is it?"

"Maud and Bill," said Mortimer with almost sinister gravity.

"What have they been up to?"

"Well, I don't know as what you might call it," said Mortimer slowly. "I *did* hear they was liable to be a couple lawsuits work out of it, and I expect maybe their mother might be lookin' fer you to take charge o' the defense, as it were."

"I'd like to hear the particulars," said Mr. Allen. "What have Maud and Bill been doing?"

"It wouldn't be no such a strain on a person's voice to answer you what they *ain't*," Mr. Fole responded. "They begun on *me*. Tried to drop an ole, rusty halter-buckle down my shirt; then they took and went and stuck it into some buttermilk over at Zarff's pore Ruby Peyton was drinkin' to take her down; and it like to killed her, because she'd got it about half swallowed before she coaxed it up.

"Soon as her wind come back she got kind of hysterical, and she accused Zarff of all this and that, but Fred Hawk had happened to be passin' a couple o' minutes before, and he says he see Bill Ricketts drop somep'm in a glass o' buttermilk while Ruby and Zarff was around behind the counter, and Hawk says he didn't think nothin' of it because he thought it was probably Bill's own buttermilk he was playin' with, and went on about his business till he heard the fuss and all Ruby was makin'.

"Well, sir, I stepped up and identified the halter-buckle, and that settled it, and Ruby says she wouldn't hold Zarff responsible; but when I told her where Bill *found* this here halter-buckle, and says how many microbes and all this and that was prob'ly on it, she says she was goin' straight to Lucy Cope Ricketts's house. I reckon she didn't hardly git there before Swazey &



HE LOOKED A LITTLE LIKE AN OLD PORTRAIT OF A TOPER, OWING TO HIS HEATED CONDITION.

Raymond got a telephone call in to settle fer a summer outfit on one o' their dummies that Maud and Bill took and rolled in the gutter.

"The next I heard of 'em they like to scared ole Mrs. Swanter into a spasm, squawkin' at her, and her daughter-in-law chased 'em, and they run spang into Ed Copes's new cement walk that he'd just finished layin' to-day.

"They drug out of it before Ed could git to 'em; and next thing, here come word that they was in the other end o' town, 'way in the Ferris & Wheeler direction, and had settled down to a steady chasin' of cats, or chickens, or anything that come their way.

"The Norwegian lady that works at their house, she was up-town by that time, and their mother was out lookin' fer 'em, too, somewhere. Well, sir, the Norwegian she run off in the Ferris & Wheeler direction; and then Rolfo Williams says one his customers just told him they was around behind the lumber-yard, throwin' sticks over a fence at a cow in a lot over there that ain't in no good condition to be run all over creation thataway, and this customer says somebody was on the way to tell the woman that owns the cow."

Mortimer paused to smoke, and Mr. Allen's air of gaiety was less visible; indeed, he looked worried.

"What was the end of it?" he inquired.

"Ain't ended," Mortimer replied languidly. "The Norwegian and their mother hunted 'em up hill and down dale, but fast as either of 'em would git one place they'd hear of Bill and Maud another. Wasn't till only about ten minutes ago that the Norwegian got 'em treed."

"Well, I'm glad she did," said Lucius, with obvious relief. "Did she take them home?"

"Home? No!" Mortimer returned with emphasis. "Them two are the porest examples of home bodies we got in our little city. I reckon she don't see much chance o' gettin' 'em home till they're good and ready to come—not without she calls out the fire department!"

"Why not?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Fole, enjoying his

cigar, and drawlingly delaying his narrative, as he observed tokens of impatience on the part of the listener. "I was comin' by there——"

"Coming by where?"

"Where the Norwegian's got 'em treed. I say I was comin' by there on my way up-town after dinner, a few minutes ago, and she ast me to set and watch 'em while she went fer their mother. Well, I says I didn't know but what I would; but they wasn't no shade around there, and I can't stand no such sun as I used to could, so I ast Mrs. Rolfo Williams to do it. She lives right by there, and she says she'd do it. Anyhow, when I come away she was there, lookin' up at 'em and coixin' 'em not to move."

"What are you talking about?" Lucius demanded crossly. "Looking up *where* at them? *Why* 'coaxing them not to move?'"

"They're up on the roof of the Baptist church," Mortimer replied.

"What!"

"*They* won't fall off!" said Mortimer, and as Lucius hurried away, plainly disturbed, called after him bitterly, "Not in a thousand years!"

Nevertheless, Lucius broke into a trot.

When he reached the church he found that ample matron, Mrs. Rolfo Williams, fanning herself in the yard beside the white frame building, with a small group of neighbors about her, all looking up at two small stained and smudgy figures about twenty-five feet above them.

The roof of the church was as simple as the roof of a Noah's Ark, which, except for the steeple at one end, it perfectly resembled. There was an oval air-hole in the steeple, just above the ridge of the roof; and Maud and Bill, after literally seeking sanctuary from a populace which threatened to rise from several directions at once, had climbed up into the steeple, crawled out through the air-hole, and had slid down the roof to the tin gutter, where their heels prevented them from descending the rest of the way through the air.

Here they were now standing, or, rather, they were obliquely reposing; and their position, viewed as a place of refuge, was not discreditable, since it had the advantage of almost perfect inaccessibility. If, however, they had selected it as a hiding-place, little praise can be given them for

intelligence, since no spot in all the town could have been more conspicuously in the view of all upward-looking people.

Mrs. Williams and her friends were alternately calling to the children to "lay still" and whispering anxiously among themselves, like people in a sick-room who are keeping something from the patient. And upon Lucius's appearance they greeted him gravely, but with so much covert conversation aside as to embarrass him somewhat.

"Is their ma on the way?" Mrs. Williams asked quickly.

"I don't know," he answered, wiping his pink forehead, and gazing upward in perplexity. "I don't know where she is."

"Of course we all thought you'd be *with* her," Mrs. Williams said. "That Norwegian girl says she was somewhere down around the Ferris & Wheeler direction, and we supposed of course you'd be down there too. Anyway, that's where the Norwegian girl went to look for her. What do you think had ought to be done?"

"I don't know," he said, still gazing up at the two small figures. So far as could be seen, they were subject to no agitation; their manner seemed to be entirely non-committal and impersonal.

"Well, maybe their mother can think of a way to get 'em down. *We* can't!" said Mrs. Williams. "One thing certain: they can't get back the way they come. They couldn't climb up that slant to the air-hole to save their lives. It's too steep, and them shingles are too slick. Mrs. Heming, here, went over to Lodge's paint-shop to see if they didn't have ladders long enough to reach 'em, but all the painters had went to that new farmhouse they're buildin' four miles out on the Acton road. And if you can think of any way to get them two down without callin' out the fire department, I certainly think you'd be doin' a favor to their mother, Lu Allen! There wouldn't be no end to the talk it'd make, nor no end to the time the talk'd go on, either, and I expect Lucy Cope Ricketts has had just about enough mortification over Maud and Bill without its spreadin' all over creation that the fire department had to be called out on their account!"

"Yes," said Lucius. "We'll have to see what we can do."

He went thoughtfully round to the open

front door of the church, entered the vestibule, passed through a smaller door, and ascended the hot and cobwebby stairway to the steeple. When he looked down through the air-hole he saw the two fair heads of Maud and Bill about eighteen feet, in an oblique line, below him, and beyond and below them the upturned faces of the group upon the ground.

At sight of his shadowy countenance framed in the oval air-hole, a little like an old portrait of a toper, owing to Mr. Allen's heated condition, there were sharp exclamations, and then every one said "Sh!"

Lucius put his head out of the hole.

The next instant his strong impulse was to withdraw it, for from out an alley across the street there came a flying lady, exorbitantly lovely, followed at a little distance by a blond young woman of Scandinavian appearance.

The flying lady, hatless, and with blue silk blowing from her like the garments of a Winged Victory, did not go out of her way to enter the churchyard by means of the gate, though it stood open. She came straight at the fence, which was of boards set horizontally with spaces between, and not so much climbed it as flew over it. Her lips were parted to call to the children; but she did not call. She uttered but the briefest sound, checking it almost before it was audible, and then she stood still, pale indeed, but able to gaze quietly upward. Her eyes were wonderful, like Maud's and Bill's; and they were never more wonderful than as she stood there, looking up at Maud and Bill—and at Lucius.

This sedentary man, confronted by an athletic crisis, permitted himself to moan. He even went so far as to wish that he had happened to be out of town that day, and for a moment or two his feelings toward Maud and Bill were uncharitable. He had no wish to break his neck, but more than that, his emphatic impression was that his was no figure to be displayed steeple-jacking and circus-performing before any person whom he was gradually inducing to regard him in a romantic light. It seemed to him that even if his performance should prove successful, she might well inform him later

that her sentiments were grateful but altogether sisterly; and if she did, Lucius felt that none of the other ladies in the audience would blame her.

However, he was sorrowfully assured that her regard for his grace and dignity, and even for his safety, were but little in the balance with her feelings as a mother; and he addressed his soul gloomily to the adventure. Tossing the sufficiently stout rope of the church-bell out upon the roof, he squeezed parlously through the oval air-hole—and well he knew how red and round his face looked, and how tight a fit the air-hole was!

Arrived upon the ridge, he grasped the bell-rope and slid, whereupon the bell uttered a loud clang. His coat rucked up over his head; and during the glissade he heard a tearing sound, and banished all thoughts of the tender fabrics that he wore and of what was happening to them—because such thoughts made him bitter and even hotter than he was.

When he checked his descent beside the children, he observed that neither of them seemed to be frightened—they were apprehensive, perhaps; but their apprehensions were not connected with the possibilities of a fall from the roof. Maud said nothing, and Bill, after briefly exclaiming, "Say!" was likewise silent.

"Look here," said Lucius. "We have to get up this roof and into that air-hole again—the same place we got out of. Maud, you climb up my clothes, and put your feet on my shoulders, and then on my head, and keep hold of the rope."

And when Maud had obeyed, and one of her heels was quite evidently upon the



"KEEP A CRAWLIN', LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THAT'S IT! WHOOPSE."

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least protected area of his head, "That's the ticket!" he said, though his enthusiasm was feebler than he intended. "Be sure not to let go of the rope, Maud, and keep on crawling. Now, Bill, it's your turn—you climb up me just the same way Maud did, only after you reach my shoulders I believe it won't be necessary for you to step on my head. Don't be afraid: if either of you begins to slide, I'm right behind you and I won't let you slide far. Keep a-crawlin', ladies and gentlemen! That's it! Whoopsedaisy! Up we go!"

Up they did go, like three Alpinists conquering an outrageous summit. And into the air-hole they passed, one after the other, Lucius last, and stirringly aware—as he extricated himself inside the steeple, after a short exhibition of gymnastics—that it would have been better if he had put his feet through the air-hole first instead of his head. It was his conviction that after such a spectacle no woman who saw it would ever voluntarily look at him again; at least not without derisive laughter. He sighed deeply, secured his hat from the ledge where he had left it, and followed the children down the wooden stairs. He did not even dust himself: he was that low in his mind.

When Maud and Bill reached the narrow door at the bottom of the stairway they could look out through the vestibule of the church, and they beheld their mother slowly approaching, attended by solicitous women. There was something unusual and disquieting about her: she walked so oddly and she was so white; and Mrs. Rolfo Williams kept dipping a handkerchief in a cup of water, and then offering it to her.

Maud and Bill halted abruptly, but for only an instant. Simultaneously, they perceived a dim connection between their own conduct and this unprecedented manner of their mother. Vaguely, but with a rising terror, they understood that they had done something peculiar to her; and they were not remorseful but appalled: it was as if unwittingly they had damaged the steadfast sun in the sky above them. If Bill had thrown a pebble at a sparrow, and had hit the sun instead, and broken it, and put out all the light (a thing they could have conceived as readily as this present strangeness), they would have felt just as they felt now. And their thoughts

were of a punishment proportionate to the huge circumstances.

Maud and Bill opened their mouths. Sound issued therefrom. They seized each the hand of the other. Once more they fled away. They turned and scurried through the church and out through the door of the smaller room behind the altar. Then, climbing the back fence, they floundered through a meadow beyond, roaring, not having closed their mouths since they opened them in the vestibule.

"Well, anyway, there's one thing certain," Mrs. Rolfo Williams said, comforting the stricken mother. "The way they just took one look at you, and hollered and run, it shows you try to do your duty by 'em, or they wouldn't of been so scared of you!"

"How *could* they?" Mrs. Ricketts cried. "People will believe that I torture them!"

"No, no," said Mrs. Williams. "And, anyhow, if you *was* to do a little of that, why, nobody—" Here she paused, thinking it more tactful to change the subject. "Honey, you better let me dab this nice, cold handkerchief on your forehead a little more. I expect you're feelin'—"

"No, not any more," said Mrs. Ricketts, smiling wanly. "Where is Mr. Allen?"

"Gone home, I expect," the good woman answered. "I certainly don't blame him. Not after I see his clothes close to!"

She was mistaken, however, for Mr. Allen had not gone home. He had accompanied Maud and Bill in flight. He did not vociferate as they did, but he fled as they did; he panted and perspired as they did; and his mental distress was as great as theirs. During the past few weeks he had become a poignantly sensitive man, of the highest and most delicate ideals in all matters concerning his personal appearance; and now his mind was full of pictures of what that appearance had been on the roof of the Baptist church. Only lovers can comprehend what he felt and suffered.

A lane ran through the meadow, and, when the fugitives reached it, Maud and Bill would have turned in the direction that led to open country, but Lucius galloped before them and beckoned urgently. "Here! This way!" he shouted. "I'm running away, too! Let's go this way!"

He had their confidence, for they followed him; and he led them down the lane, and then through the alley that brought them to their own back yard. Halting at the



"OH!" SHE CRIED "BAD! BAD! BAD!"

empty stable, he found the alley doors of the carriage-house unfastened, and threw them open.

"Let's go in here," he suggested. "I want to hide as much as you do!"

They looked at him inquiringly for a moment, then Maud took his right hand and Bill took his left, and they entered the stable together, Maud and Bill still sniffing pathetically at intervals. But they had not gone half-way across the uneven old floor when a radiant lady stepped upon the threshold of the wide doors opposite

them, sunshine flooding the yard behind her.

"Oh!" she cried. "Bad! Bad! Bad!"

"Aren't they, though!" said Lucius, and for that moment forgot not only how he looked then, but how he had looked on the church roof. "By glory, how I love 'em for it!"

To the dumfounding surprise of Maud and Bill, and with the result that never afterward in all their lives did they once lose confidence in the wisdom and good faith of their present rescuer, their mother kissed all three of them.

ANOTHER LUCIUS BRUTUS ALLEN STORY—"THE ONLY CHILD"—IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.



TWO EMPIRES AT GRIPS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CATON WOODVILLE, MICHAEL, G. MANTANLA, AND GEORGE SOPER

HERE is another chapter in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's remarkable narrative of his countrymen's share in the great war—the first authoritative account of the British fighting in France. Some months ago we published "The Battle of Mons." This month's article pictures the first great British action after Mons—the Battle of Ypres, followed by the fight at Neuve-Chapelle. Due to space limitations, we have had to omit some minor portions of the narrative, holding it to the main action. Other articles will appear later on the most significant struggles of the war.—THE EDITOR.

IT IS abundantly clear that the battle of Ypres, in its duration, the space covered, the numbers engaged, and the losses endured, was far the greatest ever fought up to that time by a British Army. At Waterloo, the losses were under ten thousand. In this great fight they were little short of fifty thousand. The fact that the enemy did not recoil and that there was no sensational capture of prisoners and guns has obscured the completeness of the victory. In these days one judges victory or defeat by the question whether an army has or has not reached its objective. In this particular case, taking a broad view of the whole action, *a German force of at least six hundred thousand men set forth to reach the coast, and was opposed by a force of less than half its numbers—who barred its way. The Germans did not advance five miles in a month of fighting, and they lost not less than one hundred and fifty thousand men without any military advantage whatever, for the possession of such villages as Gheluvelt, Wytschaete, or Messines availed them not at all.*

If this is not a great victory, I do not know what military achievement would deserve the term:

This great battle is not an action

which can be set down to the exclusive credit of any one nation. It raged from the sand-dunes of the north, where the Belgians fought so well, through the French Marine Brigade at Dixmude, and the Ninth French Corps, to General Haig's Corps, which was buttressed on the right toward the latter part of the battle by the Sixteenth French Corps. Farther south yet another French corps supported and eventually took the place of the British cavalry opposite the lost villages of Wytschaete and Messines. From there ran the unbroken lines of the imperturbable Third Corps, which ended to the south in the trenches originally held by the Second British Corps, and later by the Indians. Across the La Bassée Canal the French once again took up the defense.

Our Allies fought gloriously, and if their deeds are not set down here, it is from want of space and of precise information, not from want of appreciation. But, turning to the merely British aspect of the fight—and beyond all doubt the heavier share fell upon the British—it may be said that the battle lasted a clear month, from October 12th, when Smith-Dorrien crossed the La Bassée Canal, to November 11th, when the German Guard reeled out of the Nonnebusch Wood. It attained its



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By A. CONAN DOYLE

AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES," "THE GREAT BOER WAR," ETC.

maximum fury, so far as the British line was concerned, from October 29th to November 11th, 1914.

Looking back at the three actions of the 29th, 30th, and especially of the 31st of October, one can clearly perceive that it was the closest thing to a really serious defeat which the Army had had since Le Cateau. If the Germans had been able to push home their attack once again, it is probable that they would have taken Ypres, and that the results would have been most serious. Sir John French is reported as having said that there was a moment upon October 31st when he seemed to be at the end of his resources. To Sir John at Ypres converged all the cries for succor, and from him radiated the words of hope and encouragement which stiffened the breaking lines. To him and to his untiring lieutenant, Douglas Haig, the Empire owed more that day than has ever been generally realized. The latter was up to the firing-line again and again rallying the troops.

The fact that three divisions of infantry with brigades which resembled battalions, and battalions which were anything from companies to platoons, destitute of reserves save for a few dismounted cavalry, barred the path to a powerful German army, is one of the greatest feats of military history. It was a very near thing. There was a time, it is said, when the breech-blocks had actually been taken from the heavy guns in order to disable them, and some of the artillery had been passed back through Ypres. But the line held against all odds, as it has done so often in the past. The struggle

was not over. For a fortnight still to come it was close and desperate. But never again would it be quite so perilous as on that immortal last day of October, when over the green Flemish meadows, beside the sluggish water-courses, on the fringes of the Old World villages, and in the heart of the autumn-tinted woods, two great empires fought for the mastery.

Such was the British epic.

The Loss of Wytschaete

THE center was so terribly pressed that it is an extraordinary thing that they were able to hold their own. The Second Corps, which at that time had just been withdrawn for a rest from the La Bassée lines, were the only available reinforcements. When news was flashed south as to the serious state of affairs, two regiments, the Second Yorkshire Light Infantry and the Second Scottish Borderers from the Thirteenth Infantry Brigade, were sent up in motor-buses by the road to the relief. Strange indeed was the sight of these vehicles flying along the Flemish roads, plastered outside with the homely names of London suburbs and crammed with the grimy, much-enduring infantry. The lines at Messines were in trouble, and so also were those at Wytschaete farther to the north. To this latter place went two battalions of Shaw's Ninth Brigade, the

First Northumberland Fusiliers and the First Lincolns. Hard work awaited the infantry at Messines, and at Wytschaete.

Advancing into what was to them an entirely strange position, these



two veteran regiments sustained very heavy losses which they bore with extreme fortitude. They were surprised by the Germans on the road between Kemmel and Wytschaete on the night of October 31st, the same night upon which the London Scottish to the south of them were so heavily engaged. Colonel Smith succeeded in extricating the Lincolns from what was a most perilous position, but only after a loss of sixteen officers and four hundred men. The Fusiliers were almost as hard hit. For forty-eight hours the battle swung backward and forward in front of Wytschaete, but in the end the village itself was lost; but the defensive lines to the west of it were firmly established. By November the second strong French reinforcements had appeared, and it was clear that this desperate attempt to break through the very center of the British position had definitely failed.

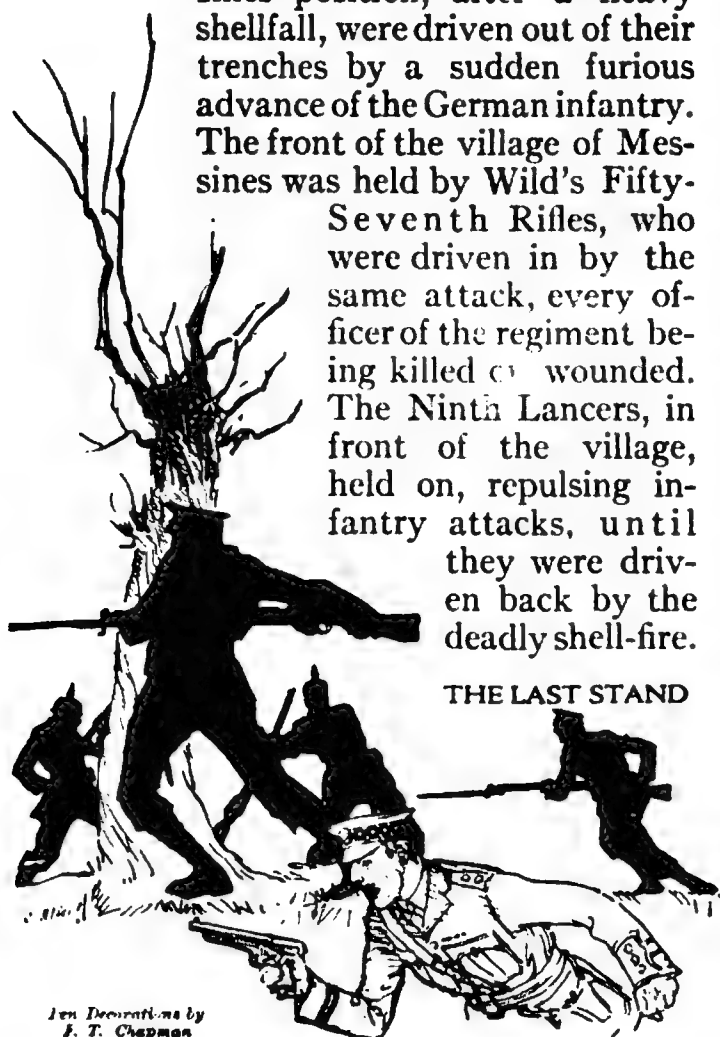
The Fight for Messines

THE struggle at Messines, some five miles to the south, was even more severe and sanguinary than at Wytschaete. In the early morning of the 31st the Bays and the Fifth Dragoon Guards upon the left of the Mes-

sines position, after a heavy shellfall, were driven out of their trenches by a sudden furious advance of the German infantry. The front of the village of Messines was held by Wild's Fifty-

Seventh Rifles, who were driven in by the same attack, every officer of the regiment being killed or wounded. The Ninth Lancers, in front of the village, held on, repulsing infantry attacks, until they were driven back by the deadly shell-fire.

THE LAST STAND



*Ten Illustrations by
J. T. Chapman*

At one time they were enfiladed on both sides and heard the Germans roaring their war songs in the dark all round them; but they were able, owing to the coolness of Colonel Campbell and the discipline of his veteran troopers, to fall back and to reform upon the western side of the village. Lance-Corporal Seaton distinguished himself by covering the retreat of his whole squadron, remaining single-handed in his trench until his Maxim was destroyed, after he had poured a thousand shots into the close ranks of his assailants. . . .

Within Messines the struggle was still going forward with fighting from house to house, but the Germans, who were coming on with overpowering numbers and great valor, were gradually winning their way forward. The Oxfordshire Hussars, fresh from the base, were thrown into the combat. A second line of defense had been arranged a mile or so to the west, near Wulverghem, but if Messines must go the victors should at least pay the price down to the last drop of blood which could be wrung from them. Reinforcements were within sight, both French and British, but they were scanty in quantity though superb in quality.

It was a most critical position, and one can not but marvel at the load of responsibility which Sir John French had to bear upon this day, for from the left of Haig's First Corps in the north, down to Neuve-Chapelle in the south, a stretch of twenty-five miles, there was hardly a point which was not strained to the verge of cracking. From all points reports came in of trenches overwhelmed or enfiladed, and of little isolated groups of men struggling most desperately to keep a footing against an ever-surg-ing gray tide which was beating up against them and flowing through every gap. Cool and alert, Sir John French controlled the situation from his central post and threw in such reinforcements as he could find, though, indeed, they could only be got by taking them from places where they were wanted and hurrying them to places where they were needed even more urgently. He was strengthened always by the knowledge that General Joffre behind him was doing all that a loyal colleague could to find fresh columns of his brave little infantry men to buttress up the hard-pressed line.

For the moment, however, none of these were available, and Messines was still partly in British, partly in German hands.



THE STRUGGLE WITHIN MESSINES WENT FORWARD WITH FIGHTING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE. THE BRITISH WERE DETERMINED THAT IF MESSINES MUST GO, THE VICTORS SHOULD AT LEAST PAY A HIGH PRICE.

Brigg's First Brigade, with the Oxfords, held on to the western edge of the town. To their left, linking up with Gough's men in the Wytschaete sector, was the Fourth Dragoon Guards. Late in the afternoon the Second Scots Borderers and the Second Yorkshire Light Infantry (the joint detachment under Major Coke) arrived from the south, and were at once advanced upon Messines to stiffen the defense. Under heavy fire they established themselves in the village. Evening fell with desperate street fighting and the relative position unchanged.

Twice the Bavarians stormed into the central square, and twice they fell back after littering it with their bodies. It seemed hopeless to hold the village against the ever-growing pressure of the Germans, and yet the loss of the village entailed the loss of the ridge, which would leave a commanding position in the hands of the enemy. Village and ridge were mutually dependent, for if either were lost the other could not be held.

There had been a strong attempt within

the village to improve the British position, and some ground was actually gained by the cavalymen, the Yorkshire Light Infantry, and the Scots Borderers. What occurred, however, on the ridge to the north made all further effort a useless waste of life. The Bavarian infantry had come with an irresistible rush against the thin British line. The order to hold their ground at all costs was given and the London Scots answered it in a way which gained the highest praise from the many soldiers who saw it. After being exposed for several hours to heavy shell-fire, it was no light task for any troops to be called upon to resist a direct assault.

From nine in the evening of October 31st to two in the morning, under the red glare of burning houses, Colonel Malcolm's Scottish and Colonel Annesley's Carbineers held back the Bavarian advance—an advance which would have meant the piercing of the British line. At two o'clock the Bavarians in greatly predominant force were all round the Scots, and even the reserve companies



IT IS THE BRITISH CUSTOM TO FIGHT IN EARNEST SILENCE, SAVE FOR THE SHORT, SHARP DIRECTIONS OF THEIR LEADERS. "THEY DO NOT SEEM ANGRY—ONLY BUSINESSLIKE."

found work for their bayonets, preventing the enemy from encircling their companions. The losses were very heavy—four hundred men and nine officers, including their gallant doctor, McNab, who was villainously stabbed as he bandaged a patient.

In spite of the great pressure, the ground was held all night, and it was not till dawn when the regiment found that it was outflanked on both sides and nearly surrounded, that, under cover of the fire of E Battery, R. H. A., it fell back. The Carbineers and the Scots were close together, and the Germans, with their usual quick ingenuity, approached the former with a cry of "We are the London Scots!" A disaster might have occurred in the darkness but for the quickness and bravery of a young officer, Lieutenant Hope Hawkins, who rushed forward, discovered the identity of the Germans, and fell, riddled with bullets, even while he gave warning to his comrades.

The Germans had won the ridge, but the British line was still intact and growing

stronger every hour. The village was held by the Scots Borderers and Yorkshiremen until nearly ten o'clock, when they were ordered to fall back and help to man the new line. The shock had been a rude one, but the danger-hour was past here as in the north. The villages of Messines and Wytschaete were, it is true, in German hands, but French reinforcements of the Sixteenth Corps were streaming up from the south, the line, though torn and broken, still held firm, and the road to Calais was forever blocked.

There was still pressure, and on November 2d the Eleventh Hussars were badly cut up by shell-fire, but the line was impregnable. Sir John French summed up in a few terse words the true meaning of the operations just described, when he said afterward, in addressing the Ninth Lancers:

"Particularly I would refer to the period, October

31st, when for forty-eight hours the Cavalry Corps held at bay two German army corps. During this period you were supported by only three or four battalions, shattered and worn by previous fighting, and in so doing you rendered inestimable service." There have been few episodes in the war which have been at the same time so splendid and so absolutely vital. The First Cavalry Division lost fifty per cent. of its numbers between October 30th and November 2d, and the Second Division was hardly in better case, but never did men give their lives to better purpose. Their heroism saved the Army. . . .

The Charge of the Prussian Guard

BY NOVEMBER 10th, to the north and east the Eagles were known to be gathering. There were the Emperor, the Emperor's Guard, and a great fresh massing of the Germans ready for one grand final dash for Calais, with every rifle in the firing-

line and every cannon to support it. Grave messages came from headquarters, warning words were passed to anxious brigadiers, who took counsel with their colonels as to fire-fields and supports. Batteries were redistributed, depleted limbers refilled, and observation posts pushed to the front, while the untiring sappers gave the last touches to traverse and to trench. All was ready for the fray. So close were the lines that at many points the conversations of the enemy could be heard.

The Germans had already concentrated a large number of troops against this part of the British line, and they were now secretly reinforced by a division of the Prussian Guard. Documents found afterward upon the dead show that the Guard had had special orders from the Emperor to break the line at all costs. It was to be victory or death with the corps d'élite of the German army—thirteen thousand men in all—but it was no less victory or death with the men who opposed them.

After an artillery preparation of appalling intensity for three hours along the line of both the First and Second Divisions, the infantry advance began about nine-thirty on the morning of November 11th amid a storm of wind and rain.

They are gregarious fighters, the Germans, finding comfort and strength in the rush of serried ranks. Even now the advance was made in a close formation, but it was carried out with magnificent dash, amazing valor, and a pedantic precision which caused, for example, the leading officers to hold their swords at the carry. The Prussian Guardsmen seemed to have lost nothing, and also to have learned nothing, since their famous predecessors lay dead in their ranks before St. Privat, forty-four years before. The attack was directed against the front of the two divisions of the First British Army Corps, but especially on the First Brigade, so that Guardsman faced Guardsman, as at Fontenoy. There were none of the chivalrous greetings of 1745, however, and a stern hatred hardened the hearts of either side. The

German Guard charged on the north of the Menin road, while a second advance was made upon the south, which withered away before the British fire.

Nothing could stop the Guards, however. With trenches blazing and crackling upon their flank, for the advance was somewhat diagonal, they poured over the British position and penetrated it at three different points, where the heavy shells had overwhelmed the trenches and buried the occupants, who, in some cases, were bayoneted as they struggled out from under the earth. It was a terrific moment. The yells of the stormers and the shrill whistles of their officers rose above the crash of the musketry-fire and roar of the guns. The British fought in their customary earnest silence, save for the short, sharp directions of their leaders. "They did not seem angry—only businesslike," said a hostile observer.

The troops to the immediate north of the Menin road, who had been shelled out of



AT THE HEAD OF TEN VOLUNTEERS A BRITISH LIEUTENANT AND A SERGEANT CAPTURED A TRENCH HOLDING FIFTY GERMANS.



THE ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT DID SPLENDID WORK NEAR NEUVE-CHAPELLE. GENERAL WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN RETAKEN BECAUSE IT WAS NEVER LOST. IT WAS THE PARTICULAR

their trenches by the bombardment, were forced back and brushed aside into the woods to the north, while the Germans poured through the gap. The Fourth Royal Fusiliers of the Ninth Brigade, upon the right of the point where the enemy had penetrated, were enfiladed and lost their gallant colonel, MacMahon, a soldier who had done great service from the day of Mons, and had just been appointed to a brigade. The regiment, which has worked as hard and endured as great losses as any in the campaign, was reduced to two officers and a hundred men.

The German Guard poured on into the woods, which lay in the immediate rear of the British position, but their formation

was broken and the individualism of the Briton began to tell. Next to MacMahon's regiment lay the First Scots Fusiliers, sister battalion to that which had been destroyed upon October 31st. With fierce joy they poured volleys into the flank of the Guard as the gray figures rushed past them into the woods. Four hundred dead Germans were afterward picked out from the under-wood at this point. The Scots Fusiliers were also hard hit by the German fire.

At this period the Germans who had come through the line had skirted the south of a large wood of half-grown trees, called the Polygon Wood, and had advanced into the farther one, named the Nonnebosch. At this point they were close to the British



SMITH-DORRIEN PAID THEM THE FOLLOWING TRIBUTE: "THERE IS ONE PART OF THE LINE TRENCHES WHICH YOUR BATTALION HELD SO GRIMLY DURING THAT TERRIFIC TEN DAYS."

Artillery, which they threatened to overwhelm. The Forty-first Brigade R. F. A., and especially the Sixteenth Field Battery, were in the immediate line of their advance, and the gunners looking up saw the gray uniform advancing amid the trees. Colonel Lushington, who commanded the artillery brigade, hurriedly formed up a firing-line under his adjutant, composed partly of his own spare gunners and partly of a number of engineers, reinforced by cooks, officers' servants, and other odd hands who are to be found in the rear of the army, but seldom expect to find themselves in the van of the fight. It was a somewhat grotesque array, but it filled the gap and brought the advance to a halt, though the leading Germans

were picked up afterward within seventy yards of the guns.

While the position was critical at this point of the front, it was no less so upon the extreme right. There are two considerable woods—the Polygon to the north and the Nonnebosch to the southwest of the Polygon—the edges of which have defined the British position, while their depths have harbored their artillery. In the afternoon of this day the enemy, skirting the south of the Polygon Wood, had actually entered the Nonnebosch Wood, in which it faced the artillery. In the Polygon Wood, when they penetrated the trenches of the First Brigade, they had the King's Liverpool Regiment on their right, which refused to move, so that

for a long time the Prussian Guard and the King's lay side by side with a traverse between them.

"Our right is supported by the Prussian Guard," said the humorous adjutant of the famous Lancashire regiment.

While the main body of the Guard passed on, some remained all day in this trench.

The German Guardsmen had been prevented from submerging the Forty-first Brigade of Artillery, and also the Thirty-sixth Heavy Battery, by the resistance of an improvised firing-line. But a more substantial defense was at hand. The Second Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, which had been in divisional reserve near Ypres, had been brought forward and found itself at Westhoek, near the threatened guns. This regiment is the old Fifty-second, of the Peninsular Light Division, a famous corps which threw itself upon the flank of Napoleon's Guard at Waterloo and broke it in the crisis of the battle. Once again within a century an Imperial Guard was to recoil before its disciplined rush. The regiment swept through the wood from northwest to southeast, driving the Germans, who had already been badly shaken by the artillery fire, in a headlong rout. Many threw down their arms.

The loss of the Oxforas was surprisingly small, well under fifty in all. As they emerged from the wood they were joined by sections of other brigades, for by this time units were badly mixed up, as will always happen in woodland fighting. "It was all a confused nightmare," said one who tried to control it. The line of infantry dashed forward, a company of the Oxforas in the lead, and the khaki wave broke over a line of trenches which the Germans had taken, submerging all the occupants. There was another line in front, but as the victorious infantry pushed forward to this it was struck in the flank by a fire from French batteries, which had been unable to believe that so much progress could have been made in so short a time.

It was now nearly dark, and the troops were in the last stage of exhaustion. Of the First Brigade, something less than four hundred with four officers could be collected. It was impossible to do more than hold the line as it then existed. Two brave attempts were made in the darkness to win back the original front trenches, but it could

not be done, for there were no men to do it. Save for one small corner of the Polygon Wood, the Germans had been completely cleared out from the main position. The German losses were exceedingly severe; seven hundred of their dead were picked up within a single section of the British line, but the main loss was probably sustained in the advance before they reached the trenches. Killed, wounded, and prisoners, their casualties can not have been less than ten thousand men.

It was a fine attack, bravely delivered by fresh troops against weary men, but it showed the German leaders once for all that it was impossible to force a passage through the lines. The Emperor's Guard, driven on by the Emperor's own personal impetus, had recoiled broken, even as the Guard of a greater Emperor had done a century before from the indomitable resistance of the British infantry. The constant fighting had reduced British brigades to the strength of battalions, battalions to companies, and companies to weak platoons, but the position was still held. They had, it is true, lost about five hundred yards of ground in the battle, but a shorter line was at once dug, organized, and manned.

The barrier to Ypres was as strong as ever.

The strain upon the men, however, had been terrific. "Bearded, unwashed, some times plagued with vermin, the few who remained in the front line were a terrible crew," says the American Coleman. "They were like fierce, wild beasts," says another observer. They had given their all, almost to their humanity, to save Britain. May the day never come when Britain will refuse to save them!

This attack upon November 11th represents the absolute high-water mark of the German efforts in this battle, and the ebb was a rapid one. Upon November 12th and the remainder of the week, half-hearted attempts were made upon the British front, which were repulsed without difficulty. Though for thirty miles the skirmishes were incessant, the era of battles had passed.

[Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's detailed account then includes a record of the winter lull and a full story of the winter operations which, interesting as they are, are of minor importance compared to what is to come. We pass on, therefore, to the spring campaign.]

The Battle of Neuve-Chapelle

WITH the breaking of the spring and the drying of the water-soaked meadows of Flanders, an era of larger and more ambitious operations had set in. The first hammer-blow of Sir John French was directed, on March 10th, against the village of Neuve-Chapelle, which had changed hands several times and eventually remained with the Germans during the hard fighting in the last week of October. The British trenches had been drawn a few hundred yards to the west of the village, and there had been no change during the last four months. Behind the village was the Aubers Ridge, and behind that again the whole great plain of Lille and Turcoing.

This was the spot upon which the British general had determined to try the effects of his new artillery.

His secret was remarkably well kept. Few British and no Germans knew where the blow was to fall. The boasted spy system was completely at fault. The success of Sir John in keeping his secret was largely dependent upon the fact that above the British lines an air space had been cleared into which no German airman could enter save at his own very great peril. No great movement of troops was needed since Haig's army lay opposite to the point to be attacked, and it was to two of his corps that the main assault was assigned. On the other hand, there was a vast concentration of guns, which were arranged, over three hundred in number, in such a position that their fire could converge upon the area of the German defenses.

The troops chosen for the assault on Neuve-Chapelle were Rawlinson's Fourth Army Corps upon the left and the Indian Corps upon the right, upon a front of half a mile, which as the operation developed broadened to three thousand yards. The object was not the mere occupation of the village, but an advance to the farthest point attainable. All during the hours of the night troops in single file were brought up to the advanced trenches, which in many cases were less than a hundred yards from the enemy. Before daylight they were crammed with men waiting most eagerly for the signal to advance. Short ladders had been distributed, so that the stormers could swarm swiftly out of the deep trenches.

The obstacle in front of the Army was a

most serious one. The barbed wire entanglements were on an immense scale, the trenches were bristling with machine guns, and the village in the rear contained several large outlying houses with walls and orchards, each of which had been converted into a fortress. On the other hand, the defenders had received no warning, and therefore no reinforcements, so that the attackers were far the more numerous. It is said that a German officer's attention was called to the stir in the opposite trenches, and that he was actually at the telephone reporting his misgivings to headquarters when the storm broke loose.

It was at half-past seven that the first gun boomed from the rear of the British position. Within a few minutes three hundred were hard at work, the gunners striving desperately to pour in the greatest possible number of shells in the shortest period of time. It had been supposed that some of the very heavy guns could get in forty rounds in the time, but they actually fired nearly a hundred, and at the end of it the huge garrison gunners were lying panting like spent hounds round their pieces.

From the eighteen-pounder of the field-gun to the huge fourteen-hundred-pound projectile from the new monsters in the rear, a shower of every sort and size of missile poured down upon the Germans, many of whom were absolutely bereft of their senses by the sudden and horrible experience. Trenches, machine guns, and human bodies flew high into the air, while the stakes which supported the barbed wire were uprooted, and the wire itself torn into ribbons and twisted into a thousand fantastic coils with many a gap between. In front of part of the Indian line there was a clean sweep of the impediments. So also to the right of the British line. Only at the left of the line, to the extreme north of the German position, was the fatal wire still quite unbroken and the trenches unapproachable.

Meanwhile, so completely was the resistance flattened out by the overpowering weight of fire that the British infantry, with their own shells flowing in a steady stream within a few feet of their heads, were able to line their parapets and stare across at the wonderful smoking and roaring swirl of destruction that faced them. Here and there men sprang upon the parapets waving their rifles and shouting in the hot eagerness of their hearts. "Our bomb-throwers,"

says one correspondent, "started cake-walking." It was an extraordinary revelation of the absolute accuracy of scientific gunfire that the British batteries should dare to shell the German trenches which were only a hundred yards away from their own, and this at a range of five or six thousand yards.

At five minutes past eight the guns ceased as suddenly as they had begun, the shrill whistles of the officers sounded all along the line, and the ardent infantry poured over the long lip of the trenches.

The assault upon the left was undertaken by Pinney's Twenty-third Infantry Brigade of the Eighth Division. The Twenty-fifth Brigade of the same division was on the right, and on the right of them again were the Indians. The Twenty-fifth Brigade was headed by the Second Lincolns and the Second Berkshires, who were ordered to clear the trenches, and then to form a supporting line while their comrades of the First Irish Rifles and the Second Rifle Brigade passed through their ranks and carried the village beyond.

Colonel McAndrew, of the Lincolns, was mortally hit at the outset, but watched the assault with constant questions as to its progress until he died. It was nothing but good news that he heard, for the work of the brigade went splendidly from the start. It overwhelmed the trenches in an instant, seizing the bewildered survivors, who crouched, yellow with lyddite and shaken by the horror of their situation, in the corners of the earthworks. As the Berkshires rushed down the German trench they met with no resistance at all, save from two gallant German officers, who fought a machine gun until both were bayoneted.

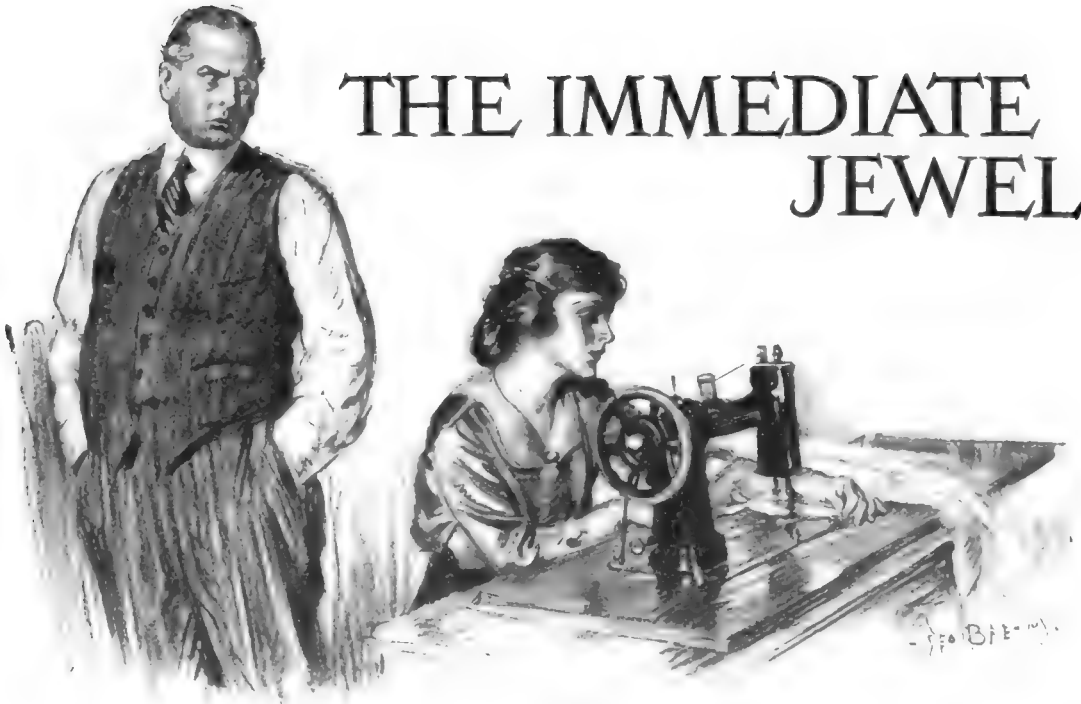
It was very different, however, with the Twenty-third Brigade upon the left. Their experience was a terrible one. As they rushed forward they came upon a broad sheet of partly broken wire entanglement between themselves and the trenches which had escaped the artillery fire. The furious men would not retire, but tore and raged at the edge of the barrier even as their ancestors raged against the scythe-blades at the breach of Badajoz. The Second Scottish Rifles and the Second Middlesex were the first two regiments, and their losses were ghastly. Of the Scottish Rifles, every officer but one was either killed or wounded, and half the men were on the ground.

The battalion found some openings, however, especially B Company, upon their right flank, and in spite of their murderous losses made their way into the German trenches, the bombardiers doing fine work in clearing them, though half of their number were killed. The Middlesex men, after charging through a driving sleet of machine-gun bullets, were completely held up by an unbroken obstacle, and after three gallant and costly attacks, when the old "Die-hards" lived up to their historic name, the remains of the regiment were compelled to move to the right and make their way through the gap cleared by the Scottish Rifles. "Rally, boys, and at it again!" they yelled at every repulse. . . .

The moment that the infantry advance upon the trenches had begun, the British guns were turned upon the village itself. Supported by their fire, the victorious Indians from the south and the Twenty-fifth Brigade from the west rushed into the streets and took possession of the ruins which flanked them, advancing with an ardor which brought them occasionally into the zone of fire from their own guns. By twelve o'clock the whole position, trenches, village, and detached houses, had been carried, while the artillery had lengthened its range and rained shrapnel upon the ground over which reinforcements must advance. The Rifles of the Twenty-fifth Brigade and the Third Gurkhas of the Indians were the first troops in Neuve-Chapelle. . . .

FOR the first time in the war the Germans finally abandoned a position that they had lost, and made no further attempt to retake it. The battle of Neuve-Chapelle was at an end, and the British, though their accomplishment fell far short of their hopes, had none the less made a permanent advance of a thousand yards along a front of three thousand and obtained a valuable position for their operations in the future. It was a fierce and murderous encounter in which every weapon of modern warfare—the giant howitzer, the bomb, and the machine gun—was used to the full, and where the reward of the victor was a slice of ground no larger than a moderate farm. And yet the fact that a Prussian line, built up with four months of labor, could be rushed in a couple of hours, and that by no exertion could a German set foot upon it again, was a hopeful first lesson in the spring campaign.

THE IMMEDIATE JEWEL



by *Alice Garland Steele*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BREHM

HIS name was Mr. Bibbins! The Girl learned that the very first night, but she was not interested. She was too heart-sick to be interested in anything in this new life except keeping her new job with P. Calder & Co., Waist-makers. That she had taken a hall-room in Mrs. McQueen's boarding-house because it was the cheapest thing she could find in a big city, did not imply that she wished to enter into personal relations with Mrs. McQueen's table-guests. She thought, proudly, that they were not her sort. It was characteristic of the Girl that she could be both shabby and proud at the same time.

So she sat very still that first night and tried to eat her dinner because she must work hard on it to-morrow, and tried not to look at the bare place on her slender left hand where a shining jewel had rested six months before, nor to think of the Man who had placed it there!

The Man had been swept into the past along with a number of other things she once thought she could not live without, and the Girl had been left to go on alone, with a flat purse, an ache in her heart, and a pair of brown eyes that would forever now ask a question before they trusted—a foolish little question: "Are you *truly*?"

It was just here that Mrs. McQueen, bustling in with fresh dishes, asked: "Ain't any of you folks seen Mr. Bibbins?"

Everybody looked at an empty chair next to the Girl and said "No, not since breakfast." All but Miss Pansy Connors, who sat on the Girl's right. She looked full at Mrs. McQueen and said: "I'll tell you where he is, Queenie—he's down at the Crystal Palace Shoe Store helping that fool kid Jimmy Driggs to hold down his job!"

"Land alive," said Mrs. McQueen, "if that ain't like Mr. Bibbins! Piling up night-work, when he'd oughter be safe home eating his good dinner. He ain't acting on the square by his stommick, that young man ain't!"

"Well," drawled Pansy, "he's doing the square by Jimmy, which is the act of a Christian, though I say it that ain't much on the church stuff myself." And she added, for the Girl's benefit: "Bibbins, every now and then, goes and does something spectacular, but you don't dare to pat him on the back! If his right hand guessed what his left was doing he'd go and cut it off—that's his style!"

The Girl lifted her dark lashes for the



WITHOUT VOLITION
THE GIRL SOMEHOW
FOUND HERSELF SIT-
TING ON THE STEP
WITH A STRANGE
BABY IN HER LAP,
WHILE THE BABY'S
FATHER MOPPED HIS
FACE.

briefest of glances. "I am not acquainted," she said, "with the person you refer to."

Miss Connors stared. She took in the Girl's pale pride, as well as her fine, much-darned shirt-waist, but she sniffed at it, much as the Girl, in her heart, had sniffed at Mr. Bibbins's name. "I beg your pardon," she said, and then she added: "Believe me, it's your loss!" She acted, for the rest of the meal, as if the Girl's chair were like the one next to it—empty!

As for the Girl, she caught herself, once or twice, watching the door. It was perfectly absurd, but she seemed to be waiting for it to open up for Mr. Bibbins.

Afterward, she climbed the weary stairs to her room and sat at the open window with sad eyes. It was young April, a time for dreams, but the Girl, conscious of a locked trunk that hid a very thin packet of letters signed with the name of the Man who was not true, felt that she could never dream again. She sat there instead, thinking that once, in April, there had been a home garden filled with baby crocuses and early daffodils. She had plucked one, on a night like this, and tucked it in the Man's buttonhole—now they grew above her mother's grave! She sat there, her hands in her lap, listening to the noises that floated up from the street below, until suddenly she could bear it no longer. She drew the blind with a sob, and went hurriedly to bed.

She did not sleep. Hours later, through the silence, she heard a man's step on the stairs, and Mrs. McQueen's voice calling from a lower hall: "Would you mind, Mr. Bibbins, sir, turning out that there light on the top landing?" And a muffled bass reply: "All O. K., Mrs. McQueen—good night!"

Through the weary days that followed, the Girl did the things that had to be done, and thought of the things that she might never do again. She went out, a slim little black-and-white shadow, through Mrs. McQueen's front door, to drag herself back to it at dusk, with dark rims under her long lashes, and a heart almost tired of beating, but not tired of being brave.

Once Miss Pansy Connors, in a flowered kimono, rapped at her door to share a bag of peaches. Miss Connors shared many things, including her confidences, with her fellow-boarders, but she said afterward to the "first floor back:" "That girl was harder to warm up to than the ice-man,

take it from me! I couldn't get a thing out of her except that she was in black for a near relation! And me gassing there to her for ten minutes through a crack in the door!"

As for Mr. Bibbins, he and the Girl seemed to be playing a fantastic game of "hide-and-seek." She came upon odd little traces of him, but that was all. The chair at table continued to be empty. A tattered individual appeared at the basement door one evening with a card. Mrs. McQueen, very red in the face, exclaimed "Well, I never!" and handed it across to Miss Connors, who passed it back again with a queer little full-throated laugh.

"Wouldn't that jar you?" said Pansy, and rolled her fine eyes upward. The Girl fixed hers resolutely on her plate. She had, against her will, seen the brief penciled message on the back:

"Please give this man my dinner. I won't be home. Bibbins."

Home! She felt a sudden contempt for the man who could call this poor place by a name so dear. Home meant encircling arms, lighted windows—poverty, perhaps, but love always!

Mrs. McQueen hoisted a pork-chop and two baked potatoes on to a clean plate. "Well," she sighed, "I guess I got to deliver the goods," adding, with business acumen, and a troubled glance down the table at a thin young woman who did dressmaking by the day—"They're *paid* for!"

The Girl, climbing the weary stairs again, curved her young lips into the first smile they had known for many weeks.

Something else happened an evening or two later. The thin dressmaker, in a new silk waist, passed her in the hall. She stopped the Girl with a stiff little gesture. "Oh, would you mind telling me if—if this hat looks all right? I can make clothes, but I—I don't seem to be able to make much of hats, and I—I so wanted to look nice to-night!" She spoke in a faintly muffled voice, as if her mouth were still full of pins.

The Girl felt a sudden sympathy. "It—it looks quite pretty," she said kindly; and the little dressmaker, warming to the tone, told her news with a sudden wave of emotion: "I am going out to the theatre—with Mr. Bibbins!"

The Girl moved on thoughtfully. Was he also a Beau Brummel, or—or did he just, since he pronounced this horrible place

home, look upon the dressmaker as a member of his family? In that case, the Girl sniffed her disdain, he would be claiming *her* next, as—as a sister! This preposterous Mr. Bibbins!

Meanwhile, the Girl found out that P. Calder was a left-over fragment of the Stone Age. His methods with new waist-hands were rocky. He had a way of coming in, unannounced, from the small back office to the long room where the machines were humming, and of standing over you, watching you slip in lace inserts till you grew flushed and dizzy and made a mistake—then, with a foot shoved in to stop your treadle, he had it out with you.

He had it out, several times, with the Girl. Each time she felt that she could bear it no longer, and each time, very humbly, she picked out the wrong stitches, and made crooked places straight, and rough places smooth, while P. Calder, manipulating a tooth-pick, sauntered back to stretch himself, and perform economies on the pay-roll.

On Saturday night he told the Girl bluntly that he wasn't running a kindergarten for waist-makers, and that if she didn't do better she could "hike for another job."

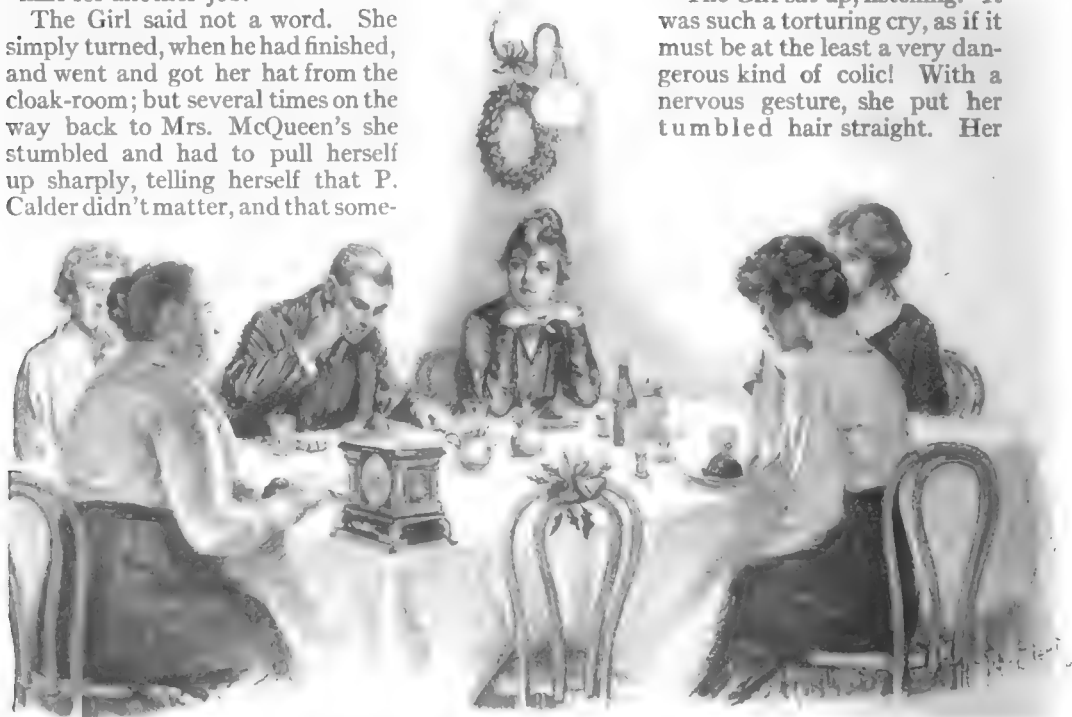
The Girl said not a word. She simply turned, when he had finished, and went and got her hat from the cloak-room; but several times on the way back to Mrs. McQueen's she stumbled and had to pull herself up sharply, telling herself that P. Calder didn't matter, and that some-

where, *somewhere* in God's heaven there was still a guardian angel who would lift her up lest she dash her foot against a stone.

That night the Girl, after paying her board-bill, counted the money in her purse. She had just two dollars and twenty-six cents. Then she knelt down and said her prayers. She asked to be kept from making mistakes on the shirt-waists, and to have courage to go on fighting to forget the Man who was not true.

The next day was Sunday. The Girl did not go out. She lay on her bed with shoulders that ached, and listened to Pansy Connors playing, with a brilliant disregard of sharps and flats, "I'm Proud to be the Mother of a Soldier." On the front stoop Mr. McQueen, in frank shirt-sleeves, was announcing lurid views on politics to a very red young man who did bookkeeping for a pork-butcher. From the hot avenue came the cheerful clang of the trolleys. But the Girl, with nerves stretched to the breaking-point, wondered how anything could be cheerful in such a noisy world. It was then, on the floor below, that a baby began to cry.

The Girl sat up, listening. It was such a torturing cry, as if it must be at the least a very dangerous kind of colic! With a nervous gesture, she put her tumbled hair straight. Her



cheeks were slightly flushed, her eyes brightly feverish. She looked as if, on very short notice, she might cry herself! Instead, she hastily opened her door and leaned far over the banister.

A man was walking up and down with a fat baby hoisted on his shoulder—a tall man, with a slight stoop. The child, its fingers clutched in his hair, was screaming lustily.

"Oh, what is it?" demanded the Girl nervously.

The man looked up. He wore glasses, and he had gray, rather short-sighted eyes. One could not have guessed his age, but his features, without being handsome, were reassuring. "I'm afraid it's temper," he said cheerfully. "His name is Buster and he's crying for his mother!" He added, tipping the child's chin upward—"See the pretty lady."

The Girl, about to beat a hasty and indignant retreat, reconsidered, and merely flushed hotly. It was said in a purely impersonal way, as one might urge a child of larger growth to "See the chu-chu car!" But it added to her confusion that the baby, beating the air with sturdy arms, made a violent motion in her direction.

"He wants to go to you," said the tall man. "Would you mind holding him a minute?"

Without volition the Girl somehow found herself sitting on the top step with a strange baby in her lap, while the baby's father, leaning back against the stair-rail, mopped his forehead and drew a long breath. The baby had stopped crying to say "Goo!" The Girl hoped Miss Connors would not decide to come up this special staircase.

"Where is—its mother?" The Girl's voice fluttered as she put the faint question.

"His mother? Oh, I sent her out for a walk," said the man; "you see, it does her a lot of good to get away from him once in a while—and it's such a great afternoon."

The Girl lifted her eyes. Utter desolation crept into their brown depths. "I'm glad it strikes somebody that way," she said.

The man looked at her as if for the first time. "I'm afraid," he said humbly, "Buster and I have spoiled it for you!"

"Oh, no," said the Girl hurriedly, "not at all."

"I thought," said the man, "I could keep him quiet with the 'Funny Page,' but he's a bit young for it yet. I've tried every

known method, except a mouth gag," he added, smiling, "to stop him."

"It's a wonder," said the Girl, curving her lips, "you didn't send for the Special Boarding-House Wonder—Mr. Bibbins!" The next instant she could have bitten her tongue out, the man seemed so covered with confusion.

"So you think," he asked, adjusting his glasses, "Bibbins could have done the trick?"

"I'm sure of it," said the Girl steadily. "I haven't met the person, but according to hearsay he is most unusual."

"Now that," said the man, "is mighty interesting, because, you see, I am Mr. Bibbins."

The Girl stared. "Aren't you," she stammered, "the—baby's father?"

Mr. Bibbins shook his head. He seemed all at once to have difficulty in speaking. His face had turned an honest crimson. "No," he said in a low voice, "no, I'm not. His father was—a kind of friend of mine. He was the letter-carrier on this route, and he went under at Christmas—died, I mean," he added simply. "They had lived for six months or so in this house, so I sort of promised him I'd keep an eye on his boy."

But the Girl had hastily risen. She stood, straight and slender, with Bibbins's "baby" in her arms, but she would not look at Bibbins. She was thinking riotously that he had stolen a march on her, caught up with her, as it were, in the dark, and flashed his personality, like a lantern, full upon her. It was disconcerting, and—unfair! She did not wish to be friendly with any of these people, least of all Mr. Bibbins!

"I—really must go," she said. Her voice was high and sweet. Her eyes, sweeping Mr. Bibbins as he stood on the step below, enveloped him, as it were, in a cold little vapor.

Mr. Bibbins, staring back at her, became all at once embarrassed. "Oh, I say," he said, "we didn't mean to waylay you like this!" And he added, as he lifted the child again to his shoulder: "Buster is a regular highwayman—he holds up everybody he happens to take a fancy to! Don't you, kid?"

But the Girl had already taken refuge in her room.

It became, after this, a matter of avoiding Mr. Bibbins. It was as if Fate had set a trap for her. Mr. Bibbins seemed to be



HE HELD A RING AGAINST
THE LIGHT. "I SAY, DO
YOU LIKE IT?"

everywhere! The Girl, hurrying out in the morning, would run into Mr. Bibbins just taking his hat from the peg, and Mr. Bibbins would say, in that friendly voice of his, "Now, isn't this great? We can walk as far as the corner together!" Or, coming home at night, with every nerve quivering, she would stumble into Mr. Bibbins in the dark vestibule, and he would nod cheerfully and say, "Well, how did it go to-day?" That the Girl never told him did not seem to matter.

It was the same thing in the dining-room. Now that Jimmy Driggs's job was nailed hard and fast, Mr. Bibbins was always there. Twice, on a hot night, he brought in ice-cream for the crowd. The Girl did not take any. And then, one Saturday evening, he invited the Girl to go with Mrs. McQueen to the Hippodrome.

"It would do you a lot of good," he said. "I—I hope you will go with us," and he added, flushing: "She'd enjoy it so much more to have a friend along."

The Girl murmured something — she "really couldn't," thanking him just the same. It was then that he looked, with a sudden awkward sympathy, at her black dress, and thought he understood. But he didn't. That night the Girl read the thin packet of letters over again, and cried herself to sleep.

It hurt her, his friendliness. Until Pansy Connors put her straight. "You'd think," she said, "now wouldn't you, that he was dead stuck on taking the creases out of your life and making it happy! Well, he is. He feels the same way to every living creature. It's Bibbins's way! I think myself," added Pansy, "it's a heavenly way, but that little dressmaker takes it too much to heart! Bibbins is just the milk of human kindness served free to everybody that happens to live along his route!"

This simplified matters. The Girl, after a while, got to smiling back at Bibbins when he asked her how it went. She even got to saying little things across the rice-pudding,

and Bibbins, behind his glasses, just glowed.

One might just as well be pleasant, thought the Girl. She was having, that week, rather a tearful time at the Calder Waist Company. The nights were closing in now, for it was December, and the electric light hurt her eyes so that she was making more mistakes than ever. She lived in hourly fear of being "laid off." Once she hugged Buster and told him so, when he had tottered out alone into the hall. He and his mother lived in the little hall-room underneath her own, where the mother did finishing on ladies' suits. It was just then, with her face buried in Buster's neck, that Mr. Bibbins, coming up for a romp, found her.

She faced around as she heard his step. "Well," he said, "how goes it?"

Her face was dead-white, but she smiled. "Well, I don't feel like a brass band," said the Girl, "nor—nor like hanging out flags, but I'm going to make a bluff at being prosperous."

He placed a hand among Buster's curls. "That's a good idea," he said. He was looking at the Girl with a strange expression. "You can always," said Mr. Bibbins, clearing his throat cheerfully, "sing the Doxology about something, you know!" But what he was thinking was that she looked wonderfully sweet as she crouched on the stairs with the child.

"I've wanted," said the Girl, "ever since I came here, to ask you a question!" She said it a little breathlessly, as if she were very much in earnest. "How *can* you call this place—home?"

Mr. Bibbins laughed. "Why, that's an easy one. I can answer that right off the bat!"

She was looking at him intently. Her eyes were wistful, and very, very sad.

"You see," said Mr. Bibbins, running his hand through Buster's hair, "I have an old mother who lives away off in Vermont. I began with the 'home' business there. There were just four of us, all kids together. Well, my father died, and one of my brothers got married, and—it was a little place—the rest of us had to go away. We just got scattered, somehow, like the four winds!"

"Yes?" said the Girl.

Mr. Bibbins paused. "Now my mother is there alone," he said quietly, "but you see, she taught us what home meant.

She taught us that you could just make any old place home if you had the right idea about it," said Mr. Bibbins. He was smiling again. "That's the answer," he said.

The Girl nodded. "It's a great thing," she murmured, "to have the right idea.

"You bet it is," said Mr. Bibbins. He was hoisting Buster to the old place on his shoulder. "Come on, old chap," he said. "I've got five minutes to teach you jiu-jitsu."

The Girl went thoughtfully up the stairs. She got out of the trunk that held the letters, the picture of the Man who was not true, and she looked at it a long time. The face never failed to reach down to the old, old place where so many girlish hopes lay buried. Memory, so far, had insisted on covering them with flowers. But this time the Girl's hand trembled, and she hurriedly laid the picture back again, as she said something to her heart like this—"You would never, never have been happy with that Man, because—truth is the finest thing in the world, and he was not—true!"

IT WAS four days before Christmas. Miss Pansy Connors, her manicure bag still in her hands, panted up the four flights from the basement, and, still in her street things, rapped at the Girl's door. She looked flushed and breathless.

"Yes? What is it?" called the Girl's voice. It carried a sound of strain with it.

"Honest, I won't keep you," said Pansy, "but I've just got to come in a minute and tell you the news about Bibbins!"

The Girl opened her door and stood there, in shadow.

Pansy crossed to the one chair. "He's got his big raise!" she said. She turned her face, all glowing, to the Girl. "And I'm such a blooming idiot," said Miss Connors, "that I want to cry about it, so there!"

"That's fine," said the Girl.

"Fine? Spread yourself a little, dearie, and use a bigger word! That feller has worked up from office-boy to manager of a whole department. Can you beat it, for style?"

"I'm so glad," said the Girl, "for Mr. Bibbins."

"That's all right too," said Miss Connors. "I can do the rejoicing act myself—but he's got to go off to St. Louis to live—that's what gets me! Queenie's that upset, she

says she'd like to give up the boarding-house and go West herself!"

The Girl went over and sat on the little iron bed. She was still in shadow. "You mean," she said slowly, "that Mr. Bibbins—will have to go away?"

Miss Connors nodded. There seemed to be a kind of lump in her full throat. "Of course," she said fiercely, "and I tell you it hurts, Girlie! If I was ten years younger I'd just give way to my feelings!" She got up and went to the window, and with her back to the Girl stared down on the little, common street. The Girl did not speak. Her hands, in her lap, lay listless, her shoulders sagged a little.

Miss Connors turned back again. "Bibbins," she said, "has lived here along with the family going on six years, and it's going to be mighty dull—without him. Oh, I'm not in love with him—don't go and get that idea into your head! I'm just upset!"

"Oh—" said the Girl. Her breath caught a little.

"But you needn't think," choked Miss Connors, "that I'm not glad, all the same, for—for Bibbins! It's just that I'm feeling—a trifle sorry for myself!" The next instant she had whirled out of the door.

The Girl put one arm on the cold iron rail of the bed, then she laid her cheek upon it. But she did not cry, though it was four days to Christmas, and she had just received her discharge from the Calder Waist Company. She sat very still in the cold dusk and thought of Mr. Bibbins's good fortune.

She was very, very glad for Mr. Bibbins, and she was thinking that, after all, you get, in this world, the things you deserve—Bibbins was finding life fine and beautiful because he had worked his way down into the heart of the world.

The Girl was still sitting there, in the dark, when the bell rang loudly for dinner. She did not move. She couldn't have eaten, so what was the use? She thought of them all sitting there—Pansy, with her rough, warm speech, and the thin little dressmaker with her painful blushes, and the pork-butcher's clerk, and good, vulgar Mrs. McQueen, and Buster's brave little mother—she could hear them all wishing good luck and long life to Bibbins, and see him adjusting the glasses to his kind, short-sighted eyes as he murmured his protest—"Oh, I say——!"

And it was just here, when she realized that they would not miss her, that the truth swept like a flashlight over her homesick, lonely little soul—*she* was going to miss *Bibbins!*

Then the Girl cried.

"Here's your dinner, dearie, on a nice clean tray!" Mrs. McQueen's voice at the door struck on the aching silence. "And I've a message from Mr. Bibbins—he wants you to go shopping with him for some presents he's a mind to get, but he said particular you was to eat your dinner first!"

The Girl opened the door. She looked at the big, stout woman with the loaded tray in her hands, and then she did something that surprised Mrs. McQueen so that she nearly dropped it—the Girl leaned over and put one arm around Mrs. McQueen's neck and kissed her!

MR. BIBBINS, in the parlor, looked up as the Girl entered. "I say," he said, "you don't mind?" He seemed vested in a huge embarrassment.

"Mind?" said the Girl, with a little laugh that had tears behind it. "Do you know I was afraid Christmas was going to leave me out this year!" She struggled with the button of her shabby glove.

"I—I'm not much of a shopper," said Mr. Bibbins candidly, "and—I've got something very special to buy. It's—it's a ring."

"Yes?" said the Girl, but Mr. Bibbins did not go on. He just led her, without further words, into the frosty night. He seemed, she thought, as she kept pace with his eager stride, quite lifted out of himself, and altogether glowing. Afterward, when on the way to the jeweler's he stopped at a big arcade and "threw in" a great Teddy-bear for Buster and a tie of many colors for the pork-butcher's clerk, and a gold thimble for the thin dressmaker, the Girl knew what it was—Bibbins was just saturated with that elusive thing which children have christened "Santa Claus," and grown people call "The Spirit of Giving!"

"I always give 'em little things, you know," he explained happily, "things they wouldn't have the nerve to buy for themselves." He was just selecting a clock, with a real cathedral chime, for Mrs. McQueen's dingy parlor. "And this year," he ended, "I can spread myself a little because I happen to be in luck."

The Girl with grave, brown eyes hurried to say something lest she should lose courage for it. "I—I've wanted to tell you," she stammered, "how glad I am about the managership—and St. Louis."

Mr. Bibbins blushed. "Thanks," he added simply; "I'm glad too, you know, but I'll hate to go away!"

The Girl with one courageous effort broke through the flimsy, makeshift fabric of pride and superiority which had sheltered her real self for so many months. "We shall just hate to *have* you go!" she said, and bit her lips to keep the tears back, and smiled full into Mr. Bibbins's honest face.

"Oh, I say," said Mr. Bibbins, "will you?" And you could see that he was as pleased as Punch that the Girl had said it.

They went on to the jeweler's, Bibbins carrying the Teddy-bear, and the Girl trying her best to reflect the lights on his glowing face. She would not think of P. Calder's gruff dismissal, nor of the black and empty days to come. For this one night at least she would walk in the lamp-beams of this man's beautiful, impersonal friendliness.

"I want a ring," said Mr. Bibbins to the clerk, "for a lady."

The clerk, who judged pocket-books by exteriors, took in the Girl's worn black and brought out a showy tray, but Bibbins gravely pushed it aside.

"Not that kind," he said briefly. "I want a good one."

The clerk, who again had his own ideas, slipped his hand into the case and laid two or three shining solitaires upon the counter. "These," he said, "are our very latest 'Engagements'." He smirked a little. "If the young lady would try one on——"

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Bibbins, glancing earnestly at the Girl's hand as she hastily withdrew it, "that wouldn't be any use—you see, it's for a bigger hand than hers." He held a ring against the light. "I say," he said, "do you like it?"

But the Girl found it difficult to speak at all. She managed a nod. She would not look at the clerk again. Her heart was pounding in a hurt, desperate way, and she felt horribly ashamed! Just because it had suddenly occurred to her that it would be beautiful to wear any ring, even for a moment, bought by Mr. Bibbins.

"I want it," said Bibbins in a low voice to the Girl, "to be a first-class affair, you

know, because it's got a—a sort of sentiment attached to it."

But the Girl, passing her breathless little opinion, was only conscious of an agony to have the business over, and to get out again into the friendly, sheltering darkness.

"It's all right," said Mr. Bibbins. "Tie it up, please." He certainly was a poor shopper, for the price appeared not to matter at all. He just laid down the crisp new bills as if he hated to have money come into it. Then he took the Girl home.

They didn't speak all the way. Bibbins seemed wrapped in the glory of his purchases, and the Girl, from a very different cause, was speechless. In that illuminating moment at the jeweler's she had read, for the first time, her own heart. It was as if the shining jewel, held high in Bibbins's hand, had flashed its rays across the darkened corner where lurked the image of the Man who was not true, showing it for what it was, a blackened shadow, a wraith that dissolved and crumbled at a breath. The Girl knew it now—what she had thought a shrine was only an idea—she had not been, even in the old rainbow days, in love with the Man who was not true; she had been in love with what the Man might have been, and was not! Bibbins had shown her the difference.

As Bibbins fitted his key into the lock, he paused a moment, "I say," he said, "I've got a lot to thank you for, you know."

"And I," said the Girl humbly, "have a lot for which to thank *you!*" She could go that far without giving herself away to Bibbins.

"I shall be going off early in the morning," added Mr. Bibbins; "fact is, I'm taking a little Christmas holiday."

The Girl, who wondered how the Christmas dinner would get itself cooked and eaten without Bibbins, said no word. She leaned a little heavily against the imitation brown-stone stoop, and thought how lovely it would be for Bibbins to have his holiday.

"You see," said Bibbins, "that ring is going to be a teetotal surprise, and I want to be in on it. That's another sentiment of mine," added Bibbins, blushing. "I want to put it on myself!"

"I should think you *would*," murmured the Girl with pale lips—it was the very best she could do. But Bibbins seemed to find no lack in it. He turned, with his glowing face, to the door again, and helped the

Girl over the mat when she would have stumbled. Then, in the dark hall, he entrusted to her the dressmaker's gold thimble, and the pork-butcher's clerk's tie, and Buster's Teddy-bear.

"You see," he said, "I won't be here, so you won't mind seeing they get to the proper places at table? I guess Buster's ought to sit on top of his stocking."

The Girl gravely agreed.

"Good night," said Mr. Bibbins—he was putting out his hand—"and I wish you, though it's a bit early, a merry Christmas—the best," he added, looking down at her, "you've ever known!" His voice had grown very kind.

The Girl, with the Teddy-bear in her arms, smiled mistily. She was, for Bibbins's sake, hanging the flags out! "Good-night," she said, "and—I wish you—happiness—with all my heart!"

"Oh, I say—" said Mr. Bibbins, blushing. He did seem about to say more, but he only looked at the Girl again, and wrung her hand hastily, and murmuring something that sounded very much like a husky "God bless you!" he retreated precipitately down the hall.

THE Christmas dinner *did* get cooked. And there was a lot of jollity; but Pansy had tied a red ribbon and a sprig of holly on Mr. Bibbins's empty chair, and the Girl did not dare to look at it for fear she would have to haul her flags down.

The clock, at Mrs. McQueen's right hand, was, she said, "that heart-felt in its ticking out Bibbins's absence that she just couldn't enjoy her cranberry sauce!" The thin dressmaker, when she thought no one was looking, had hastily tucked the gold thimble into her breast. It was only, perhaps, to the pork-butcher's clerk that Bibbins's present was—just a present.

Miss Connors, with two theatre tickets for the best show in town directed to her in Bibbins's handwriting, sniffed audibly: "Orchestra chairs at two dollars *per*—just as if I was a dead swell! Ain't that like Bibbins? When I'd have been tickled foolish with the balcony!"

The Girl buried her face, just here, in a bunch of hothouse violets; they were to her, with Bibbins's modest card, the whole of Christmas! All the same she couldn't eat her dinner.

Miss Connors, it seemed, also knew about



the ring! "He showed it to me," she said across the table, "while he was strapping his suit-case in the hall—and never a word, when I teased him, except that it was for the best little woman in the world, and he didn't care if all the world knew it! And you can bet," added Pansy,



THE GIRL STOOD VERY STILL.
"GLAD!" SHE BREATHED.

"though I'm not in love with him, that I turned red-hot jealous! To have a thing like that going on in Bibbins's life and none of us know it! But I knew," ended Miss Connors fiercely, "what that managership would lead to, believe me—I knew it would lead Bibbins straight into getting married!"

"I'm sure," said Mrs. McQueen tenderly, "it's up to all of us to wish him and the young lady every happiness——"

But the Girl couldn't have stayed another minute. She turned so suddenly faint at the thought of Bibbins going away and getting married that she could barely stammer an excuse about the plum pudding and somehow get out of that cheerful, friendly dining-room—then she fled hastily up the stairs.

She had it out with herself in the little hall-room. With Pansy's bottle of Sicilian Violet on her bare dresser, and Mrs. McQueen's jar of homemade preserve, done up in red crêpe paper, and the little dress-maker's lacquered box for pins, the Girl, hugging Bibbins's Christmas flowers, told herself humbly that life was good, and hearts were kind, and this, after long wandering, was home! And she prayed a little wordless prayer that God might make her worthy.

For she had not been worthy—she had just hoarded up all the sad things and the bitter things, and given them out to the world as Bibbins had given his brightness. What matter if early to-morrow morning she must tramp the streets looking for another Waist Company run by a new P. Calder? And go through the years to come hand in hand with poverty, and work, and loneliness? At least work was its own reward, and she had things, dear, precious things, that money could not buy, and with Bibbins's great idea of making every old place a home for sympathy and friendliness and human kindness, she need never be exactly *lonely* again—there would always be, if there was not Bibbins, violets, and little children, and—and Pansy Connors' and pork-butcher's clerks.

Here the Girl, smiling through warm tears, stopped. What surprised her was that suddenly she was finding that she loved all of them, these dear, common people, who in lesser ways than Bibbins's very heavenly one had taken her in, and made her "one of the family."

The Girl, when she had reached this point, did something that she had been wanting to do for a long, long time—only she could not be sure. Now she was sure. She went over and got out of her trunk a thin packet of letters and a Man's photograph, and still with that warm, tearful light in her eyes, lit a match, and, holding them over the wash-basin, burned them one by one.

It was the Girl's victory over herself.

There were voices down-stairs, and Buster's baby laugh. The Girl remembered,



MRS. McQUEEN WAS SO SURPRISED
SHE NEARLY DROPPED THE TRAY.

then, that it was Christmas, and that she, who had been too poor to give anything, might yet give herself. So she bathed her eyes, and pinned on Bibbins's violets, and went down and played with Buster for a full two hours, that his mother might run out to the cemetery with holly for the letter-carrier's grave.

After that, she helped the dressmaker put in a few stitches on a dress to be finished that night for a Christmas party. And then—there are so many little things turning up when one is in earnest about making other people happy, she found something to do in the kitchen. Pansy was there, urging Mrs. McQueen to go with her to the show.

The Girl, standing in the doorway, paused. "Oh, do go," she said, "and—and I'll get the tea!"

"Good Lord!" said Pansy, and stared at the Girl's earnest face.

"Now what do you know about that!" cried Mrs. McQueen. "Don't it beat all how full folks are of kindness?"

The Girl went over and put one arm swiftly about Mrs. McQueen's neck. "Please go," she said. "You work so hard for us all, and you can take your time to dress while I make muffins! I'd love to make muffins!"

"Bless you, dearie," said Mrs. McQueen, "it's that tired of cooking I am! But honest, Pansy, I ain't got a rag to wear!"

But let Miss Connors alone for a thing like that! She just fussed Mrs. McQueen up till she looked like a bird of Paradise in borrowed plumage, while the Girl, still with that little smiling light in her eyes, got the Christmas supper.

She was just washing up the dishes when she heard a key in the door up-stairs; the next minute she stood face to face with—Bibbins!

"Hello!" he said cheerfully. "Buster's mother told me you were down here, so I came right down."

The Girl, dropping the dish-towel, stood very still. He said it just as if it had been a very important thing—finding her.

"I say," said Bibbins, "I—was hoping you'd be a little glad, you know!"

"Glad!" breathed the Girl.

"I planned it for a surprise," he said. He came two or three steps nearer. "You see, I gave Christmas Eve to my mother; but I had to keep a part of the day for—you and me!"

The Girl said something, breathlessly. "You have been—in Vermont!"

He nodded. "I wanted, you know, to put that ring on my mother's hand myself!" Behind his glasses his honest gray eyes were making the Girl some very special appeal. "You see," he said, "it stood for a lot more to both of us than just—a ring," and then he added: "Years ago, when I was a little shaver, and there were four of us to look after, she took off the one my father had given her and sold it to buy us shoes."

"Oh!" said the Girl.

"That's why," said Bibbins, "I made a promise to myself some day to put a mighty good one back there, on the hand that had grown worn for us boys." His face lit up. "She thought it was great," he said.

"Oh," said the Girl, "you are great!"

There was a moment of silence. Through it the Girl could hear her own heart beating, but she was most conscious of Bibbins's eyes—they seemed to be reaching down into the deep places of her soul!

Bibbins came slowly across the kitchen floor. "I'd like to tell you something," he

said. "I'm just—dead in love with you, Little Girl!"

But the Girl, staring up at him, could not speak. "It's been," said Bibbins, somehow getting hold of her hand, "that way with me for a long time. Do you mind?"

"Mind?" choked the Girl. She had a queer feeling that Bibbins was some dear archangel coming to lead her straight into a new kind of Paradise! "Mind?" she echoed, and could get no further—she just floated in the beautiful tenderness that swept to her from Bibbins's eyes!

Bibbins, holding her fluttering little hand close in his big firm one, was reaching with the other into the black depths of his vest pocket. "I—I bought *two* rings!" said Bibbins happily. "It—it didn't seem to matter that I was taking a chance—I just had to buy two of 'em, that's all! I just hoped hard you wouldn't turn me down!"

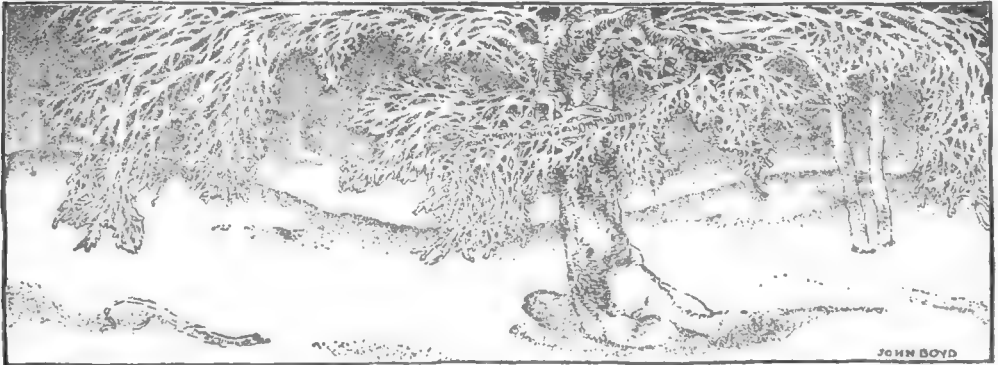
He was touching the spring of a tiny leather case as he spoke, and there it rested—a clear white diamond! The Girl, looking

at it, felt that all the dross of life had been burned away—into this!

"I had a kind of feeling about it," said Bibbins, "that I'd like to—to put my mother's on first, just to show her that I hadn't forgotten, and that her wrinkled old hand was beautiful to me still. But I bought yours," said Bibbins, "on the very day I got my raise." His face, flushed with sudden earnestness, was turned squarely to the Girl's—"And if you'll wear it," he said, "Little Girl, I'll do my *best* to make every day of your life a happy one!"

But the Girl, at the vision of all that Bibbins's "best" would mean to her, caught his hand. She was pressing her hot cheek against it, as if she could never lose its strength, or its nearness, and under her breath, in the shabby old homely kitchen she was speaking from her very soul:

"My dear—my dear—!" the Girl got that far, and then could not go on for tears; but they were happy tears, for Bibbins had suddenly folded her in his arms.



OUT

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

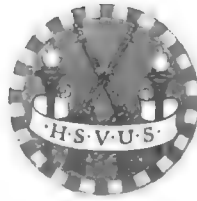
COME, abashed Self, admit one thing:
You have been indoors too much of late. . .
You should have been out wrestling with the Sun,
Or running races with the rolling Earth. . .

Where's the old smell of you, when, nostrils dilated,
You were drenched with sea-salt and soil-odor?
Where's the lusty tang of your voice, cleansed by strong winds?
Where's your sunburnt cheek,
And the animal magic of your eyes?

Out of the house with you. . .
Into the water! Into the sky!
Over the hills!

· H · S · V · U · S ·

FOR THE
SPREAD OF



THE WYOM-
ING IDEA

COMING—ELECTION DAY!

IT IS only a few weeks since the announcement of the proposed organization of the High School Volunteers of the United States—an organization to spread the Wyoming system of military training in the public schools. But already the response has been so wide-spread that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE believes the work of completing the organization—of choosing officers and advisory committee—should at once be undertaken.

In proposing the organization of the High School Volunteers of the United States EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE felt strongly that the first effort should be in the direction of membership. At that time it was urged that a president be selected and committees formed, in order that the organization might have definite shape before the work of enlisting membership should be begun. We felt, however, that the high-school students themselves should select their own officers, and so postponed suggesting an election.

At no time has EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE had the intent or the wish to control the organization. Our sole purpose has been to use all the influence within our power to let the people of this country know what is going on in Wyoming, and to induce school authorities to introduce the Wyoming system into the high schools of their own communities.

In this work EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE had the active support and cooperation of six prominent Chautauqua lecturers, men who stand in the first rank of publicists, men who are known widely and well as earnest, purposeful workers for the public good. These men are Edward Amherst Ott, Brooks Fletcher, Frank Dixon, Harold Morton Kramer, D. Ward King, and Orrin

Clifford Lester. As a result of their efforts and the efforts of other volunteer lecturers, as well as scores of students, teachers, preachers, and public officials, and men and women in the ordinary walks of life, together with the efforts of the editorial staff of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, the school authorities in six cities have inaugurated the Wyoming system, and there is every indication that many other communities are ready to fall in line.

In order that their work may be supported by a definite organization with its own officers, we have now proposed to the students in each school which has affiliated itself with the High School Volunteers of the United States that they immediately proceed to the election of *one student* who shall act as a member of the Advisory Committee of the High School Volunteers of the United States.

It is proposed that these members of the Advisory Committee shall then consider with the editorial staff of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE the best method of completing the organization, by the election of officers. We hope that these officers will be elected by the direct vote of the students themselves, and that neither the editor of EVERYBODY'S nor any member of his staff shall be considered for any official position in the organization.

With this hope goes our pledge that we will support the movement for giving to every state in the Union the benefits which Wyoming is deriving from its military training system. We will continue to defray the necessary expenditures incident to the work of organization, and are ready to continue to act as the headquarters for the movement until such time as the organization is firmly established and self-supporting.

EVERYBODY'S sees in the High School Volunteers of the United States the opportunity to give to this country a youth higher in patriotism, sounder in body, cleaner

in mind, and truer in purpose. We ask every person who has true preparedness for this nation at heart to come in with us.

A QUESTION FOR THE HIGH SCHOOLS

THE new National Defense Act which Congress passed last June contains provisions of direct importance to all high schools actively interested in the Wyoming idea.

We print this résumé of those provisions affecting such high schools because they present to the schools the problem of making a choice of two possible ways of carrying out their interest in military training. EVERYBODY'S is interested only in the end in view, and would not like to be considered as exercising the least constraint upon the splendid enthusiasm of the school authorities in the means they choose to bear it out.

The act in question authorizes the President to establish a Reserve Officers' Training Corps, to be composed of students in civil educational institutions throughout the United States.

The primary object of establishing the Reserve Officers' Training Corps is to qualify by systematic and standard methods of training students in civil educational institutions for reserve officers.

The Reserve Officers' Training Corps will be organized into two divisions:

a. The Senior Division: Composed of units at universities and colleges requiring four years' collegiate study for a degree, and at those essentially military schools which do not confer academic degrees, but which are especially designated by the Secretary of War as qualifying for units of the Senior Division.

b. The Junior Division: Composed of units organized in all other institutions, including high schools. University or college contingents may be made up of one or more units, and one or more arms of the service may be represented. In the Junior Division, for the present, only infantry units will be organized.

For purposes of organization and control, the Reserve Officers' Training Corps is directly under the supervision of the Secretary of War, but questions of administration, maintenance, and inspection will be under the control of the several department commanders in whose departments the institutions are located. University, col-

lege, and high-school authorities will retain their ordinary powers of supervision and control.

All units will be considered as Federal units, and are organized for the purpose stated.

The President is authorized to detail not more than three hundred officers of the Army for duty as professors of military science and tactics, at institutions where one or more units of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps are maintained. He may also detail such other officers or enlisted men as may be required to assist in the work of such an institution.

The rules and orders relating to the organization and government of the members of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, the appointment, promotion, and change of officers, and all other orders affecting the military department will be made by the officer detailed for instruction, in consultation with the chief administrative officer of the institution. The appointment of cadet officers for units of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps will be made from members of the Junior and Senior classes of the institution.

The Secretary of War is authorized to maintain camps for the further practical instruction of the members of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps; to transport members of the corps to and from such camps at the expense of the United States; to subsist them at the expense of the United States while traveling to and from such camps and while remaining in them; to use the regular Army and such Government property as he deems necessary for the military training of the members of the corps while in attendance at the camps.

The Secretary of War is authorized to issue to institutions at which one or more units of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps are maintained such animals, arms, uniforms, equipment, and means of transportation as he may deem necessary.

Distinctive insignia will be issued to each student who is duly enrolled in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps.

In order to profit by the provisions of

this act a high school must fulfil the following conditions:

There must be enrolled at the school not less than one hundred physically fit students over fourteen years of age. It must agree to devote to military training at least three hours per week for a course of two years, the credit for such training to count toward graduation. This training may be elective or prescribed.

The course of training for the Junior Division, applicable to high schools, has been laid down by the Secretary of War. Copies of this course may be had by applying to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. This course, with few additions, is practically the same as that given under the Wyoming plan.

High schools desiring to take up this work should make application to the War Department. Copies of the application form may be obtained from EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. After a high school has applied, an officer will be detailed, in due course, to in-

spect the school to determine its fitness to carry on the work.

Many high schools have hesitated to take up the Wyoming system because they feared the expense of the desirable equipment or because they wanted a special instructor like Captain Steever to take charge of the work. If these schools are able and willing to fulfil the conditions laid down by the War Department, they have a right to the assistance offered by these provisions of the law. It will be readily seen that these provisions offer facilities for military training which it may be difficult for a high school to obtain independently. It depends entirely upon the circumstances of the school in question and the attitude of its authorities in giving high-school boys the benefits of the Wyoming plan, whether it would be preferable to make use of these rights under this act, or to use only the means at hand. Both courses lead to stronger bodies, better minds, a sturdier citizenship, and a great step toward real preparedness.

WHAT THE STUDENTS SAY

San José, California, Sept. 17, 1916.

I have received your prompt reply to my letter of August 30th inquiring about the H. S. V. U. S., and thank you very much for the literature on that subject. I shall indeed try to get the school board here to investigate the Wyoming system, and I am sure they will be interested in it. At present we have three companies of California High-School Cadets formed in our high school, comprising some one hundred and twenty boys. But in view of the fact that there are about five hundred boys in the school, I think it a shame that there isn't some means of interesting them all and in-

stalling a system whereby we can reach them all in physical benefit as well as mental. I am sure this Wyoming system will prove the key. Thanking you again for your reply and help, I am,

Yours truly,
HARRY MAYNARD.

Beemer, Nebraska, Sept. 25, 1916.

I would like further information concerning the H. S. V. U. S. Why not have the high-school girls to care for sick and wounded? Teach them the necessity of preparedness as well as the boys.

Respectfully yours,
DOROTHY HAMANN.

WE have received the chapters comprising the most important part of Captain Steever's Manual of the Wyoming Plan and are printing these in pamphlet form for immediate use. A post-card to headquarters will bring you a copy and help you get your cadet corps started.



If you are not thoroughly acquainted with the history and operation of the Wyoming system and the splendid results which it has accomplished, just drop a postal-card to this address:



HEADQUARTERS

HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS OF THE UNITED STATES
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, NEW YORK



SHE WAS
ON THE
TALL,
CALM,
AND NOBLE
ORDER—THAT
GIRL IN BLUE.

THE QUEST OF LONDON

BY
RICHARD MATTHEWS
HALLET

AUTHOR OF "TRIAL BY FIRE," "THE LADY AFT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

grown men, taken unawares, crumble and collapse—not trimmers, but firemen, among the fit, among those thumbled and sounded and declared competent to feed the fires. Shade and shadow of Jim Watt, what did he know of the penalties of steam?

"Chew a bit of coal, Dick boy," says old Frank, standing over me in the middle of the first watch below. His big chest rose and fell, rose and fell, black and shining. "We're a little fat," he roared, "but we can pull through. Chew coal, and keep away from that ice. Keep away from that ice, and damn the ship. Act like you didn't care if it went or stopped."

Watch by watch I staggered from the hold to the fore-deck—out of the frying-pan into the fire. Lying on my mattress, black and fire-nipped and beaten out, I would hear the hoarse breathings of the men of the four-to-eight, satirical mumblings, groans, caressings of the tortured body. Overhead, the gray awning fallen slack; underneath, the hot deck-plates running in grease from the winches.

And while we lay, dreaming of sleep ashore, old Frank told me tales of London, and winked at such as had their eyes open, I fancy. Great crawling snails, yes, it was a powerful sightly town for a young man to see, with monuments, and Houses of Parliament, and plump women that ran boarding-houses and swore in three languages and judged whisky good or bad. Yes, and there was romance there too, regular romance, that would wash over a young man's shoulders, and sting his lips, and pour down his throat, and put his eyes out.

Well, sir, old Frank's voice carried well when he was imaginative. Passengers came

A GOOD thing it is to be young, and in your way wherever; but better still to be young and on your way to London. Agonies there be in that progress; but agonies in youth are good, too, as giving the body a hope of better things, which hope is better than the better things.

Well, I was young and getting my first touch of the fires in the Indian Ocean, which is an unlucky place for the young to start in that profession. For in this Indian Ocean, be it known, men vomit between pitches in the holds, and do secret murder for extra rum, and even when they issue from the holds, find no peace by reason of the fire in the marrow of them. They lie on the fore-deck and stare at their food with the sick eyes of men who put the eternal mystery of life at the service of the common misery of living.

That trip is rare during which no man breaks under this strain of living on his reserve force while going a fiend's pace. You hear tales of little trimmers jumping into the sea. These are true. But I have seen



HE HAD INVESTED THIRTY POUNDS TO MAKE A MILLINER OF HER.

to lean over the railing of the boat-deck under the bridge for the privilege of hearing snatches of this uncommon talk of men and things. On hot nights first-cabin brains are not averse to leaning on the brains of the black squad for amusement.

"King Dick," said old Frank once, "when you think you are out of luck, just reckon what a ornery time them poor tikes up there is havin'. Why, they come up to our fingers like fish in a bowl. Ain't it the truth, pardner?"

There was a man lying back of me named Jim Rickers; a fellow as tall as Frank, and fully as wide, but not quite so deep. Jim was breathing hard, his throat jerked, and his eyes had an ugly look. The skin around them was splintered like a piece of glass smashed by a stone. Jim was taking the trip hard.

"Here, you chaps," he said, whispering, "you see that girl over to port—that blue one?"

We did not disdain to look at that blue one. She was on the tall, calm, and noble order, if a man could say; the head tilted back to show a full white throat on which the stars shone. Though seeming indifferent, she was in fact looking furtively at the dusky figures of the four-to-eight, with lids half dropped. Under inspection from such shimmering and dream-like beauty, the watch was restless, muttered, pawed the

deck, drew up knees, and pulled shirts across sunken midriffs.

"Well, there you are," said Jim Rickers, in a respectful whisper. "She's the dead spit of my wife, right down to the shadow in her eyes."

"Aye, lad," says old Frank soberly. The poor devil had been telling us about his wife. Does that seem sad to you? Well, it passed the time. If Jim had been a young man we might have jeered at him; but he was old, and we were respectful. He was thirty-two years old. That is near the end for a man who has fed fires, as Jim had, sixteen years.

Jim had a woeful glum eye for little things, in looking back. He remembered how she drooped her head against him, how she sighed with a little quiver just after she had put her arms about his neck. We knew how she looked when she woke up, and when she fried his eggs and bacon, and when she went to sleep again in his arms. Yes, old Jim was circumstantial, and he had an audience. Any man that is sincere will have an audience. So old Jim came to tell us that they had quarreled and he had come to sea without her kissing him.

Is that a little thing? Old Frank and I could not know how it went with married ones. We cheered him up, trying to tell him it was a little thing to leave a kiss behind. But old Jim shook his head slow and solemn,

and we could see that it was mortal business.

She was a neat and thrifty little woman, and he had invested thirty pounds to make a milliner of her. Now she made more money than he, twice over, and that was something for a man to consider. Aye, lad, a fine, mellow, slim lass she were, with red lips, and a way of smiling slow at a man, with one hand to her side—nodding to him, that's the fact, whether he had opened his head or no. Always that same even kind of a woman, breathing deep and happy, good luck or bad, whilst she plied her needle, with one knee over the other—

But this time home there had been an argument before he came away. Well, no more, to be sure, than a bit of a falling out over his beer. Ah, man, it was painful to hear him tell us again and again what a little matter it was—nothing a cove would think twice about, it wasn't; but the morning after that she put his gear in his bag, and his book on the table by his plate, and fried his eggs and bacon, with her lips tight and all as sober and sensible as a queen, a man would say.

"'Sign harticles, is it?' I says," says Jim Rickers. "'You'd put me out of me own house, would you, me lass? Good enough,' I says, 'if that's your bloomin' gyme; but, mind this, Nell,' I says, 'w'en I goes out of that door, nothing of me comes back but me gear, girl; nothing but me blessed boots and me poor old mended singlets, Nell.' I puts it to her proper. I gets up and puts me fist to the bag—carn't I see it!—and I takes a step for the door; an' she melts and comes over to me with her arms to me neck, and her poor heart heavy-hard there in her throat. But, say, love is a cruel twisted cable, mate; it gripes a man; he's weak as a leaf, and proper mad to hurt her as loves him. By the hurt, mate, he feels love wringing the heart, though it's a cruel way to go about it, no fear. There she was, limp on the body of me.

"'No, no, Jim,' says she, 'stay, stay longer; I'm a miserable woman to treat you so,' and there were the tears hot in her eyes, and her poor, fluttering heart were aching against mine, mate. But there was I with the devil behind, and I says to meself, 'We'll see how it cuts, me girl,' and I backs away and shoves her in a chair. 'Nothing of me but me gear, Nell,' I says; 'that's what'll come back to ye, if aught does,' I says; and

proper sorry I was for meself too, to be going back to the blazin' fires with no heart in my breast at all."

"Aye, lad," says old Frank.

Jim Rickers lay back and pulled at his hooker with a pallid face. "I left her crying," he said. "That's what I hear now, mate. I goes ashore and I drinks up to get the sound of cryin' out'n me ears and the taste of tears off me lips; and I am as sorry for meself as ever I was."

"Women is a strange proposition," says old Frank. "But I reckon she will wait for you, Jim."

Jim Rickers brought his gaunt face close. "I mistrust it was the true word, mate," says he. "I mistrust this voyage will finish Jim Rickers, and nothing will go back of me but my gear, like I said. You see how it is. There's her eyes shining at me out of the bunkers, and she's a-swarming to me that warm and glad in dreams as I don't get no peace off watch."

"Aye, lad," says old Frank.

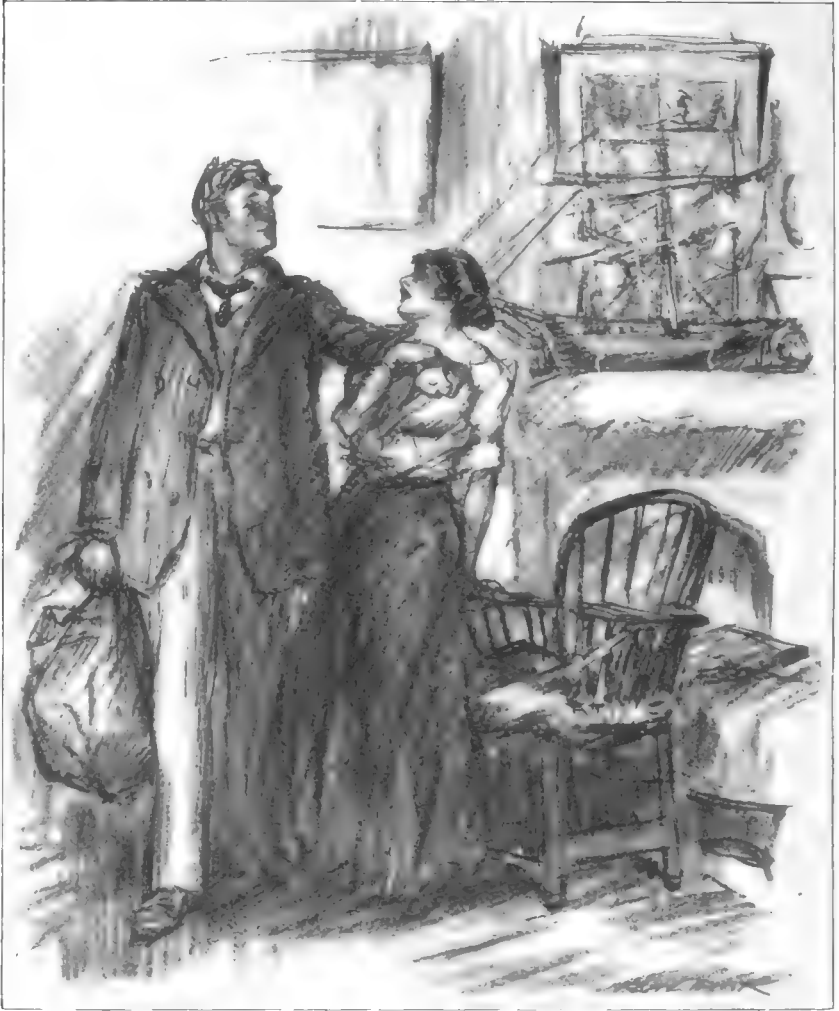
"W'y, the other night," said Jim, "or towards morning, I had the taste of her hair that strong in me mouf, and the taste of her tears and the ache of her lit'le heart in me as I woke up in the dark, and I says, 'W'y, Nell lass, here I am, lively as a cricket. Here we are, safe back and Channel money in our pocket,' I says. And then what do I hear but the lead swinging by the port, and the cove belling, 'By the deep, six,' a-working into Adelaide. No, mate, I mistrust it was the true word—Hist, there she goes, lad."

We heard the rustle of silken skirts ten feet over our heads as she walked thwartships. Jim Rickers tore at his neck with stumbling fingers, and brought away a tiny heart-shaped locket on a thin gold chain.

"W'en I was clear of the house," he whispered, "this here, that I give her, was tangled up in my fist. It must 'a' come clear while I was heaving of her back."

"Aye, lad," says old Frank, and he looked aloft. Old Jim sank back, with the chain still in his hand, and some kind of stifled sleep came to us.

Old Jim they called that man, and old he was, all in one voyage, though he was only thirty-two. It was as he knew: his time had come to crack. For sixteen years he'd fed the fires; and this voyage out he seemed as big as ever he was and as strong and as



❖
 "BUT THERE
 WAS I WITH
 THE DEVIL
 BEHIND, AND
 I BACKS
 AWAY AND
 SHOVS HER
 IN A CHAIR."
 ❖

able to eat heat. But the truth is he was gutted; he had lost heart, and that was the penalty of going away without his wife's kiss.

For the heat lies in wait; and a man comes clear of it only while his heart is strong. Five years—ten years—fifteen—a man may stand his watch at the end of fifteen years, and come up livelier than he was at the end of his first watch. And then all in one watch he's shaken, like a spilt sail; he goes dumb and his eyes strain out, and there he is, as hollow as a hollow oak.

Man, oh, man, there's nothing at sea more terrible than that swift disintegration of the human body after long trial of intolerable heat. I've seen men crumble and wither

into nothing as an unwrapped mummy will that was put into its case before the Christian era. And a man knows when he is stricken. He'll look down at himself with the puzzled look of a man disemboweled, and try to lift his old tools and find it vain, and sink to the plates, twitching, with his eyes in the gray mist and hoar shadows that gather between the boilers.

So it was with Jim Rickers. It had to be. And how could his poor wife, laying out his gear for him, know that this would be the trip that was to crack him? That this last ripple in the slashing sea of agony would reach his nostrils, and bear him back into the deep—into the deep that had been chuckling for him any time these sixteen

years? Wasn't he her strong Jim, towering among landsmen with his mighty shoulders and his dust-bitten eyelids? Man dear, it's wonderfully touching, the universal confidence of women in the strength of their men.

But that poor girl had never heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay of the poet, that ran a hundred years, fair and foul, only to drop all in a heap at the end of it. Old Jim must have felt a touch of the thing, lingering there in Tilbury; but what could he say either? He was a man born and bred to a job; and he had to swing it. But it's my opinion, if he had kissed his wife he would have seen Tilbury again. That's how it strikes an able seaman.

Well, sir, it was the first afternoon out of Freemantle that old Jim cracked. I know the twelve-to-four came reeling up, with the polite information that she was on the nose, by all the oaths known to the tall water. She was on the nose in the after-hole, and eight fires to clean. Old Jim put his head out the port.

"W'y," says he, "there's a bit of a wind."

"Aye, there's a wind," said the naked lad on the bench, "but the ventilator ain't suckin' it, Jim boy. She's clogged with a bloody canvas that's to keep the soot off the gear of the first-class passengers."

"Hah," says old Jim; and in that moment he saw his end plain. He was in the after-hole that watch and Frank Hyde with him. I was passing coal.

"Jim," says Frank, "lay up, old scout. Go aft and see the quack. You ain't in shape to shovel."

But old Jim ripped out an oath and slid into his dungarees. "W'y," says he, "I been sixteen years firin' and I ain't refused a watch yet, and, so help me God, I won't now."

"It's taking serious chances with the Grim Destroyer," says old Frank.

But Jim turned sullen, and went down without a word.

Hot was not the word for the after-hole. As my partner said, preachers who had been talking flame all their lives would have been plumb surprised and throwed off their guard.

I took Jim's first load of fire to the blow-george, and I saw then that he would crack. The eyes were bad, and old Jim, caved over his bar, was listening to himself, listening to that storm of heat and blood making up in

him that was to wreck him as he stood. In three watches those fires had lapped the meat from his bones and shrunk his bowels. Nothing was left but the crab-like massive ribs of him that showed him a land-animal; and broad shining flats under the collar-bones, where the lungs had shrunk and the outer crust had fallen in. The internal fires had died out of him; he had contracted and thrown up ridges. There's no different reason for the mountains of the earth.

Water ran between his ribs, his eyes were half shut, coaxing the fires, and his head was twisting like the head of a dark Arabian three days buried in sand. That fierce yellow fan of fire moved his hair, and warped his body, and brought into his eyes a horrible blurred shadow that was nothing but red death staring through his misused skeleton.

Enough said, you say. You are right. It is not good for men who live by the slice-bar of Jim Rickers to know too much about his end. It had to come, for it is sea-precedent that while a man can stand on his feet he must go down to the fires.

So, even while I stood there waiting, Jim Rickers's time came to drop to pieces. He reeled on his bar. The muscles that, with my own eyes, I had seen wither, stood out on his arms, over his shoulders in horrible chaotic ridges. He grew visibly huge—a mad light stood in his eye. For that blazing second some sardonic power gave him back his old strength. Catching up his bar, he flailed it against the steel partitions of his deep prison that gave back hell's own clamor.

The sight of this madman writhing in the bottom of that pit with its soft gray light, its floor-plates hissing with live coals, was a worse sight than I had seen. He saw snakes, green snakes twining the bar he held, throttling him. The ship opened for him, and he cast dark eyes down, until we gasped and saw too—saw these forgotten things of the deep rising, rising for him, with scored bodies and eyes like globes of smoky fire, and mottled jaws hideously stretched.

Old Jim clutched at the steel ladder, and climbed a rung or two with his shoulders hunched, shuddering like a frightened ape, grinding his jaws, and flattening himself against the black boxhead. And old Frank, with his enormous body shining black, was braced underneath him, begging him, in

God's name, to go out on deck like a good tike.

"God's fury, no!" says Jim Ricker, and then he dropped. He became all at once a black, ghastly bundle, that had to be got out of the pit with ropes.

That night when I came out on the fore-deck I heard the girl in the blue gown over me talking soberly to a man in evening dress.

"They say that one of those poor fellows in the hold went mad to-day," she said.

"Poor devil," says the man. "However, they often jump overboard altogether in these waters. I suppose it can't be helped."

Old Jim died that night. With his last breath almost he called out to my partner, who was sleeping light. Old Frank touched me awake to go aft for the quack. When I came back with him there was old Jim, lying still as death, drawn straight, and only his lips moving.

"I've had—a dream of Nell again—mate," says he. "I seen her—lie there—with a baby to her breast."

His eyes unclosed, and I saw what it was for a human soul to shrivel in a memory like an ant in flame; and I knew that it was not a little thing to go to sea without a young wife's kiss.

"She never—told me," he muttered. "I was that short—with her. Always a little—afride of me. Finish, mate—Flames I've had—an' crimson flames—I'll have."

Old Frank shook his head as he would when he was pushing the fires back, and cold drops spattered around. Then the man that had cracked made a faint movement to the delicate chain that lay incongruously on that great dark chest.

"Take it—back, mate. Tell 'er—Jim—dreamed about 'er—Tell 'er—Jim—knowned——"

That was all of Jim Ricker. He stopped, he broke off short—in that terrible memory, supplicating, without once looking glad. So men may die at sea. Man dear, there's a text for a preacher in the fires of earth, let alone those under the earth.

The ship's doctor listened at his breast. "Dead," he said crisply. "Heart exploded—shaken all to pieces. Who let that man go on watch?"

They mustered all hands that were off watch at noon next day for the burial of James Ricker. They mustered them in

neat black suits which this steam navigation company had sold to its employees, in the hope of showing them once a week to the passengers as men like other men, who could be counted on to know the blessing of good clothes and an occasional hymn. The first- and second-class passengers came to the service as well. Among them was our tall blue maiden who had put poor Jim in mind of his wife.

Man dear, I knew she was sorrowful to see that dumb gray lump that had been a man sliding into the sea. "To the deep." Aye, man, to the deep. And her cheeks were shining wet with great hot tears, and she put her forehead down fair and square on the rail and her shoulders shook.

We heard the engines muttering and the ship shaking and going forward over that burning hot coppery pot of waters, that had the outcast body of Jim Ricker sinking in the middle of it. I figured a little, and I figured that in half an hour, sinking slow, it would be on bottom.

Just God, it's an awful business, this dying at sea! Not but what it's a clean burial, and a man goes back into lime and quickens again in the fishes, as men tell; but yet somehow it seems a monstrous dark lost cavern for a weak soul to flutter out of. I couldn't get it that Jim's sorrow was going to be hushed and drowned there with his body. There is that about the sea that you can't put your finger on, man. There's no spot where you can say, "Here's the spot, at least," as you can ashore. No; but the man's gone, with nothing to stay the memory of him but all that desperate bulk of green and the shivering winds, and the rays of the sun sinking into your neck. You feel that maybe he's stuck in the middle of that murk—no less.

That night old Frank and I lay under the crane-boom on the fore-deck, looking out across a hot sea that purred past us in flashes of smoky oil.

"Can you reckon," he drawled, "that Jim will go on feeding fires, like he said? It would come plumb natural to him, King Dick. 'Holy Mackinaw,' says the old man below, 'here's a bloke that don't need no instructions about these here fires,' he says. 'Tell him it's natural draught, and give him a rake and a doggone shovel and a bar,' says the old man, 'and let him lean in. And I wisht more of 'em would take the trouble to learn their trade before they comes here.



THE SIGHT OF THIS MADMAN WRITHING IN THE BOTTOM OF THAT PIT WITH ITS SOFT GRAY LIGHT, ITS FLOOR-PLATES HISSING WITH LIVE COALS, WAS A WORSE SIGHT THAN I HAD SEEN.

We got too many dog-rotted useless apprentices as it is. We are fed up with them.' "

Old Frank rolled fruitlessly on his mattress, panting in the heat.

"But that is all-fired useless talk, pardner. Old Jim has drawed his last hand and chucked it. He has passed out."

Well, sir, we blinked then, or dozed, I reckon; for I opened my eyes after a little, catching a drift of fragrance thick and sweet over my head, and there was that tall girl in thin blue looking down at us as timid as a bird, and twisting in her hands a bit of gold rope that went about her waist.

"Oh, how came he to die?" she whispered, and old Frank stood up slow and sleepy, cracking a joint or two. When he could open his eyes he slid his bare feet under the mattress.

"Why, first away, ma'am," says he, "on account of that there screen, ma'am, athwart the starboard ventilator on the boat-deck.

"That screen?" says she, faltering. "Why, what's that screen?"

"It blocks the wind," says old Frank, "and poor Jim, he allowed it was too much. I saw him in the after-hold, ma'am, breathing every third or fourth beat, and his mouth jerkin' open like you have saw a fish on a beach. Well, it ain't pretty— Why— well, doggone my measly hide—gentle—gentle—I would have knowed better than that if I had been anything but a hump-backed fool."

She had reeled toward him, and recoiled, very pale, one hand with its long, ring-covered fingers, hard against her face.

"Hear me, then," she breathed woefully. "That screen—I had it put there myself."

Then old Frank twirled his mustache, stricken at heart; and his eye glistened. "You listen to me, ma'am," he said. "That there Jim was burnt out. It ain't no reproach on you. He was burnt out. You have saw one of them charred sticks of a skyrocket lying on the ground? Well, that was this here Jim. Them fires had bit the lining out of him like they will out of the best of us. Old Jim knew that."

She put a bit of handkerchief to her eyes. "Oh, dear," she cried, "then why will they do it?"

"Why," says old Frank, "it takes 'em when they are young that they want to suffer."

He checked her; she stood staring at him out of those glimmering blue eyes. Then she thanked him in a low voice and went away.

"King Dick," said old Frank, "she is right sorry for that man, but if she had been his wife, like she looks, and he had loafed too long, he would have wore out his welcome in the same way.—I was reading in a book about the first sea-voyage they is a record of, down the Red Sea, and out through these here very waters in a little curious doggone chicken-shaped boat with a square sail and ship's cat, and blocks without no sheaves in 'em that the grievous halyards was rove through.

"It seems this here Egyptian queen had sent out them poor Egyptian sailors to make an expedition to a land she had hearn tell of to the south, called Punt. And they done it, and when they come to Punt and shoved the boats up on the beach, what does they take aboard? Why, they takes aboard ostrich feathers, and leopard skins, and little monkeys; and when they come home the queen thought they done great. Yaas, she thought they done great, and she puts the flaming feathers in her hair and the skins over her body—partly over, pardner; and then what does she do but she ups and takes them chittering little monkeys in her lap and teaches 'em Egyptian.

"And what did them Egyptian sailors do, King Dick? Why, they seen she was satisfied, and they done a bit of a hornpipe in their bare feet—along that hot, sandy stretch that I and you have saw above Cairo; and back they goes humping it for the land of Punt, hell-for-leather and plumb joyous. And that's how this business of putting to sea begun, and it goes on about to that same tune. Hark, pardner."

The ship purred like a cat.

"Hah, it'll be a hot green night without no stars for Jim boy down there."

He laid his hand hard on mine. "No skins and no feathers is coming back to that lonesome little woman, pardner. I don't like this here job old Jim has handed down to me. There's four bells; better sleep, King Dick. It's coming on thicker at the nose."

We slept sodden sleep with a ton-weight on our chests; and woke up and went down to the pleasant warmth of forty fires. It was odd to see how quick, in general, the memory of Jim passed out. They left him

forgotten on that black sea-bottom, that no twist of the mind could conjure up; and they went down to the fires boisterous and gay.

And old Frank and I took heart, too; pitching coal and sweating the blue devils out of us. We ate like wolves and slept like the dead in narrow spaces, and took our rum, when it came, in one fiery, nervous gulp. And we shoveled—shoveled like the fiends, surging into those fires with our heads down like mad bulls, and our arms crooked and the flesh rising on them.

But, man, oh, man, I was as eager to see London as ever I was; and between pitches old Frank wove tales. He wouldn't say that gold ran bubbling liquid in the gutters, nor yet beer; but the place was slippery with kisses, and the red cheeks and blue eyes of the girls made night there as pretty as a cave. Yes, sir, it was a red-roaring swinger of a town, full of crooked streets built to fool the devils that trod so close on the heels of sailor-men; and you could slip in here and out there, and who was the wiser? A big, full-blowed, frosty town, with a palace in it as big as Rhode Island, and a lot of soldiers in red coats outside that were always making eyes at as fine a parade of wide-beam nurse-maids as ever came wheeling a baby-carriage around a monument.

Man, oh, man, the long and short of this was that I got London fever in my bones. I hungered and thirsted for it. I could catch the sparkle of it over the edge of the sea, and fancy crooked chimney-pots and cracked tiles and ratty old worn streets, lingering there in the morning mist. When I came up at dawn to grease the winch of the ash-lift, I cast a hopeful eye out of that brass-bound port at the round of gleaming waters, that by its loneliness and its mystery of beauty a-gleam with pale or ruddy coils of light, touched my youth day by day into a passion for the nameless and the eternal. What was this life, swinging miraculously wide of all those crawling tides, I wondered? What came in the end to old men and dead men, of this chaste and rigorous yearning of the heart, this roving time of terror and hope and mad joy and red agony of the writhing body?

And I said to myself, I'll know, maybe, in London town.

So we crept north, suffering at the bottom of the old *Ursula*, with her forty roaring fires, and her parboiled cook, and her trays

of biscuit that every left-handed whelp of Neptune had set his seal to in the way of a black finger-print.

Through Suez we went by starlight, and the black squad on the fore-deck singing a rolling song to Egypt on the one hand and Arabia on the other:

"We're all going the same way home,
In the same direction,
Bound for the House of Correction;
We're all going the same way home,
And there's no need to worry at a-all."

The hope of London alone held life in all those gaunt white bodies. But I couldn't help thinking that they were wrong about that song.

The *Ursula* went north, and one night her sides were hot to touch, and the next night they were cold; and before we knew it we were wallowing in the Bay of Biscay, shivering against the boilers, and sleeping black because the baths were too bitter cold for us with our fish's blood.

One morning I woke up to see a frosty green cliff that they said was Plymouth. The land was like a green jewel glimmering in a ring of foam; but my heart shook me, and I forgot Jim, lying cast away and dumb, and I thought of London and the great black buildings with stone figures about them, and the bells, and the soldiers with bearskin caps, and the girls, who were all hungering to be loved by coves coming from the deep sea.

And back of all was a thought of the horny toads on the roofs that slept in the chimney-pots, as Frank said, and came out at night winking to think how they came it over the people that built the pots for them. And these pots, said old Frank, were scattered wide over London town, looking like clowns' caps in a circus, set on crooked. Millions of pots there were, red and yellow pots, and under each was a horny toad, Frank reckoned, laughing at the people in the house for keeping it warm and comfortable and getting nothing out of it in return.

So the next firing watch I passed with a case of Channel fever, they call it, when a man can think of nothing but London coming nearer. There we were in the Thames, gliding along between foggy green meadows, scraping the sides of barges with brown sails, and by six bells it was, "Draw fires. Finish."

"Now for London," says I to Frank Hyde.
"Well, yes, King Dick," says old Frank;

"but we have business first, I figure."

I had forgotten, but old Frank had not. He had Channel money in his pocket, and

two bags over his shoulder, his own and Jim's. And tucked away in a pocket he had that gleaming little locket that had looked



OLD FRANK SUDDENLY BROUGHT OUT OF HIS POCKET THAT LITTLE LOCKET AND CHAIN.

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so odd and contrary on old Jim's hairy bosom. It was calculated to slide over a softer skin than his.

As we were going over the side I looked up toward the bridge and saw on the boat-deck a first-class passenger. It was our girl that had made old Jim think of his wife. She was dressed for going ashore, muffled in furs, straight and trim and haughty. Her eye rested on me, and for half a second I thought she might come down to have a last word about Jim; but she turned another way. You couldn't expect her to lead her life with Jim's skeleton in her closet. She had come safe out of that hot ocean. There was an April sparkle in her eye. You could see she was going to have an almighty good time ashore. God grant Jim didn't haunt her.

Old Frank and I inquired the way to Jim's house. Seaside Terrace, Jim called it; and before we knew we were hard on it. We luffed and went by and came back, and paid off again, and couldn't steer a course of any kind.

"Why, doggone it," whispered old Frank, "this here gear of Jim's is lead on my back, King Dick."

In the end we made a desperate rush and pulled the bell.

An old lady hard of hearing came to the door, and said at once that she hadn't no accommodations for no more sailors. We made her understand at length that we had something to say to old Jim's wife.

"Heh, Mrs. Rickers, is it?" says she, giving back. "Why, knock there to the left, will ye?"

"You take the bag, King Dick," says old Frank in a whisper, fumbling for the locket.

It was black business, man, that of knocking on the door. It was like the old dead-summons of the sea to women who wait. I noted a bit of a shell at the foot of the stairs, and a light place on the wall where there had been a picture, and I heard a bird singing and jumping in a cage, and my heart beating in my throat.

Then we heard a voice, "Come in," gentle and joyous but very low.

We opened the door. Man dear, there was Jim's poor wife laid on the bed, and it's mortal truth she had a baby at her breast, as Jim had seen in his dream.

"Why—it ain't Jim!" she cried out. She turned dark eyes on us and came to her elbow. "I thought that was Jim's way of

knocking like a stranger. He always would knock so to frighten me. And to-day his ship's in."

Old Frank fumbled in his pocket like a tall fool. "Yas, ma'am," he said. "Yaas, ma'am." In a thick voice.

"Why, what do you want then?" she cried.

"Well, ma'am, we are off Jim's ship," says old Frank.

"Won't he come?" she whispered. "Ah, won't he come himself?"

"Hah," says old Frank, and he had to talk too loud to talk at all. "Why, ma'am, Jim's ship is here all regular, but Jim—why, Jim—he——"

And as old Frank was going on staring and moving his lips, he suddenly brought out of his pocket that little chain and locket that poor Jim had torn from his wife's neck in leaving her. The sun shot through those dusty windows, and then that gray bird began to swear, soft and low, the way Jim had taught it, and chatter in between. Aye, man, it was a warm, life-bringing April sun shining on that little locket that swayed out of Frank's black fist.

"Why," says she, "I see then. Jim's—dead."

Old Frank bowed his head.

"And that's—his gear—like he said. Nothing would ever—come back—but his gear."

Jim's wife sank back on the pillows, but she never closed her eyes. One arm she had loose around the baby and the other was knotted in the sheet.

"Why, how did—Jim—come to die?" she said in a soft, wandering voice, without break or tremble in it.

Then old Frank allowed that Jim had took sick in the Indian Ocean, and just naturally died, the way sailors will, without no special cause.

"Why—Jim was strong," she whispered. "He could hold me out—so—all my body."

"Aye," says old Frank. "That would be so. But Jim ain't——"

He stood over the bed and cracked his thumbs, still holding the little chain, without knowing what to do with it. A withered orange fell out of the folds of the bed on to the floor.

"Why, Jim said, when he come to die, ma'am—he said—he knowed, Jim did. He said he—knowed. This here, he wanted I should—bring you back."

The eyes of that youthful woman who lay there with her child, terrified us, burned through us. We had never figured on this thing called woman's grief. It was not what would be thrown off; it was a fixed thing that would come round like the sun in heaven. Then she told us, going slow—as if to make sure of what she said—that she had sent poor Jim to sea herself; and all the time Jim knew—and yet he went. He seemed so strong. And it's a strange truth, man, that the strength of Jim had never done more for her than make her love him. She was self-supporting, as women must be who marry the heavy workers of the world.

Suddenly she drew the shawl about her tight and shifted toward us. Then we saw that she had in truth a look of that blue girl about her, as old Jim had said; it was something in the shadow of the eyes. But that girl, with her idle tears, was only a pretty wraith beside this woman.

"No," she cried, "it isn't true. Why—why, Jim wouldn't die—without he—kissed me first."

"Gentle—gentle," said old Frank. He knelt down and took her limp hand and put the locket into it.

"Yes, dead," she whispered. "He went away and never kissed me; and I wouldn't tell him——"

"Why, Jim—Jim knowed," said old Frank gravely. "He come to know. He had this dream that I have told you about—Why, ma'am, he kissed you in that dream. I knowed that, but I had plumb forgot."

"Kissed me—" said Jim's wife. "Well, I thank you—you lads, for coming out of the way. I thank you. I ain't able—to do more."

Old Frank reached a blind hand back to me. "Pass out that Channel money, pardner," he whispered. I put it in his fist in a kind of trance, and he added his to it, and slid the whole in a heap on the bed.

"That there is Jim's Channel money, ma'am," says my partner. "They was a little collection took up among Jim's mates, that will come later."

"Thank you, lads," says Jim's wife. And then I saw that the sun had reached the bed

and shone red on the wrinkled little being that was what she had in place of Jim. There were no tears in her head. She lay looking at the cracked ceiling with her eyes wide open and dumb seeming; and the baby caught the sun on his naked little legs and crooned and drew them up and twisted 'em into knots, having as fine a time as anybody ever had in a castle.

And Jim's wife lay thinking how she had sent him back to sea; and how he had gone and never kissed her.

Man, oh, man, old Frank and I left that Seaside Terrace wringing wet. We went down to the ship and told them where to send our pay-day when they made it up; and we shipped out on a tramp that night for the River Plate. That was the luck we had with the land. It was bitter hard for a young man who had got his mouth made up for London.

"Who taught you to be so doggone generous?" I yelled at him. And he wouldn't meet me eye.

"Why, King Dick," he said, "I couldn't think of no other way to get out of there. Don't get white over it, pardner."

"Hah," says I. "Couldn't think of no other way. White over it, is it? And what about the horny toads I was to see?"

My partner opened his eyes and looked surprised, pained, regretful.

"Toads?" says he. "Horny toads? Why, pardner, there was toads on the roof of that there Terrace. I meant to have called 'em to your attention."

"I looked all over and I couldn't see 'em," I said.

"Why," says old Frank, breathing deep, "there they was, though, horny toads, with eyes like blood-red buttons, sitting under them pots and winking at each other, thinking of Jim's wife."

I muttered something about London.

"London, hey?" says old Frank, putting a seam in his starboard fire. "Why, King Dick, London is just Seaside Terrace drawed out and slivered into streets."

He grinned like a moon-fish.

And then he said he *had* to grin, torment him if he didn't, to think of me and London and the River Plate in the same breath.

There's a Lucius Brutus Allen story, by Booth Tarkington, on page 655.



HIS FAMILY

By
ERNEST POOLE

Author of "The Harbor," etc.

Illustrations by Balfour Ker

THIS is the story of a man and his three daughters in the midst of a great modern city and its problems. Roger Gale's wife died when the children were little, and for sixteen years he has lived shut up within himself, not sharing in his daughters' interests. Now, nearly sixty, he is again awake, and eager to understand these three grown-up women of his household. His eldest daughter, Edith, is wrapped up in her family—an intensely maternal type of woman, whose devotion to her children shuts out the rest of the world. The second, Deborah, is the superintendent of a great public school working on modern lines—and mother to children by the thousand. The youngest, Laura, a beauty, devotes her whole mind to pleasure.

One evening shortly after Roger Gale's interest in life has been rekindled, Laura startles him with the news that she is to be

"I THOUGHT THIS MUCH HOUSEKEEPING OUGHT TO REMAIN IN THE FAMILY," HAL SAID.

married. Roger reluctantly interviews his prospective son-in-law and finds him a young man as pleasure-loving, as much a speeder and a spender as Laura herself. He is uneasy over the kind of life the young couple evidently intend to lead, and before the wedding, at Edith's instigation, he undertakes a serious talk with Laura on her duties. But father and daughter are too far apart, and the talk ends in irritation on both sides. The wedding is a big social affair that turns the house upside down.

Afterward, when Deborah and Roger are alone, Roger goes to visit "Deborah's big family"—her great school and the crowded foreign community of which it is the center. It is a terrific set of new impressions for Roger Gale. One result is that he takes into his office one of Deborah's "boys"—a cripple—Johnny Geer. Near the close of school, Deborah collapses under the strain of her intense life, and Allan Baird, her physician, tells Roger her trouble is—motherhood on a new, large scale: three thousand children on her mind. The family hopes that Deborah and Baird are to marry, and Roger tries to meddle helpfully. Meantime Edith and her children have gone off to the mountains, and when Deborah's school is closed, she and her father follow.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The new, old life in the mountains

A FEW hours later Roger awakened. His lower berth was still pitch-dark. The train had stopped, and he had been roused by a voice outside his window. He raised the curtain and looked out. A train-hand with a lantern was listening to a dairyman, a tall young giant in top-boots. High over-

head loomed a shadowy mountain, and over its rim came the glow of the dawn. With a violent lurch the train moved on. And lying back on his pillow, he looked up at the misty mountainsides all mottled, in that strange, blue light, with patches of firs and birches and pines. And the city, with its heat and noise, its nervous throb, its bedlam nights, all dropped like a fever from his soul.

Now, close by the railroad track, through a shallow, rocky gorge a small river roared

and foamed. Its cool breath came up to his nostrils and gratefully he breathed it in. For this was the Gale River, named after one of his forefathers, and in his mind's eye he followed the stream back up its course into the hills, to the homestead where he had been born.

George had driven down to the station, and from a thermos bottle he poured coffee piping hot, which steamed in the keen, frosty air.

"Oh, how good!" cried Deborah. "How thoughtful of your mother, George. How is she, dear?"

"Oh, she's all right, Aunt Deborah." His blunt, freckled features flushed from his long early drive, George stood beaming on them both. He appeared, if anything, tougher and scrawnier than before. "Do you see it?" he asked Roger, who was having a look at the horses.

"What?"

"The boil," George answered proudly, "on William's rump. There it is—on the right side. Gee, but you ought to have seen it last week! It was a whale of a boil," said George, "but we poulticed him, me and Dave did—and now the swelling's nearly gone. You can ride him to-morrow if you like."

Up the steep and crooked road the stout horses tugged their way, and the wagon creaked, and the river came gurgling, dashing to meet them—down from the mountains, from the farm, from Roger's youth, to welcome him home. And the sun was flashing through the pines.

From the mountainside the farm looked down on a wide, sweeping valley of woods and fields. The old house straggled along the road, with addition after addition built on through generations by many men and women. Here lay the history, unread, of the family of Roger Gale. Inside there were steps up and down from one part to another, queer crooks in narrow passages. The lower end was attached to the wood-shed, and the wood-shed to the barn. Above the house a pasture dotted with gray boulders extended up to a wood of firs, and out of this wood the small river that bore the name of the family came rushing down the field in a gully, went under the road, swept around to the right and along the edge of a lovely copse of birches just below the house. The little stream grew quieter there and widened into a mill-pond.

At the lower end was a broken dam, and beside it a dismantled mill.

Here was peace for Roger's soul. The next day at dawn he awakened, and through the window close by his bed he saw no high, confining walls; his eye was carried as on wings out over a billowy blanket of mist, soft and white and cool and still, which lay low on the valley. From underneath to his sensitive ears came the numberless voices of all the awakening sleepers there: cheeps and tremulous warbles from the birch copse just below, cocks crowing in the valley, and ducks and geese, dogs, sheep, and cattle faintly heard from distant farms. Just so it had been when he was a boy. How unchanged and yet how new were these fresh, hungry cries of life! Then from the other end of the house he heard Edith's tiny son lustily demanding his breakfast, as other wee boys before him here had done for over a hundred years, as other babies still unborn would do in the many years to come.

Here was nothing new and disturbing. Edith's children? Yes, they were new, but they were not disturbing. Their growth each summer was a joy, a renewal of life in the battered old house. He liked the small excitements, the plans and plots and discoveries, the many adventures that filled their days. He spent hours with their mother, listening while she talked of them. Edith did so love this place, and she ran the house so beautifully. It was so cool and fragrant, so clean and so old-fashioned.

Deborah, too, came under the spell. She grew as lazy as a cat, and with a deep content in her eyes day by day she renewed her strength from the hills and from Edith's little brood. Roger had feared trouble there, for he knew how Edith disapproved of all her sister's new ideas. But although much with the children, Deborah apparently had no new ideas at all. She seemed to be only listening.

Only once during the summer did she talk about her work. On a walk with her father one day she took him into a small, forlorn building, a mere cabin of one room. The white paint had long been worn away, the windows were all broken, half the old shingles had dropped from the roof, and on the flagpole was no flag. It was the district schoolhouse where for nearly half his life Deborah's grandfather had taught a score



SCORES OF THE MOTHERS OF DEBORAH'S CHILDREN SANG THE PRAISES OF DOCTOR BAIRD.

of pupils. Inside were a blackboard, a rusty stove, a teacher's desk, and a dozen forms, grown moldy and worm-eaten now. A torn and faded picture of Lincoln was upon one wall, half hidden by a spider's web and by a few old dangling rags that once had been red, white, and blue. Below, still clinging to the wall, was an old scrap of paper, on which in a large, rugged hand there had been written long ago a speech, but it had been worn away until but three words were legible there—"conceived and dedicated—"

"Tell me about your school," she said. "All you can remember." Seated at her grandfather's desk, she asked Roger many questions. And his recollections, at first dim and hazy, began to clear a little.

"By George!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Here are my initials!" He was stooping over one of the benches.

"Oh, dearie! Where?" He pointed them out. And while he sat on the rude old bench, for some time more, she questioned him. "But your school was not all here," she said musingly at last; "it was up there on the farm, where you learned to plow and sow and reap and take care of the animals in the barn, and mend things that were broken, and—oh, turn your hand to anything. But millions of children nowadays are growing up in cities, you see."

Half frowning and half smiling, she began to talk of her work in town. "What is there about her," Roger asked, "that reminds me so of my mother?" His mind strayed back into the past while the voice of his daughter went quietly on, and a wistful expression crept over his face. What would *she* do with the family name? What life would she lead in those many years? "What a mother she would make!" The words rose from within him, but in a voice that was not his own. It was his own mother speaking, so clearly and distinctly that he gave a start almost of alarm.

"And if you don't believe they'll do it," Deborah was saying, "you don't know what's in children. Only we've got to help bring it out." What had she been talking about? He remembered the words "a new nation"—no more. "We've got to grope around in the dark and hunt for new ways, and learn as we go. And when you've once got into the work and really felt the thrill of it all—well, then it seems rather

foolish and small to bother about your own little life."

Roger spent much of his time alone. He took long rides on William along steep, crooked, hilly roads. As the afternoon drew to its end the shadows would creep up the mountainsides to their summits, where glowed the last rays of the sun, painting the slate and granite crags in lovely pink and purple hues. And sometimes mighty banks of clouds would rear themselves high over all, gigantic mountains of the air with billowy, misty caverns, cliffs and jagged peaks, all shifting there before his eyes. And he would think of Judith, his wife. And the old haunting certainty that her soul had died with her body, was gone. There came to him the feeling that he and his wife would meet again.

Why did this hope come back to him here? Was it all from the glory of the sun? Or was it from the presence, silent and invisible, of all those other mortals, folk of his own flesh and blood, who at their deaths had gone to their graves to put on immortality? Or was this deepening faith in Roger simply a sign of his growing old age? He frowned at the thought and shook it off, and again stared up at the light on the hills. "You will live on in our children's lives." Was there no other immortality?

He often thought of his boyhood here. On a ride one day he stopped for a drink at a spring in a grove of maples surrounding an old farmhouse not more than a mile away from his own. And through the trees as he turned to go he saw the stark figure of a woman, poorly clad and gaunt and gray. She was the last of "the Elkinses," a mountain family run to seed.

As he rode away he saw in the field a meager, ragged little chap with a pitchfork in his hands, staring into the valley at a wriggling, blue-smoke serpent made by the night express to New York. And something leaped in Roger, for he had once felt just like that! But the woman's harsh voice cut in on his dream, as she shouted to her son below, "Hey! Why the hell you standin' thar?" And the boy with a little jump of alarm turned back quickly to his work.

At home a few days later, George took his grandfather into the barn, and after a pledge of secrecy he said in swift and thrilling tones:

"You know young Bill Elkins? Yes,

you do—the boy up on the Elkins place, that lives alone with his mother. Well, Bill has cleared out—he's run away! I was up at five this morning and he came hiking down the road! He had a bundle on his back and he told me he was off for good! And was he scared? You bet he was scared! And I told him so, and it made him mad!

"Aw, you're scared!" I said. "I ain't neither!" he said. "Where you going?" I asked. "To New York," he said. "Aw, what do you know of New York?" I said. And then, by golly, he busted right down. "Gee!" he said. "Gee! Can't you lemme alone?" And then he beat it down the road. You could hear the kid breathe, he was hustling so! He's 'way off now; he's caught the train! He wants to be a cabin-boy on a big ocean liner!" For a moment there was silence. "Well?" the boy demanded. "What do you think of his chances?"

"I don't know," said Roger huskily. He felt a tightening at his throat. Abruptly he turned to his grandson. "George," he asked, "what do *you* want to be?"

The boy flushed under his freckles. "I don't know as I know. I'm thinking," he answered very slowly.

"Talk it over with your mother, son."

"Yes, sir," came the prompt reply.

"But he won't," reflected Roger.

"Or if you ever feel you want to, have a good long talk with me."

"Yes, sir," was the answer. Roger stood there waiting, then turned and walked slowly out of the barn. How these children grew up inside of themselves! Always new lives, lives of their own, the old families scattering over the land. He kept noticing here deserted farms, and one afternoon in the deepening dusk he rode by a little graveyard high up on a bare hillside. A horse and buggy were outside, and within he spied a lean young woman neatly dressed in a plain dark suit. With a lawn-mower brought from home she was cutting the grass on her family lot. And she seemed to fit into the landscape. New England had grown very old.

LATE one night toward the end of July there came a loud honk from down the hill, and as George in his pajamas came rushing down from his bedroom shouting radiantly, "Gee! It's dad!" they heard the car thundering outside. Bruce had left New

York at dawn and had made the run in a single day, three hundred and eleven miles. He was gray with dust all over and he was worn and hollow-eyed, but his dark visage wore a look of solid satisfaction.

"I needed that trip to shake me down," he pleaded, when Edith scolded him well for this terrific manner of starting his vacation. "I had to have it to cut me off from the job I left behind me. Now watch me settle on this farm."

For the first few days in his motor he was busy exploring the mountains. "We'll make 'em look foolish. Eh, son?" he said. And with George, who mutely adored him, he ran all about them in a day. Genially he gave every one rides. When he'd finished with the family, he took Dave Royce, the farmer, and his wife and children, and even both the hired men, for Bruce was a hospitable soul. But at the end of another week he grew plainly restless, and despite his wife's remonstrances made ready to return to town. When she spoke of his hay fever he bragged of his newly discovered cure.

"Oh, bother your little blue bugs!" she cried.

"The *bugs* aren't blue," he explained to her, in a tone that drove her nearly wild. "They're so little they have no color at all. Poor friendly little devils . . ."

"Bruce!" his wife exploded.

"They've been almighty good to *me*. You ought to have heard my friend the Judge, the last night I was with him—a night without a single sneeze. He patted our bottle and said to me, 'Bruce, my boy, with all these simple animals right here as our companions, why be a damn fool and run off to the cows?' And there's a good deal in what he says. You ought to be mighty thankful, too, that my summer pleasures are so mild. If you could see what *some* chaps do——"

And Bruce started back for the city. George rode with him the first few miles, then left him and came trudging home. His spirits were exceedingly low.

And now as August drew to a close, Deborah, too, showed signs of unrest. With ever-growing frequency, Roger felt her eagerness to return to her work in New York.

"You don't have to be back," he argued. "School doesn't begin for nearly three weeks."

"There's the suffrage campaign," she answered.

He gave her a look of exasperation. "Now what the devil has suffrage to do with your schools?" he demanded.

"When the women get the vote, we'll double the money spent on schools."

"Suppose the money isn't there," was Roger's grim rejoinder.

"Then we'll act like old-fashioned wives, I suppose," said his daughter cheerfully, "and keep nagging till it *is* there. We'll keep up such a nagging," she added very softly, "that you'll get the money by hook or crook, to save yourselves from going insane."

After that he caught her reading in the New York papers the list of campaign meetings each day, meetings in hot, stifling halls or out upon deafening corners. And as she read there came over her face a look like that of a man who has given up tobacco and suddenly sniffs it among his friends. She went down the last night of August.

ROGER stayed on for another two weeks, on into the best time of the year. For now came the nights of the first snapping frosts, when the dome of the heavens was

steely blue, and clear, sparkling mornings, the woods all aflame with scarlet and gold. And across the small field below the house at sunset Roger would go down to the little copse of birches there and find it filled with glints of light that took his eye deep in among the tall, slender, creamy stems of the trees, all slowly swaying to and fro, the leafage rich with autumn hues, warm orange, yellow, and pale green. Lovely and silent, all serene, as they had been when he was a boy, as they would be when he was dead.

Long ago this spot had been his mother's favorite refuge from her busy day in the house. She had almost always come alone, but sometimes Roger, stealing down, would watch her sitting motionless and staring in among the trees. Years later in his reading he had come upon the phrase, "sacred grove," and at once he had thought of the birches. And now, sitting here where she had been, he felt again that boundless faith in life resplendent, conquering death, life serenely sweeping him on—into what he did not fear.

For this had been his mother's faith. Sometimes in the deepening dusk he could almost see her here, and now she seemed

HERE, WHERE HIS MOTHER HAD BEEN, HE FELT AGAIN THAT BOUNDLESS FAITH IN LIFE RESPLENDENT.



to be staring not into the birches but straight into Roger's eyes. And with a smile she seemed to say:

"This faith in you has come from me. This is my memory living on in you, my son, though you do not know. How many times have I held you back, how many times have I urged you on, roused you up or soothed you, made you hope or fear or dream, through memories of long ago! For you were once a part of me. I molded you, my little son. And as I have been to you, so you will be to your children. In their lives, too, we shall be there—silent and invisible, the dim strong figures of the past. For this is the power of families; this is the mystery of birth."

Suddenly he started. What was it that had thrilled him so? Only a tall dark fir in the birches. But looming in there like a shadowy phantom it had recalled a memory of a dusk far back in his boyhood, when seeing a shadow just like this he had thought it a ghost in very truth and had run for the house like a rabbit! How terribly real that fright had been! The recollection suddenly became so vivid to him now, that as though a veil had been lifted he felt the living presence here, close by his side, of a little barefoot mountain lad, clothed in sober homespun gray, but filled with warm desires, dreams and curiosities, exploring life on every hand, now marching boldly forward, now stealing up so cautiously, now galloping away like mad! "I was once a child." To most of us these are mere words. To few is it ever given to attain so much as even a glimpse into the warm and quivering soul of that little stranger of long ago. We do not know how we were made.

"I molded you, my little son. And as I have been to you, so you will be to your children. In their lives, too, we shall be there."

Darker, darker grew the copse, and the chill of the night descended. But to Roger's eyes there was no gloom. For he had seen a vision.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Johnny Geer joins the family

ON HIS return to the city, Roger found that Deborah's school had apparently swept all other interests out of her life. Baird hardly ever came to the house, and

she herself was seldom there except for a hasty dinner at night. The house had to run by itself more or less, and though Annie the cook was doing her best, things did not run so smoothly. Roger missed little comforts, attentions, and he missed Deborah most of all. When he came down to his breakfast she had already left the house, and often she did not return until long after he was in bed.

She felt the difference herself, and although she did not put it in words, her manner at times seemed to beg his forbearance. But there were many evenings when her father found it difficult to hold to the resolve he had made, to go slowly with his daughter until he could be more sure of his ground. She was growing so intense again. From the school authorities she had secured a still wider range and freedom for her new experiment, and now she was working day and night to put her ideas into effect.

"It's only too easy," she said to him, "to launch an idea in this town, if only it's dramatic and new. The town will put it in headlines at once, and with it a picture of yourself in your best bib and tucker, looking as though you loved the whole world. And you can make a wonderful splurge, until they go on to the next new thing. The real trouble comes in working it out."

And this she now set out to do. Many nights that autumn Roger went down to the school, to try to get some clear idea of this vision of hers for children, a vision which he vaguely felt was so much larger than his own, for he had seen its driving force in the grip that it had upon her life.

At first he could make nothing of it at all; everywhere chaos met his eyes. But he found something formless, huge, that made to him a strong appeal. The big building fairly hummed at night with numberless activities. Fathers, mothers, and children came pouring in together and went hurrying off to their places. They learned to speak English, to read and write; grown men and women scowled and toiled over their arithmetic. They worked at trades in the various shops; they hammered and sawed and set up type; they cooked and sewed and gossiped here. The playrooms rocked and reeled with mirth. A cooking-club known as "The Daughters of Dawn" gave a supper to their mothers. "The Young Lithuanian Socialist Girls" debated on the question: "Resolved that woman suffrage has worked



LATE ONE NIGHT IN JULY THERE CAME A LOUD HONK FROM DOWN THE HILL, AND GEORGE

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IN HIS PAJAMAS CAME RUSHING DOWN FROM HIS BEDROOM SHOUTING, "GEE! IT'S DAD!"

in Colorado." "The Caruso Pleasure Club" gave a dance to "The Garibaldi Whirlwinds." An orchestra rehearsed like mad.

They searched their memories for the songs and all the folk-tales they had heard when they were children long ago, in peasant huts in Italy, in hamlets along rocky coasts, in the dark old Ghettos of crowded towns in Russia and Poland. And some of these songs were sung in school, and some of these tales were dramatized here. Children and parents, all took part.

In the meantime a dramatic club of young Jewish tailors applied for a room where they could rehearse the plays they themselves had written around the Ghetto problems. And speakers emerged from the neighborhood. It was at times appalling, the number of young Italians and Jews who had ideas to give forth to their friends on Socialism, poverty, marriage, and religion, and all the other questions that arose among these immigrants jammed into this teneament hive. But when there were too many of these self-appointed guides to life, the neighborhood shut down on them.

"We don't want," declared one indignant old woman, "that every young loafer should shout in our face!"

ROGER was slowly attracted deep into this enormous family life. At first he kept sturdily holding back, but as at home through Deborah he felt the grip of it all again, he would make another visit. And in the early winter, yielding to an impulse, he took charge of a boys' club which met on Thursday evenings. He knew well this job of fathering a small jovial group of boys. He had done it before, many years ago, in the mission school, to please his wife. He felt himself back on familiar ground. And he watched the surrounding chaos with more understanding eyes. He saw a rough order come out of it all; out of the welter emerge the idea. And at times the force of it thrilled him with a sense of limitless power here and of great vistas opening.

Month by month that winter Deborah's school formed closer ties with all the life that hedged it round, gathering its big family. And this family now by slow degrees began to make itself a part of the daily life of Roger's house. Committees held their meetings here, teachers dropped

in frequently, and Roger invited the boys in his club to come up and see him whenever they liked. Lads of sixteen or thereabout, already earning their living, they came to him for help and advice. Each boy, absorbed in his small affair, would drop in at the house for a talk with "The Chief." And although Roger time and again would balk at these intrusions upon his sacred privacy, soon some case of urgent need would again press in upon him.

His most frequent visitor was Johnny Geer, the cripple lad. He was working in Roger's office now and the two had soon become close friends. John kept himself so neat and clean, he displayed such a keen interest in all the details of office work, and he showed such a beaming appreciation of anything that was done for him.

"That boy is getting a hold on me lately almost like a boy of my own," Roger said one evening when Allan Baird was at the house. "He's the pluckiest young'un I ever met. I've put him to work in my private office, where he can use the sofa to rest, and I've made him my own stenographer—partly because he's so quick at dictation and partly to try to make him slow down. He has the mind of a race-horse. He runs at night to libraries until I should think he'd go insane. And his body can't stand it; he's breaking down—though whenever I ask him how he feels, he always says, 'Fine, thank you.' " Here Roger turned to Allan. "I wish you'd take that boy," he said, "to the finest specialist in town, and see what can be done for his spine. I'll pay any price."

"There won't be any price," said Allan, "but I'll see to it at once." He had John examined that same week.

"Well?" asked Roger when next they met.

"Well," said Baird, "it's not good news."

"You mean he's hopeless?"

Allan nodded: "It's Pott's disease, and it's gone too far. John is eighteen. He may live to be thirty."

"But I tell you, Baird, I'll do anything!"

"There's almost nothing you can do. When he was a baby he might have been cured. But the same mother who dropped him then, when she was full of liquor, just went to the druggist on her block, and after listening to his advice bought some patent medicine, a steel jacket, and some crutches, and hung a charm around his neck and thought she'd done her duty."

"But there must be something we can do!" retorted Roger angrily.

"Yes," said Baird, "we can make him a little more comfortable. And meanwhile we can help Deborah here to get hold of other boys like John and give 'em a chance before it's too late—keep them from being crippled for life because their mothers were too blind and ignorant to act in time." Baird's voice had a ring of bitterness.

"Most of 'em love their children," Roger said uneasily.

Baird turned on him a steady look. "Love isn't enough," he said. "The time is coming very soon when we'll have the right to guard the child not only when it's a baby but even before it has been born."

Roger drew closer to John after that. Often behind the beaming smile he would feel the pain and loneliness, and the angry grit that was fighting it down. And so he would ask John home to supper on nights when nobody else was there. One day, late in the afternoon, they were walking home together along the west side of Madison Square. The big open space was studded with lights sparkling up at the frosty stars, in a city, a world, a universe that seemed filled with the zest and the vigor of life. And out of those lights a mighty tower loomed high up into the sky. And stopping on his crutches, a grim, small, crooked figure in all that rushing turmoil, John set his jaws, and with his shrewd and twinkling eyes fixed on the top of the tower, he said:

"I meant to tell you, Mr. Gale. You was asking me once what I wanted to be. And I want to be an architect."

"Do, eh?" grunted Roger. He, too, looked up at that thing in the stars, and there was a tightening at his throat. "All right," he added, presently. "Why not start in and be one?"

"How?" asked John alertly.

"Well, my boy," said Roger, "I'd hate to lose you in the office——"

"Yes, sir, and I'd hate to go."

Just then the big clock in the tower began to boom the hour, and a chill struck into Roger. "You'd have to," he said gruffly. "You haven't any time to lose! I mean," he added hastily, "that for a job as big as that you'd need a lot of training. But if that's what you want to be, go right ahead. I'll back you. I'll tell you what we'd better do. My son-in-law is a builder at present. I'll talk to him and get his advice. We may

be able to arrange to have you go right into his office, begin at the bottom and work straight up."

In silence for a moment John hobbled on by Roger's side. "I'd hate to leave your place," he said.

"I know," was Roger's brusk reply, "and I'd hate to lose you. We'll have to think it over."

A few days later he talked with Bruce, who said he'd be glad to take the boy. And at dinner that night with Deborah, Roger asked abruptly:

"Why not let Johnny come here for a while and use one of those empty bedrooms?"

With a quick flush of pleased surprise, Deborah gave her father a look that embarrassed him tremendously.

"Well, why not?" he snapped at her. "Sensible, isn't it?"

"Perfectly."

And sensible it turned out to be. When John first heard about it, he was apparently quite overcome, and there followed a brief awkward pause while he rapidly blinked the joy from his eyes. But then he said, "Fine, thank you. That's mighty good of you, Mr. Gale," in as matter-of-fact a tone as you please. And he entered the household in much the same way, for John had a sense of the fitness of things.

He had always kept himself neat and clean, but he became immaculate now. He dined with Roger the first night, but early the next morning he went down to the kitchen and breakfasted there; and from that time on, unless he were especially urged to come up to the dining-room, John took all his meals down-stairs. The maids were Irish—so was John. They were good Catholics—so was John. They loved the movies—so did John. In short, it worked out wonderfully. In less than a month John had made himself an unobtrusive and natural part of the life of Roger's sober old house. It had had to stretch just a little, no more.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Roger's family concentrates on Deborah

BUT that winter there was more in the house than Deborah's big family. Though at times Roger felt it clamoring in, with its crude, immense vitality, there were other times when it was not so, when the

lives of his other two daughters attracted his attention, for both were back again in town.

Laura and her husband had returned from abroad in October, and in the apartment they had taken in a huge new building up on Park Avenue, they had started the career of their own little family, or "ménage," as Laura called it. This word stuck in Roger's mind, for he had a suspicion that a "ménage" was no place for babies.

Grimly, when he went there first to be shown the new home by its mistress, he looked about him for a room that might be made a nursery. But no such room was in evidence. "We decided to have no guest-room," he heard Laura say to Deborah. And glancing at his daughter then, sleek and smiling and demure, in her tea-gown fresh from Paris, Roger darkly told himself that a child would be an unwelcome guest. The whole place was as compact and rich and sparkling as a jewel-box. The bedchamber was large and luxurious, with a gorgeous bath adjoining and a dressing-room for Harold.

"And look at this love of a closet!" said Laura to Deborah eagerly. "Isn't it simply enormous?" As Deborah looked, her father did, too, and his eye was met by an array of shimmering apparel that made him draw back almost with a start. They found Harold in the pantry. Their Jap, it appeared, was a marvelous cook and did all the catering as well, so that Laura rarely troubled herself to order so much as a single meal. But her husband had for many years been famous for his cocktails, and although the Jap did everything else, Hal had kept this in his own hands.

"I thought this much housekeeping ought to remain in the family," he said.

Roger did not like that joke. But later, when he had imbibed the delicious concoction Harold had made, and had eaten the dinner created by that Japanese artist of theirs, his irritation subsided. "They barely know we're here," he thought. "They're both in love up to their eyes." Despite their genial attempts to be hospitable and friendly, time and again he saw their glances meet in an intimate, gleaming manner that made him rather uncomfortable. But where was the harm?—he asked himself. They were married all right, weren't they? Still somehow—somehow—no, by George, he didn't like it, he didn't approve! The whole affair was decidedly mixing. Roger

went away vaguely uneasy, and he felt that Deborah by his side was even more disturbed than himself.

"Those two," she remarked to her father, "are so fearfully wrapt up in each other, it makes me afraid. Oh, it's all right, I suppose. But I can't help feeling somehow that no two people with such an abundance of youth and money and happiness have the right to be so amazingly—selfish!"

"They ought to have children," Roger said.

"But look at Edith," his daughter rejoined. "She hasn't a single interest that I can find outside her home. It seems to have swallowed her, body and soul!" Deborah gave a little sigh. "Oh, this queer business of families!"

IN DECEMBER there came a little crash.

Late one evening Laura came bursting in upon them in a perfect tantrum, every nerve in her lithe body tense, lips quivering, voice unsteady, and her big black eyes aflame with rage. She was jealous of her husband and "that nasty little cat!" Roger learned no more about it, for Deborah motioned him out of the room. He heard their two voices talk on and on, until Laura's slowly quieted down. Soon after that she left the house, and Deborah came in to him.

"She's gone home, eh?" said Roger.

"Yes, she has, poor, silly child—she said at first she had come to stay."

"By George," he muttered. "As bad as that?"

"Of course it isn't as bad as that!" Deborah said impatiently. "She just built and built on silly suspicions and let herself get all worked up! I don't see what they're coming to!" For a few moments nothing was said. "It's so unnatural!" she exclaimed. "Men and women weren't *made* to live like that!"

Roger scowled into his paper. "Better leave 'em alone," he admonished her. "You can't help—they're not your kind. Don't you mix into this affair."

But Deborah did. She remembered that her sister had once shown quite a talent for amateur theatricals; and now to give Laura something to do, Deborah persuaded her to take a dramatic club in her school. And Laura, rather to Roger's surprise, became an enthusiast down there. She worked like a slave at rehearsals, and upon the costumes she spent money with a lavish hand.

Moreover, instead of being annoyed, as Edith was, at Deborah's prominence in the press, Laura gloried in it, as though this "radical" sister of hers were a distinct social asset among her giddy friends up-town. For even Laura's friends, these days, her father learned with astonishment, had acquired quite an appetite for men and women with ideas—the more "radical" the better. But the way Laura used that word at times made Roger's blood run cold. She was vivid in her approval of her sister's whole idea, as a scheme of wholesale motherhood that would give "a perfectly glorious jolt" to the old-fashioned home with its overworked mothers who let their children absorb their lives.

"As though having children and bringing them up," she disdainfully declared, "were something *every* woman must do, whether she happens to like it or not, at the cost of any real life of her own!" And smilingly she hinted at impending radical changes in the whole relation of marriage, of which she was hearing in detail at a series of lectures to young wives, delivered on Thursday mornings in a hotel ballroom.

What the devil was getting into the town? Roger frowned his deep dislike. Here was Laura with her chicken's mind blithely taking her sister's thoughts and turning them topsyturvy, to make for herself a view of life which fitted like a white kid glove her small and elegant "ménage." And although her father had only inklings of it all, he had quite enough to make him irate at this uncanny interplay of influences in his family. Why couldn't the girls leave each other alone?

Early in the winter, Edith, too, had entered in. It had taken Edith just one glance into the bride's apartment to grasp Laura's scheme of life.

"Selfish, indulgent, unhealthy, abnormal," was the way she described it. She and Bruce were dining with Roger that night. "I wash my hands of the whole affair," continued Edith curtly. "So long as she doesn't want my help—as she has plainly made me feel—I certainly sha'n't stand in her way."

"You're absolutely right," said her father.

"Stick to it," said Bruce approvingly.

But Edith did not stick to it. In her case too, as the weeks wore on, those subtle family ties took hold and made her feel that

the least she could do was "to keep up appearances." So she and Bruce dined with the bride and groom, and in turn had them to dinner. And these dinners, as Bruce confided to Roger, were occasions no man could forget.

"They come only about once a month," he said in a tone of pathos, "but it seems as though barely a week had gone by when Edith says to me again, 'We're dining with Laura and Hal to-night.' Well, and we dine. Young Sloane is not a bad sort of a chap—works hard down-town and worships his wife. The way he lives—well, it isn't mine—and mine isn't his—and we both let it go at that. But the women can't—they haven't it in 'em. Each sits with her way of life in her lap. You can't see it over the table-cloth, but, my God, how you feel it! The worst of it is," he ended, "that after one of these terrible meals each woman is more set than before in her own way of living. Not that I don't like Edith's way," her husband added hastily.

EDITH also disapproved of the fast increasing publicity Deborah was getting. "I may be very old-fashioned," she remarked to her father, "but I can't get used to this idea that a woman's place is in headlines. And I think it's rather hard on *you*—the use she's making of your house."

One Friday night, when she came to play chess, she found her father in the midst of a large and boisterous meeting of his club of Italian boys. It had been postponed from the evening before. And though Roger, overcome with dismay at having forgotten Edith's night, apologized profusely, the time-honored weekly game took place no more from that time on.

"Edith's pretty sore," said Bruce, who dropped in soon afterward. "She feels Deborah has made your house into an annex to her school."

Roger smoked in silence. His whole family was about his ears. "My boy," he muttered earnestly, "you and I must stick together."

"We sure must," agreed his son-in-law. "And what's more, if we're to keep the peace, we've got to try to put some punch into Deborah's so-called love-affair. She ought to get married and settle down."

"Yes," said Roger dubiously. "Only let's keep it to ourselves."

"No chance of that," was the cheerful

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reply. "You can't keep Edith out of it. It would only make trouble in *my* family."

Roger gave him a pitying look and growled: "Then for the Lord's sake let her in!"

So they took her into their councils. She gave them an indulgent smile.

"Suppose you leave this to me," she commanded. "Don't you think I've been using my eyes? There's no earthly use in stepping in now, for Deborah has lost her head. She sees herself a great new woman with a sacred life career. But wait till the present flare-up subsides, till the newspapers all drop her and she is thoroughly tired out. Until then, remember, we keep our hands off."

"Do you think you can?" asked Roger with a little glimmer of hope.

"I? Most certainly!" she replied. "I mean to leave her alone absolutely till she comes to me herself. When she does, we'll know it's time to begin."

"I'm afraid Edith is hurt about something," Deborah said, about a month after this little talk. "She hasn't been near us for over three weeks."

"Let her be!" said Roger in alarm. "I

mean," he hastily added, "why can't you let Edith come when she likes? There's nothing the matter. It's simply her children—they take up her time."

"No," said Deborah calmly, "it's I. She as good as told me so last month. She thinks I've become a perfect fanatic—without a spare moment or thought for my family."

"Oh, 'my family'!" Roger groaned. "I tell you, Deborah, you're wrong! Edith's children are probably sick in bed!"

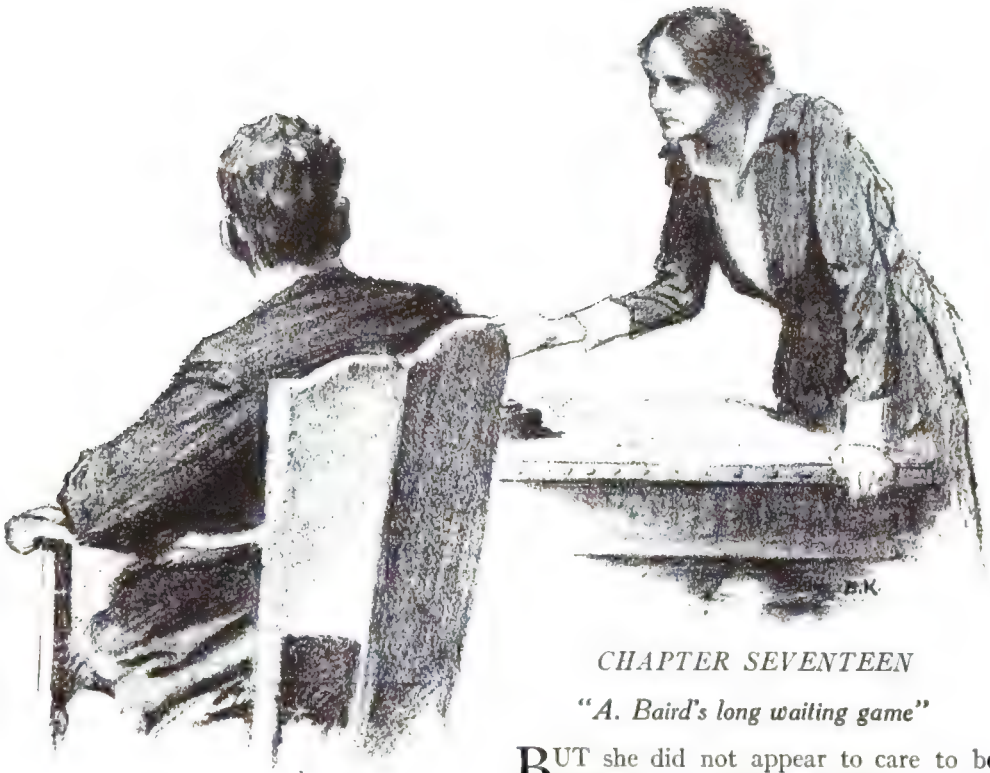
"Then I'll go and see," she answered.

"Something has happened to Deborah," Edith informed him blithely over the telephone the next night.

"Has, eh?" grunted Roger.

"Yes, she was here to see me last evening. And something has happened—she's changing fast. I felt it in all kinds of ways. She was just as dear as she could be—and lonely, as though she were feeling her age. I really think we can do something now."

And Edith began to do something. Her hostility to her sister had completely disappeared. In its place was a friendly affection, an evident desire to please. She even drew Laura into the secret, and there



CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

"A. Baird's long waiting game"

was a gathering of the clan. There were consultations in Roger's den. "Deborah is to get married." The feeling of it crept through the house. Nothing was said to her, of course, but Deborah was made to feel that her two sisters had drawn close.

And their influence upon her choice was more deep and subtle than she knew. For although Roger's family had split so wide apart, his three daughters leading such different lives, there were still mysterious bonds between them, reaching far back into nursery days. And Deborah, in deciding whether to marry Allan Baird, was affected more than she was aware by the married lives of her sisters. All she had seen in Laura's ménage, all that she had ever observed in Edith's growing family, kept rising from time to time in her thoughts, as she vaguely tried to picture herself a wife and the mother of children.

So the family, with those subtle bonds from the past, began to press steadily closer and closer around this one unmarried daughter, and help her to make up her mind.

BUT she did not appear to care to be helped. Nor did Allan—he rarely came to the house, and he went to Edith's not at all. He was even absent from her Christmas tree for the children, a jolly little festivity which neither he nor Deborah had missed in years.

"What has got into him?" Roger asked. And shortly after Christmas he called the fellow up on the phone. "Drop in for dinner to-night," he urged. And he added distinctly, "I'm all alone."

"Are you? I'll be glad to."

"Thank you, Baird; I want your advice." And as he hung up the receiver he added "Now then!" to himself in a tone of firm decision. But later, as the day wore on, he cursed himself for what he had done. "Don't it beat the devil," he thought, "how I'm always putting my foot in it?" And when Baird came into the room that night he loomed, to Roger's anxious eye, if anything taller than before. But his manner was so easy, his deep, gruff voice so natural, and his eyes with their quiet, humorous gleam seemed to take it all so as a matter of course, that Roger was quickly reassured, and at table he and Allan got on even better than before.

Baird talked of his life as a student in

Vienna, Bonn, and Edinburgh, and of his first struggles in New York. His talk was full of human bits, some tragic, more amusing. And Roger's liking for the man increased with every story told.

"I asked you here," he said bluntly, when they had gone to the study to smoke, "to talk to you about Deborah."

Baird gave him a friendly look. "All right. Let's talk about her."

"It strikes me you were right last year," said Roger, speaking slowly. "She's already showing the strain of her work. She don't look to me as strong as she was."

"She looks to me stronger," Allan replied. "You know, people fool doctors now and then, and she seems to have taken a fresh start. I feel now she may go on for years."

Roger was silent a moment, chagrined and disappointed. "Have you had a good chance to watch her?" he gloomily inquired.

"Yes, and I'm watching her still," said Baird. "I see her down there at the school. She tells me you've been there a good deal."

"Yes," said Roger determinedly, "and I mean to go there more. I'm trying not to lose hold of her," he added with harsh emphasis.

Baird turned and frankly smiled at him. "Then you have probably seen," he replied, "that to keep any hold at all on her, you must make up your mind as I have done, that, strength or no strength, this job of hers is going to be a life career. When a woman who has held a job without a break for eleven years can feel such a flame of enthusiasm, you can be pretty sure, I think, that it's the deepest part of her. At least I feel that way," he said. "And I feel that the only way to keep near her—for the present, anyhow—is to help her in her work."

When Baird had gone, Roger found himself angry.

"I'm not in the habit, young man," he thought, "of throwing my daughter at gentlemen's heads. If you feel as calm and contented as that, you can go to the devil! Far be it from me to lift a hand! In fact, now I come to think of it, you would probably make her a mighty poor husband!"

He worked himself into quite a rage. But a little later, when he had subsided, "Hold on," he thought. "Am I right about that? Is the man as contented as he talks? No, sir, not for a minute he isn't! But what can he do? If he tried making love to Deb-

orah now, he'd simply be killing his chances. Not the slightest doubt in the world. She can't think of anything but her career. Yes, sir, when all's said and done, to marry a modern woman is no child's play: it means thought and care. And A. Baird has made up his mind to it. He has made up his mind to marry her by playing a long waiting game. He's just slowly and quietly nosing his way into her school, because it's her life. And a mighty shrewd way of going about it. You don't need any help from me, my friend; all you need is to be let alone."

In talks at home with Deborah, and in what he himself observed at school, Roger began to get inklings of "A. Baird's long waiting game." He found that several months before Allan had offered to start a free clinic for mothers and children in connection with the school, and that he alone had put it through, with only the most reluctant aid and gratitude from Deborah—as though she dreaded something.

Baird took countless hours from his busy up-town practise. He hurt himself more than once, in fact, by neglecting rich patients to do this work. Where a sick or pregnant mother was too poor to carry out his advice, he followed her into her tenement home, sent one of his nurses to visit her there, and even gave money when it was needed to ease the strain of her poverty until she should be well and strong. Soon scores of the mothers of Deborah's children were singing the praises of Doctor Baird.

Then he began coming to the house.

"I was right," thought Roger complacently. He laid in a stock of fine cigars, and some good port and claret, too; and on evenings when Baird came to dine, Roger by a genial glow and occasional jocular ironies would endeavor to drag the talk away from clinics, adenoids, children's teeth, epidemics, and the new education. He was successful now and then, but no joke was so good that Deborah could not promptly match it with some amusing little thing that one of her children had said or done. For she had a mother's instinct for bragging fondly of her brood. It was deep, it was uncanny, this queer modern motherhood.

"This poor devil," Roger thought, with a pitying glance at Baird, "might just as well be marrying a widow with three thousand brats."

But Baird did not seem at all dismayed.

HIS FAMILY

On the contrary, his assurance appeared to be deepening every week, and with it Deborah's air of alarm. For that clinic of his, as it swiftly grew, he secured financial backing from his rich woman patients up-town, many of them childless and only too ready to respond to the appeals he made to them. And one Saturday evening at the house, while dining with Roger and Deborah, he told of an offer he had had from a wealthy banker's widow to build a maternity hospital. He talked hungrily of all the work that such an institution could do in cooperation with the school. He said nothing of the obvious fact that it would take practically all his time, but Roger thought of that at once, and by the expression on Deborah's face he saw that she was thinking, too.

He felt they wanted to be alone, so presently he left them. From his study he could hear their voices, and as they talked absorbedly on, they sounded steadily more intense. Was it all about work? He could not tell. "They've got working and living so mixed up a man can't possibly tell 'em apart!"

Then his daughter was called to the telephone, and Allan came in to bid Roger good night. And his face showed an impatience he did not seem to care to hide.

"Well?" inquired Roger. "Did you get Deborah's consent?"

"To what?" asked Allan sharply.

"To your acceptance," Roger answered, "of the widow's mite."

Baird grinned. "She couldn't help herself," he said.

"But she didn't seem to like it, eh——"

"No," said Baird, "she didn't."

Roger had a dark suspicion. "By the way," he asked, offhand, "what's that philanthropic widow like?"

"She's sixty-nine," Baird answered.

"Oh," said Roger. He smoked for a time, and then he added sagely: "My daughter's a queer woman, Baird—she's modern, very modern. But she's still a woman, you understand—and so she's jealous—of her job."

But A. Baird was in no joking mood. "She's narrow," he said sternly. "That's what's the matter with Deborah. She's so centered on her job she can't see any one else's. She thinks I'm doing all this work solely in order to help her school—when if she'd put herself in my shoes she'd see the chance it's giving *me*!"



ALLAN BAIRD.

"How do you mean?" asked Roger, who was a bit bewildered.

"Why," said Baird, with an impatient fling of his long, muscular right hand, "there are men in my line all over the country who'd leave home, wives and children for the chance I've blundered on to here! A hospital fully equipped for research, a free hand, an opportunity that comes to one man in a million! But can she see it? Not at all! It's only an annex to her school!"

"Yes," said Roger gravely, "she's in a pretty unnatural state. I think she ought to get married, Baird——"

To his friendly and disarming twinkle Baird replied by an angry smile. "You do, eh?" he growled. "Then tell her to plan her wedding to come before her funeral."

As he rose to go, Roger took his hand. "I'll do that," he said. "It's sound advice. Good night, my boy; I wish you luck."

A few moments later he heard in the hall their brief good-nights to each other, and

presently Deborah came in. She was not looking quite herself.

"Why are you eyeing me like that?" his daughter asked abruptly.

"Aren't you letting him do a good deal for you?"

Deborah flushed a little. "Yes, I am. I can't make him stop."

Her father hesitated. "You could," he said, "if you wanted to. If you were sure," he added slowly, "that you didn't love him—and told him so." He felt a little panic then; he thought that he had gone too far.

But his daughter only turned away and restlessly moved about the room. At last she came to her father's chair: "Hadn't you better leave this to me?" she asked him in a grave, sweet tone.

"I had, my dear, I most certainly had. I was all wrong to mention it," he answered very humbly.

She turned from him slowly and went to her room. And two hours later, going to bed, he saw a light under Deborah's door.

From that night on, Baird changed his tack. Although soon busy with the plans for the hospital, to be built at once, he spoke of it to Deborah not at all. Instead, he insisted on taking her off on little evening sprees up-town.

"Do you know what's the matter with us?" he said. "We've been getting too durned devoted, that's what, to our jobs and our big, pure ideals. You're becoming a regular schoolmarm, and I'm getting to be a regular slave to every wretched little babe that takes it into its head to be born. We haven't one redeeming vice."

And again he took up dancing. The first efforts that he made, down at Deborah's school in the evenings, were quite as dismal failures as his attempts of the previous year. But he did not appear in the least discouraged. He came to the house one Friday night.

"I knew I could learn to dance," he said, "in spite of all your taunts and gibes. That little fiasco last Saturday night——"

"Was perfectly awful!" Deborah said.

"Did not discourage me in the least," he continued severely. "I decided the only trouble with me was that I'm tall and I've got to bend."

"Tremendously!" she assented.

"So I went to a lady professor, and she saw

the point at once. Since then I've had five lessons, and I can fox-trot in my sleep. To-morrow is Saturday. Where shall we go?"

"To the theatre."

"Good. We'll *start* with that. But the minute the play is over we'll gallop off to the Plaza Grill—just as the music is in full swing——"

"And we'll dance," she groaned, "for hours! And when I get home, I'll creep into bed so tired and sore in every limb——"

"That you'll sleep late Sunday morning. And a mighty good thing for you, too—if you ask my advice——"

"I don't ask your advice!"

"You're getting it, though," he said doggedly. "If you're still to be a friend of mine, we'll dance at the Plaza to-morrow night—and well into the Sabbath."

"The principal of a public school—dancing on the Sabbath. Suppose one of my friends should see us there."

"Your friends," he replied with a fine contempt, "do not dance in the Plaza Grill. I'm the only roisterer you know."

"All right," she conceded grudgingly, "I'll roister. Come and get me. But I'd much prefer when the play is done to come home and have milk and crackers here."

"Deborah," he said cheerfully, "for a radical school reformer you're the most conservative woman I know."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Deborah makes up her mind

IN DEBORAH'S school, in the meantime, affairs had drawn to a climax. The moment had come for the city to say whether her new experiment should be dropped the following year or allowed to go on and develop. There came a day of sharp suspense when Deborah's friends and enemies on the Board of Education sat down to discuss and settle her fate.

They were at it for hours, while she waited at home, and late in the afternoon they decided not only to let her go on the next year but to try her idea in four other schools and place her in charge with ample funds. The long strain at an end, at last, in a triumph beyond her wildest hopes, when the news came in she relaxed, grew limp, and laughed and cried a little. And her father felt her tremble as he held her a moment in his arms.

"Now, Baird," thought Roger, "your

chance has come. For God's sake, take it while it's here!"

But in place of Baird that afternoon came men and women from the press, and friends and fellow workers. The door-bell and the telephone kept ringing almost incessantly. Why couldn't they leave her a moment's peace? Roger buried himself in his study. Later, when he was called to dinner, he found that Allan was there after all, but at first the conversation was all upon Deborah's victory. Flushed with success, for the moment engrossed in the wider work she saw ahead, she had not a thought for anything else.

"Nothing but school, school, school!" thought her father savagely. "If Baird spoke to her now he'd be killing his chances!"

But after dinner the atmosphere changed. "To hear me talk," she told them, "you'd think the whole world depended on me, and on my school and my ideas. Me, me, me! And it's been me all winter long! What a time I've given both of you!"

She grew repentant and grateful, first to her father and then to Allan, and then more and more to Allan, with her happy eyes on his. And with a keen, worried look at them both, Roger rose and left the room.

Baird was leaning forward. He had both her hands in his own.

"Well?" he asked. "Will you marry me now?"

Her eyes were looking straight into his. They kept moving slightly, searching his, and they were vigilant, unafraid. Her wide and sensitive, mobile lips were tight compressed, but did not quite hide their quivering. When she spoke, her voice was low, and a little queer and breathless: "Do you want any children, Allan?"

"Yes."

"So do I. And with children, what of my work?"

"I don't want to stop your work. If you marry me, we'll go right on. You see, I know you, Deborah, I know you've always grown like that—by risking what you've got to-day for something more to-morrow."

"I've never taken a risk like this!"

"I tell you this time it's no risk! Because you're a grown woman—formed! I'm not making a saint of you—you're no angel down among the poor because you feel it's your duty in life—it's your happiness, your

passion! You couldn't neglect them if you tried!"

"But the time," she asked him quickly. "Where shall I find the time for it all?"

"A man finds time enough," he said, "even when he's married."

"But I'm not a man, I'm a woman." And in a low voice that thrilled him, "A woman who wants a child of her own!"

His lean, muscular right hand contracted sharply upon hers. She winced, drew back a little.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he whispered. Then he asked her again, "Will you marry me now?"

She looked suddenly up: "Let's wait a while, please! It won't be long—I'm in love with you, Allan; I'm sure of that! And I'm not drawing back, I'm not afraid! Oh, I want you to feel I'm not running away! What I want to do is to face this square! It may be silly and foolish, but—you see, I'm made like that. I want a little longer—I want to think it out by myself."

When Allan had gone she came in to her father. And her radiant expression made him bounce up from his chair.

"By George," he cried, "he asked you?"

"Yes!"

"And you've taken him?"

"No!"

Her father gasped. "Look here!" he demanded, angrily. "What's the matter? Are you mad?"

She threw back her head and laughed at him: "No, I'm not—I'm happy!"

"What the devil about?" he snapped.

"We're going to wait a bit, that's all, till we're sure of everything!" she cried.

"Then," said Roger disgustedly, "you're smarter than your father is. I'm sure of nothing, nothing at all! I've never been sure in all my days! If I'd waited, you'd never have been born!"

"Oh, dearie," she begged smilingly. "Please don't be so unhappy just now."

"I've a right to be," said Roger. "I see my house all agog with this—in a turmoil—in a turmoil!"

But again he was mistaken. It was, in fact, astonishing how the old house quieted down.

THE story of his family, from Roger's point of view at least, was a long, uneven narrative, with prolonged periods of peace and again with events piling one on the

other. And now there came one of those quiet times, when his home to Roger's senses seemed to settle deep, grow still, and gather itself together.

Deborah's school and her new idea were taking an orderly place in his house. For day by day he felt more sure that she was succeeding in making her work fit into her swiftly deepening passion for a full, happy woman's life. And why shouldn't they live here, Allan and she? The thought of this dispelled the cloud that hung over the years he saw ahead. How smoothly things were working out. The monstrous new buildings around his home seemed to him to draw back as though balked of their prey.

On the mantel in Roger's study, for many years a bronze figure there, "The Thinker," huge and naked, forbidding in its crouching pose, the heavy chin on one clenched fist, had brooded down upon him. And in the years that had been so dark, it had been a figure of despair. Often he had stared up from his chair and had grimly met its frowning gaze. But Roger seldom looked at it now, and even when it caught his eye it had little effect upon him. It appeared to brood less darkly. For though he did not think it out, there was this feeling in his mind:

"There is to be nothing startling in this quiet house of mine. No crashing deep calamity here."

Only this steadily deepening love between a grown man and a woman mature, both sensible strong people with a firm control of their destinies. He felt so sure of this affair, of the depth of their desire and of their power to fulfil. For now, her tension once relaxed with the success that had come in her work after so many long, hard years, a new Deborah was revealed, more

human in her yieldings. She let Allan take her off on the wildest little sprees up-town and out into the country. To Roger she seemed younger, more warm and joyous and more free. He loved to hear her laugh these nights, to catch the new glad tones in her voice.

"There is to be no tragedy here."

So, certain of this union and wistful for all he felt it would bring, Roger watched its swift approach. And when the news came he was sure he'd been right, because it came so quietly.

"It's settled, dear, at last it's sure. Allan and I are to be married." She was standing by his chair.

Roger reached up and took her hand. "I'm glad. You'll be very happy, my child."

She bent over and kissed him, and putting his arm around her he drew her down on the side of his chair.

"Now tell me all your plans," he said. And her answer brought him a deep peace.

"We're going abroad for the summer. And then, if you'll have us, we want to come here."

Roger suddenly shut his eyes. "By George, Deborah," he said, "you do have a way of getting right into the heart of things!" His arm closed about her with new strength and he felt all his troubles flying away.

"What a time we'll have, what a rich, new life." Her deep sweet voice was a little unsteady. "Listen, dearie, how quiet it is." And for some moments nothing was heard but the sober tick-tick of the clock on the mantel. "I wonder what we're going to hear."

And they thought of new voices in the house.

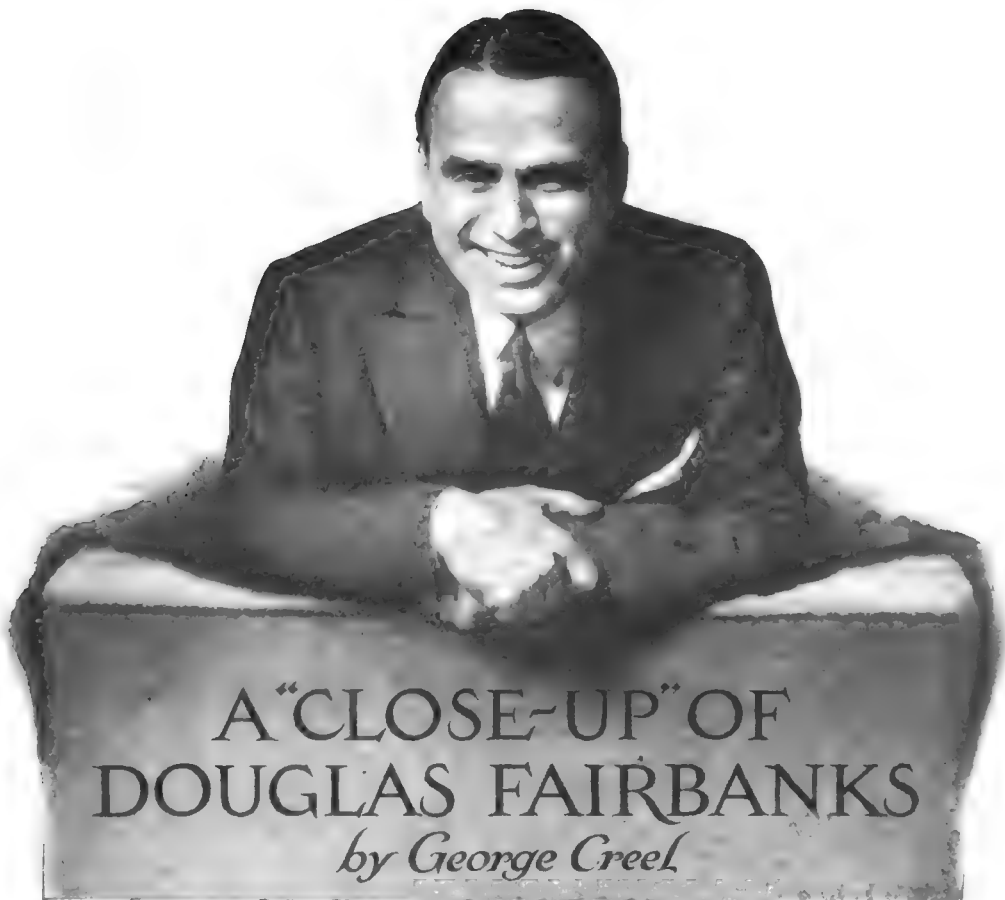
The next instalment of "His Family" will appear in the January number.

DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE

GREAT BRITAIN'S MINISTER OF WAR

sends a message to America through the January EVERYBODY'S

This message was delivered to Isaac F. Marcosson, while he was making a study of war times in London. For the January number of EVERYBODY'S Mr. Marcosson presents a brilliant character study of Great Britain's "man of the hour."



Photograph by White Studio.

YOUNG Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, star alike in both the "speakies" and the "movies," is well worth a story. He is what every American might be, ought to be, and frequently is *not*. More than any other that comes to mind, he is possessed of the indomitable optimism that gives purpose, "punch," and color to any life, no matter what the odds.

He holds the world's record for the standing broad grin. There isn't a minute of the day that fails to find him glad that he's alive. Nobody ever saw him with a "grouch," or suffering from an attack of the "blues." Nobody ever heard him mention "hard luck" in connection with one of his failures. The worse the breaks of the game, the gloomier the outlook, the wider his grin. He has made cheerfulness a habit, and it has paid him in courage, in bubbling energy, and buoyant resolve.

We are a young nation and a great nation. Judging from the promise of the

morning, there is nothing that may not be asked of America's noon. A land of abundance, with not an evil that may not be banished, and yet there is more whining in it than in any other country on the face of the globe. If we are to die, "Nibbled to Death by Ducks" may well be put on the tombstone. Little things are permitted to bring about paroxysms of peevishness. Even our pleasures have come to be taken sadly. We are irritable at picnics, snarly at clambakes, and bored to death at dinners.

The Government ought to hire Douglas Fairbanks, and send him over the country as an agent of the Bureau of Grins. Have him start work in Boston, and then rush him by special train to Philadelphia. If the wealth of the United States increased \$41,000,000,000 during the last three peevish, whining years, think what would happen if we learned the art of joyousness and gained the strength that comes from good humor and optimism!

"Doug" Fairbanks—now that he is in the "movies" we don't have to be formal—is the living, breathing proof of the value of a grin. His rise from obscurity to fame, from poverty to wealth, has no larger foundation than his ever-ready willingness to let the whole world see every tooth in his head.

Good looks? Artistry? Bosh! The Fairbanks features were evidently picked out by a utilitarian mother who preferred use to ornament; and as for his acting, critics of the drama, imbued with the traditions

of Booth and Barrett, have been known to sob like children after witnessing a Fairbanks performance.

It is the joyousness of the man that gets him over. It's the 100 per cent. *interest* that he takes in everything he goes at that lies at the back of his success. He does nothing by halves, is never indifferent, never lackadaisical.

At various stages in his brief career he has been a Shakespearean actor, Wall Street clerk, hay steward on a cattle-boat, vagabond, and business man, knowing poverty, hunger, and discomfort at times, but never, *never* losing the grin. Things began to move for him when he left a Denver high school back in 1900 for the purpose of entering college. As he says, "A man can't be too careful about college."

He started for Princeton, but met a youth on the train who was going to Harvard. He took a special course at Cambridge—just what it was he can't remember—but at the end of the year it was hinted to him that circus life was more suited to his talents, particularly one with three rings.

A friend, however, suggested the theatre, and gave him a card to Frederick Warde, the tragedian. Mr. Warde fell for the Fairbanks grin, and as a first part assigned him



the rôle of *François*, the lackey, in "Richelieu." What he lacked in experience he made up for in activity and unflagging merri-ment. It got to be so that Warde was almost afraid to touch the bell, for he never knew whether the amazing *François* would enter through the door or come down from the ceiling.

After the company had done its worst to "Richelieu," it changed to Shakespearean repertoire, and for one year young Fairbanks engaged in what Mr. Warde was pleased to term a "catch-as-catch-can bout with the immortal Bard." When friends of Shakespeare finally protested in the name of humanity, the strenuous Douglas accepted an engagement with Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in "Her Lord and Master."

Five months went by before the two stars broke under the strain, and by that time news had come to Mr. Fairbanks that Wall Street was Easy Money's other name. Armed with his grin, he marched into the office of De Coppet & Doremus, and when the manager came out of his trance Shakespeare's worst enemy was holding down the job of order man.

"The name Coppet appealed to me," he explains.

He is still remembered in that office, fondly but fearfully. He did his work well enough; in fact, there are those who insist that he invented scientific management.

"How about that?" I asked him, for it puzzled me.

"Well, you see, it was this way: For five days in the week I would say, 'Quite so' to my assistant, no matter what he suggested. On Saturday I would dash into the manager's



THERE IS NO CAMERA-
FAKING ABOUT FAIR-
BANKS'S FIGHTS.

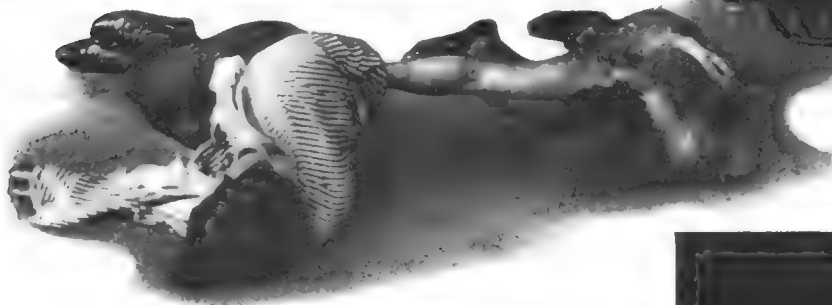
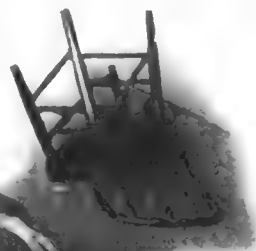


dumb animals, got jobs as hay stewards.

"We found the cows very nice," comments Mr. Fairbanks. "No one can get me to say a word against them. But those stokers! And those other stable-maids! Pow! We had to fight 'em from one end of the voyage to the other, and it got so that I bit myself in my sleep. The three of us got eight shillings apiece when we landed at Liverpool, and tickets back, but there were several little things about Europe that bothered us, and we thought we'd see what the trouble was."

They "hoboed" it through England, France, and Belgium, working at any old job until they gathered money enough to move along, whether it was carrying water to English navvies or unloading paving-

HIS SCRAPS ARE
REAL, AND IN-
VARIABLY TRI-
UMPHANT.



office, wag my head, knit my brow, and exclaim, 'What we need around here is *efficiency*.' And once I urged the purchase of a time-clock."

The way he filled his spare time was what bothered. What with his tumbling tricks, boxing, wrestling, leap-frog over chairs, and other small gaieties, he mused up routine to a certain extent. But he was *not* discharged. At a point where the firm was just one jump ahead of nervous prostration, along came "Jack" Beardsley and "Little" Owen, two husky football players with a desire to see life without the safety clutch.

The three approached the officials of a cattle-steamship, and by persistent claims to the effect that they "had a wa" with

THESE PICTURES
ARE FROM THE
BIG SCENE IN
"REGGIE MIXES
IN." REGGIE
FIGHTS IN DE-
FENSE OF THE
LADY IN THE
FIRST PICTURE, A
DANCER IN A
BOWERY CAB-
ARET. TAKING
A JOB AS
"BOUNCER," REG-
GIE PROTECTS
HER FROM A
LARGE ASSORT-
MENT OF SCOUN-
DRELS.



Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



blocks from a Seine boat. After three joyous months, they felt the call of the cattle, and came home on another steamer.

Back on his native heath, young Fairbanks took a shot from the hip at law, but missed. Then he got a job in a machine-manufacturing plant, but one day he found that his carelessness had permitted fifty dollars to accumulate, and he breezed down to Cuba and Yucatan to see what openings there were for capital. Back from that tramping trip, he figured that since he had not annoyed the stage for some time it certainly owed him something.

His return to the drama took place in "The Rose of Plymouth Town," a play in which Miss Minnie Duprée was the star. Meeting Miss Duprée, I asked her what sort of an actor Fairbanks was in those days.

"Well," she said judicially, "I think that he was about the nicest case of St. Vitus's dance that ever came under my notice."

William A. Brady got him next. Mr. Brady is quite a dynamo himself, and there was also a time in his life when he managed James J. Corbett. The two fell into each other's arms with a cry of joy, and for seven years they touched off dramatic explosions that strewed fat actors all over the landscape and tore miles of scenery into ribbons.

"Some boy!" was Mr. Brady's tribute. "Put him in a death scene and he'd find a way to break the furniture."

There was never a part that "Doug" Fairbanks lay down on. To every rôle he brought joy and interest and enthusiasm, and the night came inevitably that saw his name in electric letters.

It is not claimed that his work as a star "elevated" the drama, but it may safely be claimed that he never appeared in any play that was not wholesome, stimulating, and helpful.

Nothing was more natural than that the movies should seek such an actor, and they set the trap with attractive bait.

"Come over to us," they said, "and we'll let you do anything you want. Outside of poison gas and actual murder, the sky's the limit."

Without even waiting to kick off his shoes, "Doug" Fairbanks made a dive.

"Say," he said, "I felt like the Irishman who was offered money to tear down a Protestant church."

The movie magnates got what they wanted, and Fairbanks got what he wanted. For the first time in his life, he was able to "let go" with all the force of his dynamic individuality, and he took full advantage of the opportunity.

In "The Lamb," his first adventure before the camera, he let a rattlesnake crawl over him, tackled a mountain lion, jiu-jitsued a bunch of Yaqui Indians until they belated, and operated a machine-gun.

In "His Picture in the Papers," he was called upon to run an automobile over a cliff, engage in a grueling six-round go with a professional pugilist, jump off an Atlantic liner and swim to the distant shore, mix it up in a furious battle royal with a half dozen husky gunmen, leap twice from swiftly moving trains, and also to resist arrest by a squad of Jess Willards dressed up in police uniforms.

"The Half-Breed" carried him out to California, and, among other things, threw him into the heart of a forest fire that had been carefully kindled in the redwood groves of Calaveras County. Amid a rain of burning pine tufts, and with great branches falling to the ground all around him, "Douggie" was required to dash in and save the gallant sheriff from turning

into a cinder. Hair and eyelashes grew out again, however, his blisters healed, and in a few days he was as good as new.

"The Habit of Happiness" was rich in stunts that would have made even Battling Nelson turn to tatting with a sigh of relief. Five gangsters, sicked on to their work by the villain, waylaid our hero on the stairs, and in the rough-and-tumble that followed, it was his duty to beat each and every one of them into a state of coma. He performed his task so conscientiously that his hands





DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
AND DOUGLAS FAIR-
BANKS, JR.—AT
WATCH HILL, R. I.

*Photograph by
Tosca-Jr. Films Corporation.*

were swollen for a week, not to mention his eyes and nose. As for the five extra men who posed as the gangsters, all came to the conclusion that dock-walloping was far less strenuous than art, and went back to their former jobs.

"The Good Bad Man" was a Western picture that contained a thrill to every foot of film. Our hero galloped over mountains, jumping from crag to crag, held up an express train single-handed in order to capture the conductor's ticket-punch, grappled with gigantic desperadoes every few minutes, shot up a saloon, and was dragged around for quite a while at the end of a lynching party's rope.

"Reggie Mixes In" was one joyous round of assault and battery from beginning to end. Happening to fall in love with a dancer in a Bowery cabaret, Reggie puts family and fortune behind him and takes a job as "bouncer" so as to be near his lady-love. Aside from his reg-

ular duties, he is required to work overtime on account of the hatred of a gang-leader who also loves the girl. Five scoundrels jump Reggie, and, after manhandling four, he drops from a second-story window to the neck of the fifth, and chokes him with hands and legs. After which he carries the senseless wretch down the street, and gaily flicks him, as it were, through a window at the villain's feet. As a tasty little finish, Reggie and his rival lock themselves in an empty room, and engage in a contest governed by packing-house rules.

Three days after the combat, by the way, the company heads were pleased to announce that both men were out of danger unless blood-poisoning set in.

"The Mystery of the Leaping Fish" was what is known as a "water picture," and "Doug," as a comedy detective, was compelled to make a human submarine of himself, not to mention several duels in the



dark with Japanese thugs and opium smugglers.

"Another day of it," he grinned, "and I'd have grown *fine*."

"Manhattan Madness" was really nothing more than St. Vitus's dance set to ragtime. Our hero climbed up eaves-pipes, plunged through trap-doors down into dungeons, jumped from the roof of a house into a tree, kicked his way in and out of secret closets, and engaged in hair-raising combats with desperate villains every few minutes.

It is not only the case that "Doug" Fairbanks made good with the movie fans. What is more to the point, he made good with the "bunch" itself. In nine cases out of ten, the "legitimate" star, going over into pictures, evades and avoids the "rough stuff." To some humble, hardy "double" is assigned the actual work of falling off the cliff, riding at full speed across granite hedges, taking a good hard punch in the nose, or plunging from the top of the burning building.

Many an honest cowpuncher, taking his girl to the show with him to let her see what a daredevil he is, has died the death upon discovering that he was merely "doubling" for some cow-eyed hero who lacked the nerve to do the stunt himself.

"Doug" Fairbanks is one of the few movie heroes who have never had a "double." He asks no man to do that which he is afraid to do himself. No fall is too hard for him, no fight too furious, no ride too dangerous. There is not a single one of his pictures in which he hasn't taken a chance of breaking his neck or his bones;

but, as one bronco-buster observed, "He jes' licks his lips an' asks for more."

To be sure, few actors have brought such super-physical equipment to the strenuous work of the movies. Fairbanks, in addition to being blessed with a strong, lithe body, has developed it by expert devotion to every form of athletic sport. He swims well, is a crack boxer, a good polo player, a splendid wrestler, a skilful acrobat, a fast runner, and an absolutely fearless rider.

There is never a picture during the progress of which he does not interpolate some sudden bit of business as the result of his quick wit and dynamic enthusiasm. In one play, for instance, he was supposed to enter a house at sight of his sweetheart beckoning to him from an upper window. As he passed up the steps, however, his roving eye caught sight of the porch railing, a window-ledge, and a balcony, and in a flash he was scaling the façade of the house like any cat.

In another play he was trapped on the roof of a country home. Suddenly Fairbanks, disregarding the plan of retreat indicated by the author, gave a wild leap into a near-by maple, managed to catch a bough, and proceeded to the ground in a series of convulsive falls that gave the director heart-failure.

During "The Half-Breed" picture, some of the action took place about a fallen redwood that had its great roots fully twenty feet into the air.

"Climb up on top of those roots, Doug," yelled the director.

Instead of that, "Douggie" went up to a young sapling that grew at the base of the fallen tree. Bending it down to the ground, as an archer bends his bow, he gave a sudden

IN "HIS
PICTURE
IN THE
PAPERS."



"THE HALF-BREED"—HIDING IN A FALLEN REDWOOD.

spring, and let the tough birch catapult him to the highest root.

"What do you want me to do now?" he grinned.

"Come back the same way," grinned the director.

Most "legitimate" actors—the valuation is their own—find the movies rather dull. Time hangs very heavily upon their hands. As one remarked to me in tones that were thick with a divine despair: "There's absolutely nothing for a chap to do. In lots of the God-forsaken holes they drag you to, there isn't even a hotel. No companionship, no diversion of any kind, and oftentimes no *bathtubs*."

Douglas Fairbanks enters no such complaint. He draws upon the energy and interest that ought to be in every human being, and when entertainment is not in sight, he goes after it. When they were making "The Half-Breed" pictures in the Carquinez woods of Northern California, he was never seen around camp except when actually needed by the camera man. Upon his return from these absences, it was noticed that his hands were usually bleeding, and his clothing stained and torn.

"What in the name of mischief have you been doing now?" the director demanded on a day when Fairbanks's wardrobe was almost a total loss.

"Trappin'," chirped the star.

Beating about the woods, Bret Harte in hand, he had managed to discover an old woodsman who still held to the ancient industries of his youth. The trapper's specialty was "bob cats," and the bleeding hands and torn clothes came from "Doug's" earnest efforts to handle the "varmints" just as his venerable preceptor handled them. Out of the experience, at least, he brought an intimate knowledge of field, forest, and stream, for over the fire and in their walks he had pumped the old man dry.

In the same way he made "The Good Bad Man" hand him over everything of value that frontier life contained. The picture was taken out in the Mohave desert; for the making of it the director had scoured the West for riders and ropers and cowboys of the old school. "He men"—every one of them, and for a time they looked with dislike and suspicion upon the "star," but when they saw that Fairbanks did not ask for any "double," and took the hardest tumble with a grin, they received him in-



ANOTHER FAIRBANKS SCRAP REGGIE IS ENGAGED IN CLEANING UP THE LAST OF A GANG OF GUNMEN.

to their fellowship with a heartfelt yell.

Dull in the Mohave desert? Why, he had to sit up nights to keep even with his engagements. From one man he learned bronco-busting, from another fancy roping, and from others all that there is to know about horses, cattle, mountain, and plain. And around the camp-fires he got stories of the winning of the West such as never found their way into histories.

When one picture called for jiu-jitsu work, he didn't rest satisfied with learning just enough to "get by." Every spare moment found him in a clinch with the Japanese expert, mastering every secret, perfecting himself in every hold. Same way with boxing. When no pugilists came handy, he put on the gloves with any one willing to take chances on a black eye, keeping at it until to-day they have to hire professionals when he figures in a movie fight.

When they made a "water" picture, he never stopped until he could duplicate every trick known to the "professor" who drilled the extra men. He took advantage of a biplane flight to make friends with the aeronaut, and by the time the picture was done, he was as good a driver as the expert.



FAIRBANKS AS LO, THE POOR INDIAN—IN "THE HALF-BREED"—READY FOR HIS MORNING DIP.

No matter where he is, or what the job, he finds something to interest because he goes upon the theory that every minute is meant to be *lived*. Maroon him at a cross-roads, with five hours until train time, and he'd have the operator's first name in ten minutes and be learning the Morse alphabet, after which he would rush up to his new friend's house to see the babies or to pass judgment on a Holstein calf or a Black Minorca brood.

It is the tremendously human quality, more than anything else, that gets him across. People like him because he likes them. He attracts interest because he takes interest. Talk with any of the big men in the motion-picture industry, that is, those with brains and education, and they will tell you that *personality* counts more in pictures than it does on the stage.

H. E. Aitken, president of the Triangle Film Corporation, said to me: "The screen is *intimate*. The camera brings the actor right into your lap. In the speaking drama, make-up and footlights change and hide, but not the least flicker of expression is lost in the picture. It's a test of realness, and it takes a real man or a real woman to stand it. Art isn't the thing at all, nor do looks count for half as much as people suppose. It's what's back of the art and the

looks that makes the hit, and if they haven't got *something*, the artist and the beauty don't last long. We picked Douglas Fairbanks as a likely film star, not on account of his stunts, as the majority think, but because of the splendid humanness that fairly oozed out of him."

When he isn't before the camera, or fooling with an airship or a motor, or playing with children, or "gettin' acquainted" with a tramp or a trapper, or practising stunts with a rope or a horse, young Mr. Fairbanks fills in his spare time writing scenarios. As every one knows, the motion-picture drama has been a tawdry thing for the most part—either a rehash of old stage plays, novels, and

short stories, or else mediocre "originalities" that epitomized banality. Young Mr. Fairbanks dissented from the established custom from the very start.

"It's all wrong," he declared. "We've got to stand on our own feet. Develop your own dramatists!"

Practically every play in which he has appeared sprang from his personal suggestion, and in many of them he has collaborated with the scenario writer. The three things that he demands are Action, Wholeness, and Sentiment that rings true.

Never make the mistake of thinking that Douglas Fairbanks starts and finishes with mere good humor and physical exuberance. There is more to him than his grin, for his mind is as strong and vigorous as his body. He reads and thinks, and behind his smile is a quick and eager sympathy that takes account of the sadnesses of life as well as its promises.

"The Habit of Happiness" was very much his own idea, and in it he took occasion to show a midnight bread-line, the misery of the slums, and various forms of social injustice. It isn't that he thinks himself called to uplift and reform, but, as he expresses it, "Every little bit helps."

In the last talk that I had with him, he was enthusiastic over the future of the

movies as a world force. He speaks in ideas rather than words, for when he feels that he has indicated the thought he never troubles to finish the particular sentence.

"Pictures are like music," he declared. "They speak a universal language. Great industry—just in its infancy—before long films will pass from one country to another—internationalism. Why not? Love, hate, grief, ambition, laughter—they belong to one race as much as another—all peoples understand them. It's hard to hate people after you know them. Pictures will let us know each other. They'll break down the hard national lines that now make for war and suspicion."

Other things followed, for we discussed everything from cabbages to kings, and then I plumped the question at him that I had been waiting to ask from the first.

"How do you like the movies as compared to the speaking drama? Come now, cross your heart and hope to die. When the night comes down and the lights go up, isn't there a blue minute now and then?"

"Surest thing you know," he grinned. "It isn't because there's such a radical difference between the talkies and the movies, however." [He refers to musical comedy as the "screamies."] "The play in the theatre is largely a matter of pantomime, you know. Dialogue is employed to advance the actual plot only when it is impossible or impracticable to do it with dumb show. And when I think of some of the lines I've been called upon to spout, I can't say that I regret the movies' lack of dialogue."



"What does hurt, though," he admitted, "is the absence of *response*. I don't mean applause, but the something that comes up over the footlights to you from the audience, the big something that tells you instantly whether you have hit

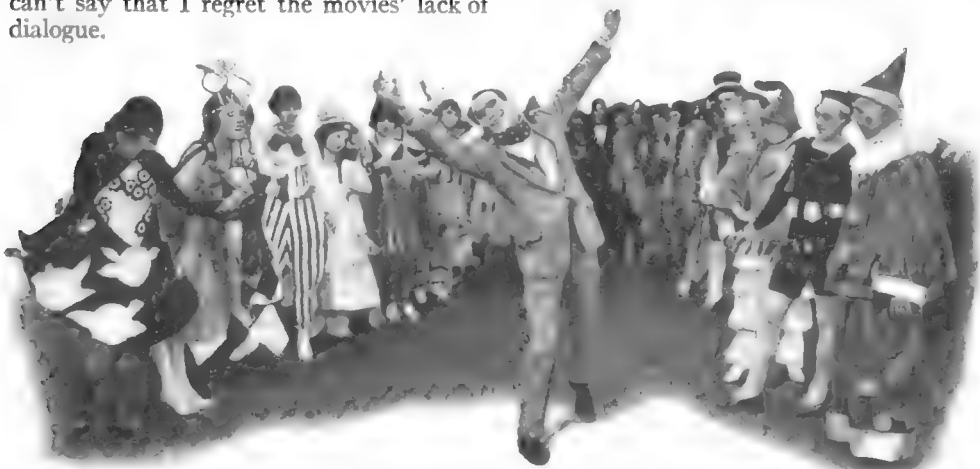
it or missed, whether you are ringing true or false. You don't get that in the pictures. Your audience is the director, and you know that it will be weeks or months before your work is going to get its test.

"But in everything else, the movie has the talkie skinned a mile. Instead of mouthing somebody else's words, you are doing the thing yourself. There's action, and life—one day you are in the forest, the next in the desert, the next on the sea."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "I understand that it's all done in a studio."

"I had the idea myself," he laughed. "But no more. When I was in the talkies, I used to hear a lot about realism. Father must wash in a real basin with real water and real soap. There had to be two hens at least in every barnyard scene, and when Lottie came home from the cruel city, she had to have a real baby in her arms. Lordy, I never knew what realism was until I struck the movies. They've gone crazy over it."

"The Half-Breed," you know, was adapted from one of Bret Harte's stories, and nothing would do the director but a trip up to the Carquinez woods in northern California. A forest fire figured in one of



THE CARNIVAL SCENE FROM "REGGIE MIXES IN."

the scenes, but I never thought much about it until I saw them bringing up some chemical engines, hose reels, and five or six fire-brigades.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"To keep the flames from spreading," they told me.

"And let me tell you, it was *some* fire. After I got out of it, I felt like a shave from a Mexican barber."

"What effect is the movie going to have on the speaking drama?" was my next question.

"Look at the effect it's had already," he said. "Shaw is the only playwright clever enough to write dialogue that will hold any number of people in the theatre. The motion picture has made the public demand *action*. It has changed the plot and progress of the drama completely."

"Do you think that a good thing? Doesn't it mean the substitution of feeling for thinking?"

"Well," he answered slowly, "the world goes forward through the heart rather than through the head. Happiness, to my mind, is emotional, not mental. And the movie *has* brought happiness to millions whose

lives were formerly drab and sordid. I love to go into these little halls in out-of-the-way places, and see the men, women, and children packed there of an evening. Theatrical companies never reached the villages, and the men had no place but the saloon, the women no place but the kitchen or the front porch. The camera has brought the world to their doors, and life is richer, happier, and better for it."

Take him as he stands, and Douglas Fairbanks comes close to being the "real thing." Men like him as well as women, and, best proof of all, the "kids" adore him. On a recent visit to Denver, his old home town, youngsters followed him in droves, clamoring for a chance to "feel his muscle." The mayor, no less, had him address a public meeting, the feature of which, by the way, was this piped inquiry from the gallery:

"Say, Doug, can youse whip William Farnum?"

And let no one quarrel with this popularity. It is a good sign, a healthful sign, a token that the blood of America still runs warm and red, and that chalk has not yet softened our bones.



THE SKY-SCRAPER

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING
PAINTING BY EMIL HERING

SOME I killed in the caisson,
And some I dared to their fall;
One to each floor was the toll I took—
There were twenty-odd in all.

*Crippled, crushed, or died of the bends
Ere the last roof-tile was laid—
But I never passed my dividends,
And the coupons all are paid.*

TWENTY-ODD, on the job alone,
But a score lie stark behind
Where the shapes for my giant frame were
rolled,
My onyx and bronze were mined.

*Four in each thousand—so they went,
Shattered, or burned alive;
But my stock is earning seven per cent.
And the bonds are paying five.*

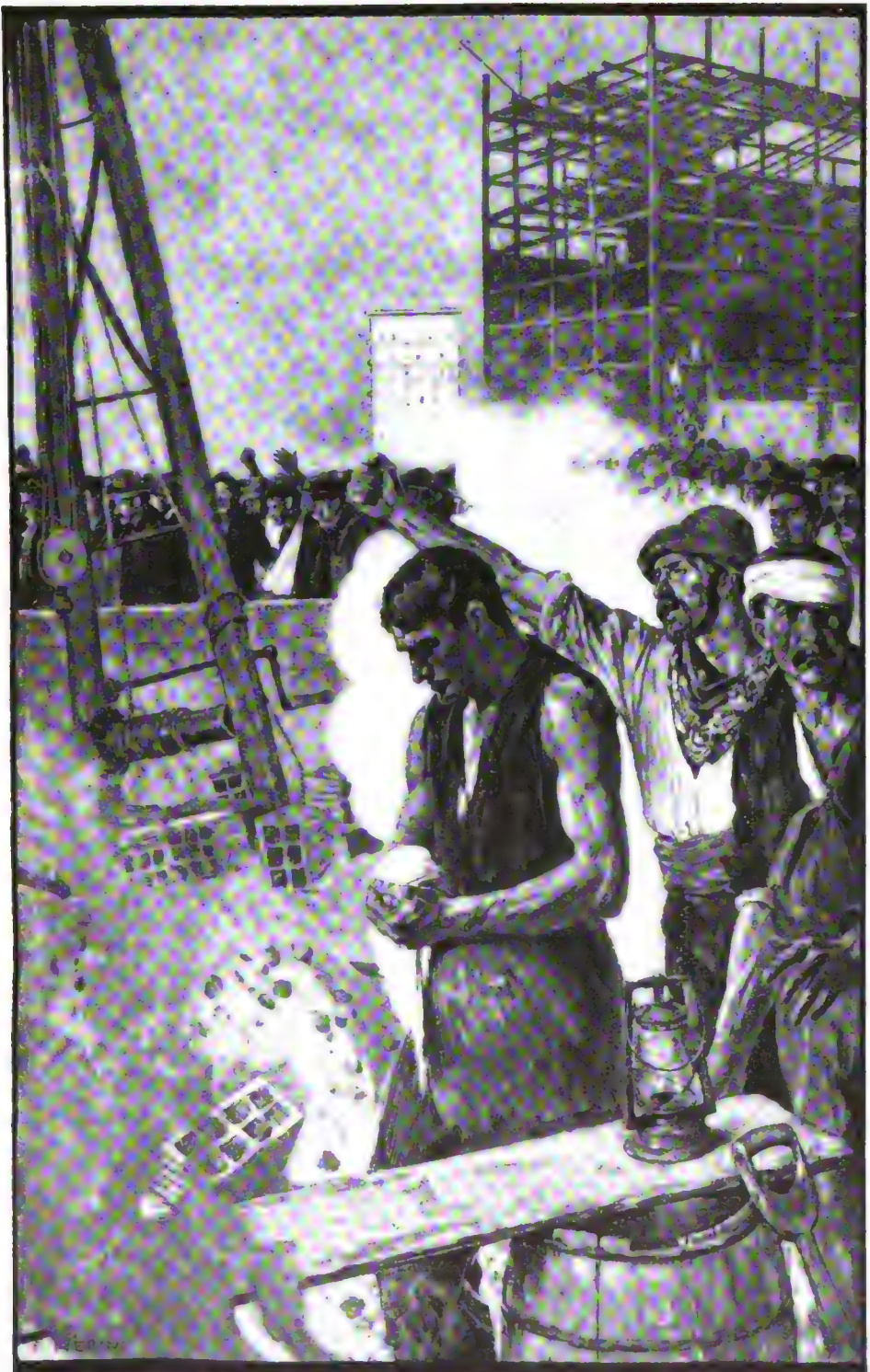
THE plans came white from the drafts-
men,
And they laid them, fine and fair,
On a costly desk, while directors sat
Each in his leather chair.

*Beam and column and pier and base—
That's where the blood-marks are;
But the laid mosaic hides the place—
And my stock brings more than par.*

THE stairs are colored marble
And the panels malachite;
But watchmen guard on every floor,
And the lamps burn day and night;

*For if They should come, in dead parade—
Mangled, formless, burned—
Could ever another lease be made,
Or the dividend be earned?*





ONE TO EACH FLOOR WAS THE TOLL I TOOK.



KING, of the KHYBER RIFLES

by Talbot Mundy

Author of "Hookum Hai!" "The Winds of the World," etc.

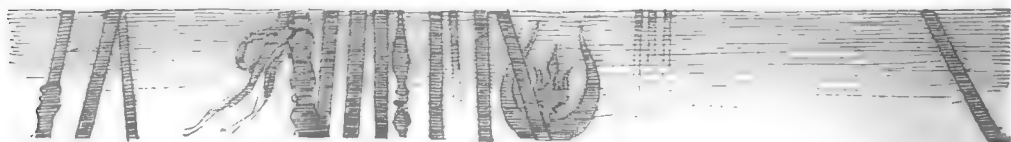
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

AT THE outbreak of the war, Athelstan King, a captain in the Indian army, is assigned to Secret Service duty in the Himalayas. India's forces are mostly oversea, and the Hill Tribes, which always take advantage, are threatening to overrun all India in a Holy War. King's orders call for a journey to Khinjan Caves, and the solution of the mystery of Khinjan Caves. Also, he is directed to work with Yasmini, the most fascinating and mysterious woman in all India, who claims to have the freedom of Khinjan.

She sends him a curious bracelet as his passport, and with some of her men he follows her up Khyber Pass. Deep in the Pass he assumes the disguise of a hakim—a converted Hindu physician. He then adopts the name of Kurram Khan, and so enters the walled city of Khinjan. On a trumped-up claim he is ad-

mitted to the hidden Caves, which lie in ledges bordering the heart of a hollow limestone mountain. A spacious cavern is assigned to King and his men, and here the Khinjan sick and wounded swarm for help. On awakening next morning, after a restless sleep, King discovers that his bracelet is gone.

In the evening he is taken to a great cavern, where all the men of Khinjan are assembled; and here on a lofty ledge Yasmini appears, radiantly beautiful and revered almost as a princess. King is summoned to stand forth and give proof that he has paid the price of admission to the Caves: that he has slain a man before witnesses in the teeth of written law. A human head is slipped into his hands by way of evidence—his own brother's head. The ordeal over, he is rushed away through a network of dark tunnels, and finally comes to a great rocky



cavern, where he learns the inner secret of the Caves: There before him a Roman soldier and a Grecian woman, dead two thousand years before, lie side by side as if asleep. The woman looks amazingly like Yasmini; and on the man's arm is the bracelet King has worn. While King stares, Yasmini enters and, after she has made him see that he himself is like the Roman soldier, she tells him that they two are destined by the gods to found a world empire as these two sleepers must have tried to do. She leads him away to an inner room, where she unfolds to him all the mysteries of the Caves, trying by every art to make him renounce his loyalty to India and to accept her great ambition as his own.

NOW the art of ruling India consists not in treading barefooted on scorpions—not in virtuous indignation at men who know no better—but in seeking for and making much of the gold that lies ever amid the dross. There is gold in the character of any man who once passed the grilling tests before enlistment in a British-Indian regiment. It may need experience to lay a finger on it, but it is surely there.

"I heard," said King, "as I came toward the Khyber in great haste (for the police were at my heels)——"

"Ah, the police!" the Pathan grinned pleasantly. The implication was that at some time or other he had left his mark on the police.

"I heard," said King, "that men are flocking back to their old regiments."

"Aye, but not men with a price on their heads, little hakim!"

"I could not say," said King. To seem to know too much is as bad as to drink too much. "But I heard say that the Sirkar has offered pardons to all deserters who return."

"Hah! The Sirkar must be afraid. The Sirkar needs men!"

"For myself," said King, "a whole skin in the Hills seems better than one full of bullet-holes in India."

"Hah! But thou art a hakim, not a soldier."

"True!" said King.

"Tell me that again! Free pardons? Free pardons for all deserters?"

"So I heard."

"Ah! But I was seen to slay a man of my own regiment."

"On this side the border or that?" asked King, artfully.

"On this side."

When she finds she is winning only his admiration—neither his love nor his will—she writes a letter to authorities in India, branding King a traitor. This is to cut him off forever from return. Afterward, when she is showing him the lives of the two sleepers in a crystal, he collapses with weariness, and she believes him to be mesmerized and in her power. When he awakes he is alone in a strange cavern. Muhammad Anim, Yasmini's bitter enemy, who resents her power, finds him here and carries him away a prisoner. As opportunity offers, King questions his guard, a Pathan, and discovers that the fellow had once served in the Indian Army.

"Ah, but you were seen."

"Aye! But that is no man's business. In India I earned my salt. I obeyed the law. There is no law here in the Hills. I am minded to go back and seek that pardon! It would feel good to stand in the ranks again, with a stiff-backed sahib out in front of me, and the thunder of the gun-wheels going by. The salt was good! Come thou with me!"

"The pardon is for deserters," King objected, "not for political offenders."

"Haugh!" said the Pathan, bringing down his flat hand hard on the hakim's thigh. "I will attend to that for thee. I will obtain my pardon first. Then will I lead thee by the hand to the Karnal sahib, and lie to him, and say, 'This is the one who persuaded me against my will to come back to the regiment.'"

"And he will believe? Nay, I would be afraid!" said King.

"Would a pardon not be good?" the Pathan asked him. "A pardon, and leave to swagger through the bazaars again and make trouble with the wives of fat traders—a pardon—Allah! It would be good to salute the Karnal sahib and see him raise a finger thus; and to have the Captain sahib call me a scoundrel—or some worse name, if he loved me very much, for the English are a strange race——"

"Thou art a dreamer!" said King. "Untie my hands; the thong cuts me."

The Pathan obeyed. "Dreamer, am I? It is good to dream such dreams. By Allah, I've a mind to see that dream come true! I never slew a man on Indian soil, only in these Hills. I will go to them, and say, 'Here I am! I am a deserter. I seek that pardon!' Truly I will go! Come thou with me, little hakim!"

"Nay," said King. "I have another thought."

"What then?"

"You, who were seen to slay a man a yard this side of the border——"

"Nay, half a mile this side!"

"Half a mile then. You who were seen to slay a fellow soldier of your regiment, and I who am political offender, do not win pardons as easily as that."

"Would they hang us?" That was the first squeamishness the Pathan had shown of any kind, but men of his race would rather be tortured to death than hanged in a merciful hempen noose.

"They would hang us," said King, "unless we came bearing gifts."

"Gifts? Has Allah touched thee? What gifts should we bring? A dozen stolen rifles? A bag of silver? And I am the dreamer, am I?"

"Nay," said King. "I am the dreamer. I have seen a good vision."

"Well?"

"There are others in Khinjan who wear British medals?"

The Pathan nodded.

"How many?" asked King.

"Hundreds. Men fight first on one side, then on the other, being true to either side while the contract lasts. In all there must be the makings of many regiments among the Hills."

King nodded. He himself had seen the chieftains come to parley after the Tirah War. Most of them had worn British medals, and had worn them proudly. "If we two," he said, speaking slowly, "could speak with some of those men, and stir the spirit in them, and persuade them to feel as thou dost, mentioning the pardon for deserters and the probability of bonuses to the time-expired for reenlistment; if we could march down the Khyber with a hundred such, or even with fifty, or with twenty-five, or with a dozen men—we could receive our pardon for the sake of service rendered."

"Good!" The Pathan thumped him on the back so hard that his eyes watered.

"We would have to use much caution," King advised him, when he was able to speak again.

"Aye! If Bull-with-a-beard got wind of it he would have us crucified. And if SHE heard of it——" He was silent. Apparently there were no words in his tongue that could

compass his dread of her revenge. He was silent for ten minutes, and King sat still beside him, letting memory of other days do its work—memory of the long, clean regimental lines, and of order and decency, and of justice handed out to all and sundry by gentlemen who did not think themselves too good to wear a native regiment's uniform.

"In two days I could do the drill again as well as ever," he said at last. Then they were silent again for fifteen minutes more. "I could always shoot," he murmured. "I could always shoot."

When Muhammad Anim came back they had both forgotten to replace the lashing on King's wrists, but the mullah seemed not to notice it.

"Come!" he ordered, with a sideways jerk of his great ugly head, and then stood muttering impatiently while they obeyed.

He had twice the number of women with him, but none of them the same; and he had brought five ruffians to guard them. Then the women were made to gather up King's belongings, and at a word from the mullah they started in single file—the mullah leading, then two men, then King, then the Orakzai Pathan, and then the other three. The Pathan began to whisper busily to the man next behind, and, noticing that, King looked straight forward, and contented himself. His heart was singing within him. He did not feel in the least like a prisoner.

They marched downward through interminable tunnels and along ledges hung between earth and heaven, until they came at last to the tunnel leading to the one entrance into Khinjan Caves. Just before they entered it two more of the mullah's men came up with them, leading horses. One horse was for the mullah, and they helped King mount the other, showing him more respect than is usually shown a prisoner in the Hills.

Then the mullah led the way into the tunnel, and he seemed in deadly fear. The echo of the hoofbeats irritated him. He eyed each hole in the roof as if Yasmini might be expected to shoot down at him, or drench him with boiling oil, and hurried past each of them at a trot, only to draw rein immediately afterward because the noise was too great.

His men had been at work here, too, for at intervals lay dead bodies, of men whom Yasmini must have posted there; but where

was she? Each of them lay with a knife in his back, and the mullah's men possessed themselves of rifles and knives and cart-ridges, wiping off blood that had scarcely cooled.

When they came to the end of the tunnel it was to find the door into the mosque open, and twenty of Muhammad Anim's men standing guard over the eyelashless mullah. They had bound and gagged him. At a word from Muhammad Anim they loosed him; and at a threat the hairless one gave a signal that brought the great stone door sliding forward on its oiled bronze grooves.

Then, with a dozen jests thrown to the hairless one for consolation, and an utter indifference to the sacredness of the mosque floor, they sought outer air, Muhammad Anim leading up the Street of the Dwellings toward Khinjan's outer ramparts. They reached the outer gate without incident and hurried into the great dry valley beyond it. As they rode across the valley the mullah thumbed a long string of beads. Unlike Yasmini, he was praying to one god; but he seemed to have many prayers. His back was a picture of determined treachery

—the backs of his men were expressions of the creed that "He shall keep who can!" King rode all but last now, and had a good view of their unconsciously vaunted black-guardism. There was not a hint of honor or tenderness among the lot, man, woman, or mullah. Yet his heart sang within him as if he were riding to his own marriage feast!

Last of all, close behind him, marched his friend the Orakzai Pathan, and as they picked their way among the boulders across the mile-wide moat they two contrived to fall a little to the rear. The Pathan began speaking in a whisper, and King, riding with lowered head as if he were studying the dangerous track, listened with both ears.

"She sent her man Rewa Gunga to the Khyber with a message," he whispered. "He took a few men with him, and he is to send them with the message when they reach the Khyber, but he is to come back. All he went for is to make sure the message is not intercepted, for Bull-with-a-beard is growing reckless these days. He knew what was doing and said at once that she is treating with the British; but there were few who believed that. There are more who wondered where she hides while the message is on its way. None have seen her. Men have swarmed into the Cavern of Earth's Drink and howled for her, but she did not come. Then the mullah went

HE READ IN A NASAL SING-
SONG THAT WOULD HAVE
KEPT DEAD MEN AWAKE.



to look for his ammunition, that he stored and sealed in a cave. And it was gone. It was all gone. And there was no proof of who had taken it!

"Hakim, there be some who say—and Bull-with-a-Beard is one of them—that she is afraid and hides. Men say she fears vengeance for the stolen ammunition, because it was plenty for a conquest of India. So men say. So say these here, for I have asked them."

"And thou?" asked King, struggling to keep the note of exultation from his voice. He did not believe she was hiding. She might be staring in a crystal in some secret cave—she might be planning new mischief of any kind. But afraid she was surely not. And he was just as sure she must be working her own undoing.

"I?" said the Pathan. "I swear she is afraid of nothing! If she has taken all the ammunition, then we shall hear from it again, and from her too!"

"And what of me?" asked King. "What will the mullah do with me?"

"His men say he is desperate. His own are losing faith in him. He snatched thee to be a bait for her, having it in mind that a man whom she hides in her private part of Khinjan must be of great value to her. He is sworn to have thee skinned alive on hot rock should she fail to come to terms!"

That being not such a comforting reflection, King rode in silence for a while, with the Pathan trudging solemnly beside his stirrup, keeping semblance of guard over him. When they reached the steep escarpment he had to dismount, although the mullah in the lead tried to make his own beast carry him up the lower spur, and was mad-angry with his men for laughing when the horse fell back with him.

Far in the rear King and the Pathan shoved and hauled, and nearly lost their horse a dozen times, at that. But once at the top the mullah set a furious pace and the laden women panted in their efforts to keep up, the men taking less notice of them than if they had been animals.

The march went on in single file until the sun died down in splendid fury. Then there began to be a wind that they had to lean against, but the women were allowed no rest.

At last, at a place where the trail began to widen, the mullah beckoned King to ride beside him. It was not that he wished to

be communicative, but there were things King knew that he did not know, and he had his own way of asking questions.

"Damned hakim!" he growled. "Pill-man! Plasterer! Poulterer! That is a sweeper's trade of thine! Thou shalt ply it in my camp! I have some wounded, and some sick."

King did not answer, but buttoned his coat closer against the keen wind. The mullah mistook the shudder for one of another kind.

"Did she choose thee only for thy face?" he asked. "Did she not consider thy courage? Does she love thee well enough to ransom thee?"

Again King did not answer, but he watched the mullah's face keenly in the dark, and decided the man was in doubt—even racked by indecision.

"Should she not ransom thee, hakim, thou shalt have a chance to show my men how a man out of India can die! By and by I will lend thee a messenger to send to her. Better make thy message clear and urgent!"

He motioned with one sweep of his arm toward a valley that lay in shadow far below them. As far as the slope leading down to it was visible in the moonlight it was littered with "hell-stones," which neither lie flat nor keep on rolling, and are deadly to man and beast alike. Nothing else could be made out through the darkness but a few twisted tamarisk trees, which served to make the savagery yet more savage and the loneliness more desolate. The gloom below the trees was that of the outer fosse of hell itself.

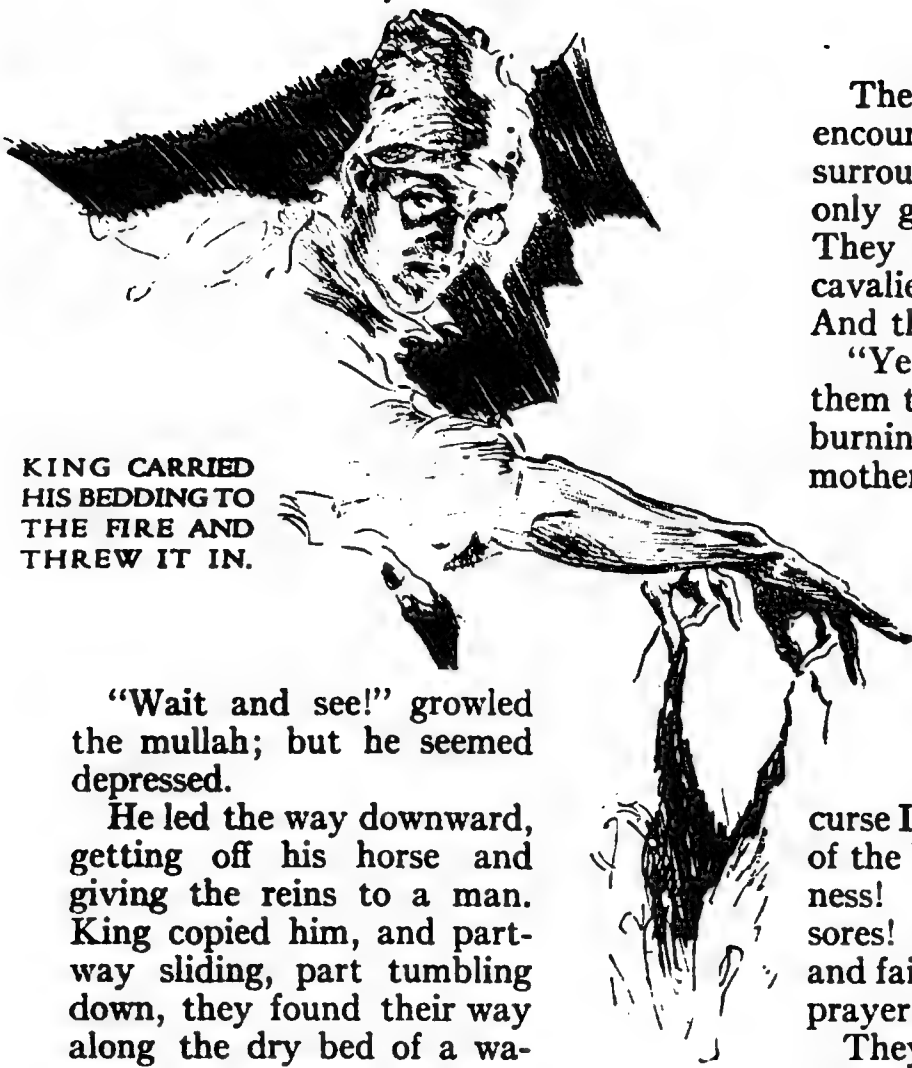
The mullah pointed to a rock that rose like a shadow from the deeper blackness.

"Yes," said King, "I have seen." And the mullah stared at him. Then he shouted, and the top of the rock turned into a man, who gave them leave to advance, leaning on his rifle as one who had assured himself of their identity long minutes ago.

As they approached it, the rock clove in two and became two great pillars with a man on each. And between the pillars they looked down into a valley lit by fires that burned before a thousand hide tents, with shadows by the hundred flitting back and forth between them. A dull roar, like the voice of an army, rose out of the gorge.

"More than four thousand men!" said the mullah proudly.

"What are four thousand for a raid into India?" sneered King, greatly daring.



KING CARRIED
HIS BEDDING TO
THE FIRE AND
THREW IT IN.

"Wait and see!" growled the mullah; but he seemed depressed.

He led the way downward, getting off his horse and giving the reins to a man. King copied him, and part-way sliding, part tumbling down, they found their way along the dry bed of a watercourse between two spurs of a hillside, until they stood at last in the midst of a cluster of a dozen sentries, close to a tamarisk to which a man's body hung spiked. That the man had been spiked alive to it was suggested by the body's attitude.

In silence the mullah led on down a lane through the midst of the camp, toward a great open cave at the far side in which a bonfire cast fitful light and shadow. Watchers sitting by the thousand tents yawned at them, but took no particular notice.

The mouth of the cave was like a lion's, fringed with teeth. There were men in it, ten or eleven of them, all armed, squatting round the fire.

"Get out!" growled the mullah. But they sat and stared at him.

"Have ye tents?" the mullah asked, in a voice like thunder.

"Aye!" But they did not go yet.

One of the men, he nearest the mullah, got on his feet, but he had to step back a pace, for the mullah would not give ground and their breath was in each other's faces. "Where are the bombs? And the rifles? And the many cartridges?" he demanded. "We have waited long, Muhammad Anim. Where are they now?"

The others got up, to lend the first man encouragement. They leaned on rifles and surrounded the mullah, so that King could only get a glimpse of him between them. They seemed in no mood to be treated cavalierly—in no mood to be argued with. And the mullah did not argue.

"Ye dogs!" he growled, striding through them to the fire and choosing a good, thick burning brand. "Ye sons of nameless mothers!" Then he charged them suddenly, beating them over head and face and shoulders, driving them in front of him, utterly reckless of their rifles. His own rifle lay on the ground behind him, and King kicked its stock clear of the fire.

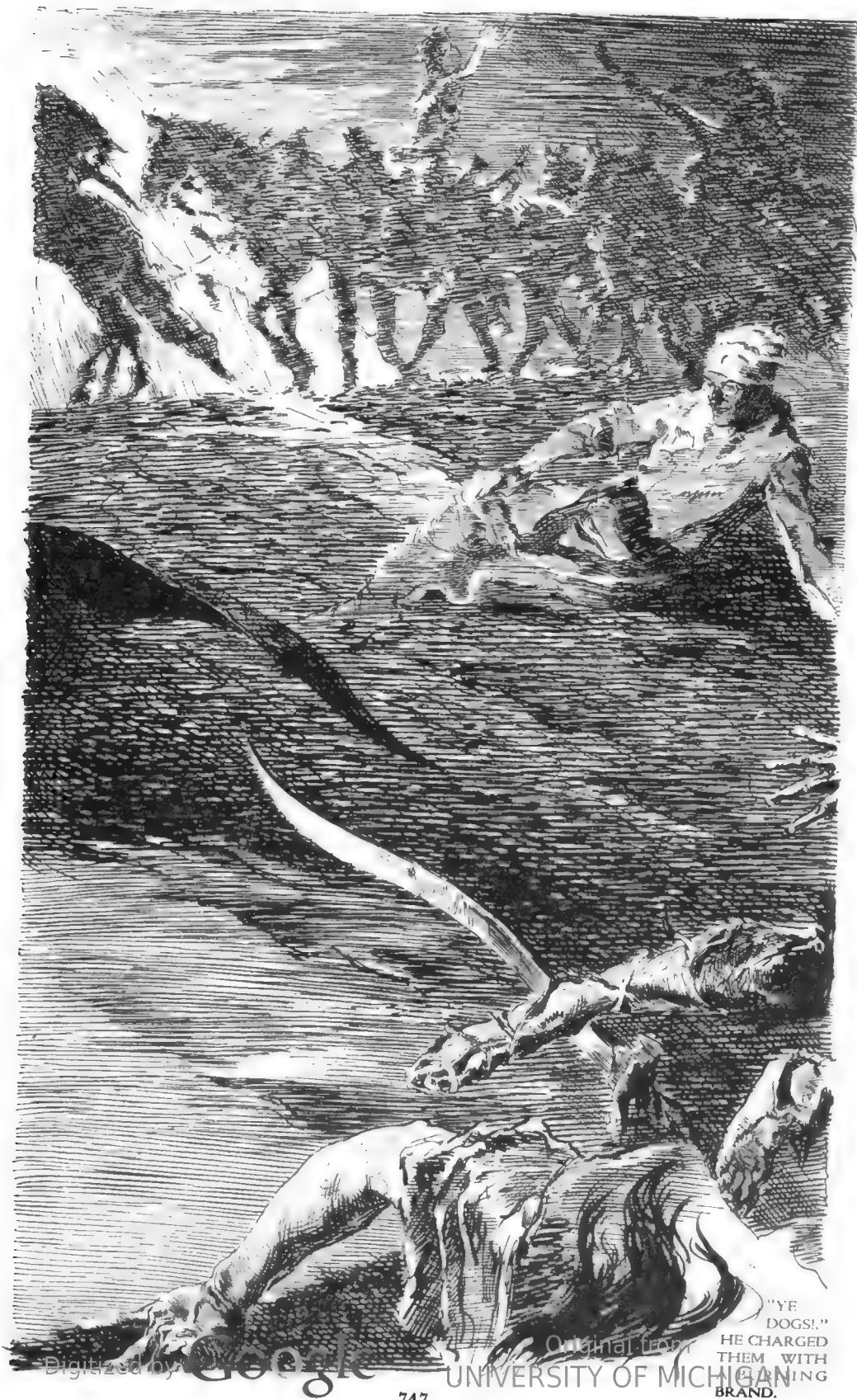
"Oh, I shall pray for you!" Muhammad Anim snarled. "What a curse I shall beg for you! Oh, what a burning of the bowels ye shall have! What a sickness! What running of the eyes! What sores! What boils! What sleepless nights and faithless women shall be yours! What a prayer I will pray to Allah!"

They scattered into outer gloom before his rage, and then came back to kneel to him and beg him to withdraw his curse. He kicked them as they knelt, and drove them away again. Then, silhouetted in the cave mouth with the glow of the fire behind him, he stood with folded arms and dared them shoot. He lacked little in that minute of being a full-grown brute at bay. King admired him, with reservations.

After five minutes of angry contemplation of the camp, he turned on a contemptuous heel and came back to the fire, throwing on more fuel from a great pile in a corner. There was an iron pot in the embers. He seized a stick and stirred the contents furiously, then set the pot between his knees and ate like an animal. He passed the pot to King when he had finished, but fingers had passed too many times through what was left in it and the very thought of eating the mess made his gorge rise; so King thanked him and set the pot aside.

Then, "That is thy place!" Muhammad Anim growled, pointing over his shoulder to a ledge of rock, like a shelf, in the far wall. There was a bed made up on it, of cotton blankets stuffed with dry grass. King walked over and felt the blankets, and found them warm from the last man who had lain there. They smelled of him too. He lifted them and laughed. Taking the





"YE
DOGS!"
HE CHARGED
THEM WITH
BRAND.

whole in both hands, he carried it to the fire and threw it in, and the sudden blaze made the mullah draw away a yard; but it did not make him speak.

"Bugs!" King explained, but the mullah showed no interest. He watched, however, as King went back to the bed, and subsequent proceedings seemed to fascinate him.

Out of the chest that one of the women had set down King took soap. There was a pitcher of water between him and the fire; he carried it nearer. With an improvised scrubbing-brush of twigs he proceeded to scrub every inch of the rock-shelf, and when he had done, and had dried it more or less, he stripped and began to scrub himself.

"Who taught thee thy squeamishness?" the mullah asked at last, getting up and coming nearer. It was well that King's skin was dark (although it was many shades lighter than his face, which had been stained so carefully). The mullah eyed him from head to foot, and looked awfully suspicious, but something prompted King and he answered without an instant's thought.

"Why ask a woman's questions?" he retorted. "Only women ask when they know the answer. When I watched thee with the firebrand a short while ago, O mullah, I mistook thee for a man."

The mullah grunted, and tugged at his beard. King went on washing.

"I forgot," said the mullah then, "that thou art her pet. SHE would not love thee unless thy smell was sweet."

"No," said King quite cheerfully—going it blind, for he did not know what had possessed him to take that line, but knew he might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb; "no, if I stank like thee, she would not love me!"

The mullah snorted and went back to the fire. Then, for the sake of the impression, King went through the outward form of Muslim prayer, spreading a mat and omitting none of the genuflections. When he had finished, he unfolded his own blankets, which a woman had thrown down beside the chest, and spread them on the rock shelf. But though he was allowed to climb up and lie there, he was not allowed to sleep—nor did he want to sleep—for more than an hour to come.

The mullah came over from the fire again and stood beside him, glaring like a great animal and grumbling in his beard.

"Does SHE surely love thee?" he asked at

last, and King nodded, because he knew he was on the trail of information.

"So thou art to ape the Sleeper in his bronze mail, eh? Thou art to come to life, as SHE was said to come to life, and the two of you are to plunder India? Is that it?"

King nodded again, for a nod is less com-mittal than a word; and the nod was enough to start the mullah off again.

"I saw the Sleeper and his bride before SHE knew of either! It was I who let her into Khinjan! It was I who told the men she is the Heart of the Hills come to life! She tricked me! But this is no hour for bearing grudges. She has a plan, and I am minded to help."

King did not believe him. He could see and smell treachery. India has been saved by treachery of her enemies more often than ruined by false friends. So has the world, for that matter.

"A jihad when the right hour comes will raise the Tribes," the mullah growled. "She and thou, as the Sleeper and his mate, could work wonders. But who can trust her? She stole that head. She stole all the ammunition. Does she *surely* love thee?"

King nodded again, for modesty could not help him at that juncture. Love and boastfulness go together in the Hills.

"She shall have thee back, then, at a price!"

King did not answer. His brown eyes watched the mullah's, and he drew his breath in little jerks, lest by breathing aloud he should miss one word of what was coming.

"She shall have thee back against Khinjan and the ammunition! She and thou shall have India, under ME! She must give me Khinjan and the ammunition. She must admit me to the inner caves, whence her damned guards expelled me. I must have the reins in my two hands, so! Then, thou and she shall have the pomp and glitter, while I guide!"

King did not answer.

"Dost understand?"

King murmured something unintelligible.

"Otherwise, I and my men will storm Khinjan, and she and thou shall go down into Earth's Drink lashed together when the torturers have done!"

King shuddered, because instinct told him to make the mullah think him afraid.

"Ye shall both be tortured in the Cavern of Earth's Drink!"

He shuddered again, this time without effort. He could imagine the thousands watching grimly while the flayer used his knife.

"I have men in Khinjan, I have as many as she. On the day I march, there will be a revolt within. She would better agree to terms!"

King lay looking at him, like a prisoner on the rack undergoing examination. He did not answer.

"Write thou a letter. Since she loves thee, state thine own case to her. Tell her I hold thee hostage, and Khinjan is mine already for a little fighting. She can not pick out my men from among her own. Her position is undermined; her power is sapped. Tell her that. Tell her if she obeys she shall have India. If she disobeys she shall be a plaything in the Cavern of Earth's Drink!"

"She is a proud woman, mullah," answered King. "Threats to such as she—?"

The mullah mumbled, and strode back and forth three times between King's bed and the fire, with his fists knotted together behind him and his head bent, as Napoleon used to walk. When he stood beside the bed again at last, it was with his mind made up, as his clenched fists and his eyes declared.

"Write thine own argument!" he growled. "I hold thee. She holds Khinjan and the ammunition. I am between her and India. So be it. She shall starve in there! She shall lie in there and take what terms are offered her in the end! Write thine own letter! State the case, and bid her answer!"

"Very well," said King, beginning to see now definitely how India was to be saved. It was none of his business to plan yet, but to help others destroy their plans and to



THEY BEGGED HIM TO WITHDRAW HIS CURSE. HE KICKED THEM AS THEY KNELT.

sow such seed in the broken ground as might bear fruit in time.

The mullah left him, to squat and gaze into the fire, and mutter, and King lay still. After a while the mullah went and carried a great water-bowl nearer to the fire and, as King had done, stripped himself. Then he heaped great fagots, each of which had cost some woman hours of mountain climbing. And in the glow of the leaping flame he scrubbed himself from head to foot with King's soap. Finally, with a feat of strength that nearly forced an exclamation out of King, he lifted the great water-bowl in both hands and emptied the whole contents over himself. Then he resumed his smelly garments without troubling to dry his body, and got out a Quran from a corner and began to read it in a nasal

singsong that would have kept dead men awake. King lay and watched and listened.

Reading scripture only seemed to fire the mullah's veins. For him sleep was either out of reach or despicable, perhaps both. He seemed in a mood to despise anything but conquest, and strode back and forth, up and down the cave, like a dumb bear, muttering.

After a time he went to the mouth of the cave, to stand and stare out at the camp, where the thousand fires were dying fitfully and wood smoke purged the air of human nastiness. The stars looked down on him, and he seemed to try to read them, standing with fists knotted together at his back.

And as he stood so, six other mullahs came and began to argue with him in low tones, he browbeating them all with furious words hissed between half-closed teeth. They were whispering still when King fell asleep. It was courage, not carelessness, that let him sleep this time—courage and a great hope born of the mullah's perplexity.

When he awoke at last the sun was shining fiercely straight into the jaws of the cave. The camp was alive, and reeked of cooking food. But the mullah was gone, and so was all the money the women had brought, together with his medicines, from Khinjan.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

*When the last rotten jest has succumbed to
the test,
When the ink of hypocrisy's spilt,
When the awfully right have elected to fight
Lest their own should discover their guilt;
When the door has been shut on the "if"
and the "but"
And it's up to the men with the guns—
On their knees in that day let diplomatists
pray
For forgiveness from prodigal sons.*

INSTEAD of the mullah growling texts out of a Quran on his lap, the Orakzai Pathan sat and sunned himself in the cave mouth, emitting worldlier wisdom unadulterated with divinity. As King went toward him to see to whom he spoke, he grinned and pointed with his thumb, and King looked down on some sick and wounded men, who sat in a crowd together on the ramp, ten feet or so below the cave.

They seemed stout, soldierly fellows. Men of another type were being kept at a distance by dint of argument and threat. Away in the distance was Muhammad Anim with his broad back turned to the

cave, in altercation with a dozen other mullahs. For the time he was out of the reckoning.

"Some of these are wounded," the Pathan explained. "Some have sores. Some have the belly-ache. Then again, some are sick of words, hot and cold by day and night. All have served in the Army. All have medals. All are deserters, some for one reason, some for another, and some for no reason at all. Bull-with-a-beard looks the other way. Speak thou to them about the pardon that is offered!"

So King went down among them, taking some of the tools of his supposed trade with him and trying to crowd down the triumph that would well up. The seed he had sown had multiplied by fifty in a night. He wanted to shout, as men once did before the walls of Jericho.

A man bared a sword-cut. He bent over him, and if the mullah had turned to look, there would have been no ground for suspicion. So, in a voice just loud enough to reach them all, he repeated what he had told the Pathan the day before.

"But who art thou?" asked one of them suspiciously. Perhaps there had been a shade too much cocksureness in the hakim's voice, but he acted faultlessly when he answered. Voice—accent—mannerism—guilty pride—were each perfect.

"Political offender. My brother yonder in the cave mouth"—(the Pathan smirked. He liked the imputation)—"suggested I seek pardon too. He thinks if I persuade many to apply for pardon then the Sirkar may forgive me for service rendered."

The Pathan's smirk grew to a grin. He liked grandly to have the notion fathered on himself; and his complacency of course was suggestive of the hakim's trustworthiness. But the East is ever cautious.

"Some say thou art a very great liar," remarked a man with half a nose.

"Nay," answered King. "Which of you would dare stand alone and lie to so many? Nay, sahibs, I am political offender, not a soldier!"

They all laughed at that, and seizing the moment when they were in a pliant mood, the Orakzai Pathan proceeded to bring proposals to a head.

"Are we agreed?" he asked. "Or have we wagged our beards all night long in vain? Take him with us, say I. If pardons are refused us, he will gain nothing

by it. We can plunge our knives in him first, whatever else happens."

"Aye!" That was reasonable and they approved in chorus. Possibility of pardon and reinstatement, though only heard of at second-hand, had brought unity into being. And unity brought eagerness.

"Let us start to-night!" urged one man, and nobody hung back.

"Aye! Aye! Aye!" they chorused. And eagerness, as always in the Hills, brought wilder counsel in its wake.

"Who dare stab Bull-with-a-beard? He has sought blood, and has let blood. Let him drink his own!"

"Aye!"

"Nay! He is too well guarded."

"Not he!"

"Let us stab him and take his head with us; there will may be a price on it."

They took a vote and agreed; but that did not suit King at all. Whatever Mu-

hammad Anim's personal deserts might be, to let him be stabbed would be to leave Yasmini without a check on her of any kind, and then might India defend herself! Yet, to leave the mullah and Yasmini both at large would be almost equally dangerous, for they might form an alliance. There must be some other way, and he set out to gain time.

"Nay, nay, sahibs!" he urged. "Nay, nay!"

"Why not?"

"Sahibs, I have wife and children in Lahore. Same are most dear to me, and I to them. I find it expedient to make great effort for my pardon. Ye are but fifty. Ye are less than fifty. Nay, let us gather a hundred men."

"Who shall find a hundred?" somebody demanded, and there was a chorus of denial. "We be all in this camp who ate the salt."



"TO KHINJAN! THE MULLAH WILL MARCH ON KHINJAN!"

It was plain, though, that they believed in him more than ever, because he dared hold out.

"But Khinjan," he objected. The crimes of Khinjan men were not to the point. Time had to be gained.

"Aye," they agreed. "There be many in Khinjan!" Mere mention of the place made them regard both him and the Orakzai Pathan with new respect, as having right of entry through the forbidden gate.

"Then I have it!" the Pathan announced at once, for he was awake to opportunity. "Many of you can hardly march. Rest ye here, and let the hakim treat your belly-aches. Bull-with-a-beard bade me wait here for a letter that must go to Khinjan to-day. To-day, says he. Good. I will take his letter. And in Khinjan I will spread news about pardons. It is likely there are fifty there who will dare follow me back, and then we shall march down the Khyber like a full company of the old days! Who says that is not a good plan?"

There were several who said it was not, but they happened to have nothing the matter with them and could have marched at once. The rest were of the other way of thinking, and agreed in asserting that Khinjan men were a higher caste of extra-ultra murderers, whose presence doubtless would bring good luck to the venture. These prevailed after considerable argument.

Strangely enough, none of them deemed the proposition beneath Khinjan men's consideration. Pardon, and leave to march again behind British officers, loomed bigger in their eyes than the green banner of the Prophet, which could only lead to more outrageous outlawry. They knew Khinjan men were flesh and blood—humans with hearts—as well as they. But caution had a voice yet.

"SHE will catch thee in Khinjan Caves," suggested the man with part of his nose missing. "She will have thee flayed alive!"

"Take note then, I bequeath all the women in the world to thee! Be thou heir to my whole nose too, and a blessing!" laughed the Pathan; and the butt of the jest spat savagely. In the Hills there is only one explanation given as to how one lost his nose, and they all laughed like hyenas until the mullah Muhammad Anim came rolling and striding back.

By that time King had got busy with his

lancet, but the mullah called him off and drove the crowd away to a distance; then he drove King into the cave in front of him, his mouth working as if he were biting bits of vengeance off for future use.

"Write thy letter, thou! Write thy letter! Here is paper. There is a pen—take it! Sit! Yonder is ink—ttut-ttut!—Write, now, write!"

King sat at a box and began to write—in Urdu, for reasons of his own. He had spoken once or twice in Urdu to the mullah and had received no answer. At the end of ten minutes he handed up what he had written, and Muhammad Anim made as if to read it, trying to seem deliberate, contriving to look irresolute. It was a fair guess that he hated to admit ignorance of the scholars' language.

"Are there any alterations you suggest?" King asked him.

"Nay! What care I what the words are? If she is not persuaded, the worse for thee!"

He held it out, and as he took it King contrived to tear it; he also contrived to seem ashamed of his own clumsiness.

"I will copy it out again," he said.

The mullah swore at him, and conceiving that some extra show of authority was needful, growled out: "Remember all I said. Set down SHE must surrender Khinjan Caves or, by Allah, I will have thee tortured with fire and thorns—and her too when the time comes!"

Now King had said that, or something very like it, in the first letter. There was no doubt left that the mullah was trying to hide ignorance, as men of that fanatic, ambitious mold so often will at the expense of better judgment. If fanatics were all-wise it would be a poor world for the rest.

"Very well," King said quietly. And with great pretense at copying the other letter out on fresh paper, he now wrote what he wished to say, taking so long about it—for he had to weigh each word—that the mullah strode up and down, swearing and kicking things over.

"Greeting," he wrote, "to the most beautiful and very wise Princess Yasmini, in her palace in the caves in Khinjan, from her servant Kurram Khan the hakim, in the camp of the mullah Muhammad Anim, a night's march distant in the hills.

"The mullah Muhammad Anim makes his stand, and demands now surrender to himself of Khinjan Caves and of all his ammunition. Further, he demands full control of you, and of me, and of all your men. He is ready to fight for his demands, and

already—as you must well know—he has considerable following in Khinjan Caves. He has at least as many men there as you have, and he has four thousand here.

“He threatens, as a preliminary, to blockade Khinjan Caves, unless the answer to this prove favorable, letting none enter, but calling his own men out to join him. This would suit the Indian Government because while the Hills fight among themselves they can not raid India; and while he blockades Khinjan Caves there will be time to move against him.

“Knowing that he dare begin and can accomplish what he threatens, I am sorry; because I know it is said how many services you have rendered of old to the Government I serve. We who serve one Raj are one—one to remember—one to forget—one to help each other in good time.

“I have not been idle. Some of Muhammad Anim’s men are already mine. With them I can escape to India, taking information with me that will serve my Government. My men are eager to be off.

“It may be that vengeance against me would seem sweeter to you than return to your former allegiance. In that case, Princess, you only need betray me to the mullah and be sure my death would leave nothing to be desired by the spectators. At present he does not suspect me.

“Be assured, however, that not to betray me to him is to leave me free to serve my Government and well able to do so.

“I invite you to return to India with me, bearing news that the mullah Muhammad Anim and his men are bottled in Khinjan Caves, and to plan with me to that end.

“If you will, then write an answer to Muhammad Anim, not in Urdu but in a language he can understand; seem to surrender to him. But to me send a verbal message, either by the bearer of this or by some trustier messenger.

“India can profit by you, if you will. And in that case I pledge my word to direct the Government’s attention only to your good service in the matter. It is not yet too late to choose. It is not impertinent in me to urge you.

“Nor can I say how gladly I would subscribe myself your grateful and loyal servant.”

The mullah pounced on the finished letter, pretended to read it, and watched King seal it up, smudging the hot wax with his own great gnarled thumb. Then he shouted for the Orakzai Pathan, who came striding in, all grins and swagger.

“There—take it! Make speed!” he ordered, and with his rifle at the “ready” and the letter tucked inside his shirt, the Pathan favored King with a farewell grin and obeyed.

“Get out!” the mullah snarled then immediately. “See to the sick. Tell them I sent thee. Bid them be grateful!”

King went. Student of character par excellence, he recognized the almost madness that made the mullah think himself a demi-god. It is contagious, that madness,

until it destroys itself. It had made several thousand men follow the mullah and believe in him, blinding them as well as himself. But it had once given Yasmini a chance to fool him and defeat him, and now it gave King his chance. He let the mullah think himself obeyed implicitly.

He became the busiest man in all the Hills. While the mullah glowered over the camp from the cave mouth, or fulminated from the Quran, or fought with other mullahs with words for weapons and abuse for argument, he bandaged and lanced and poulticed and physicked until his head swam with weariness.

The sick swarmed so around him that he had to have a body-guard to keep them at bay; so he chose twenty of the least sick from among those who had talked with him after sunrise. And because each of those men had friends and it is only human to wish one’s friend in the same boat, especially when the sea, so to speak, is rough, the progress through the camp became a current of missionary zeal and the virtues of the Anglo-Indian Raj were better spoken of than the Hills had heard for years.

Not that there was any effort made to convert the camp *en masse*. Far from it. But the likely few were pounced on, and were told of a chance to enlist for a bounty in India. And what with winter not so far ahead, and what with experience of former fighting against the British Army, the choosing was none so difficult. From the day when the lad first feels soft down upon his face until the old man’s beard turns white and his teeth shake out, the Hillman would rather fight than eat; but he prefers to fight on the winning side if he may, and he likes good treatment.

Before it was dark that night there were thirty men sworn to hold their tongues, and to wait for the word to hurry down the Khyber for the purpose of enlisting in some British-Indian regiment. Some even began to urge the hakim not to wait for the Orakzai Pathan, but to start with what he had.

“Shall I leave my brother in the lurch?” the hakim asked them; and though they murmured they thought better of him for it.

Well for him that he had plenty of Epsom salts in his kit, for in the Hills physic should taste evil and show very quick results to be believed in. He found a dozen diseases of which he did not so much as

know the name, but half of the sufferers swore they were cured after the first dose. They would have dubbed him fakir and have foisted him to a pillar of holiness had he cared to let them.

Muhammad Anim slept most of the day, like a great animal that scorns to live by rule. But at evening he came to the cave mouth and fulminated such a sermon as set the whole camp to roaring. He showed his power then. The jihad he preached would have tempted dead men from their graves to come and share the plunder, and the curses he called down on cowards and laggards and unbelievers were enough to have frightened the dead away again.

In twenty minutes he had undone all King's missionary work. And then in ten more, feeling his power and their response, and being at heart a fool, as all rogues are, he built it up again. He began to make promises too definite. He promised them freedom of Khinjan Caves within a day or two, to come and go and live there at their pleasure. They should leave their wives and children and belongings safe in the Caves while they themselves went down to plunder India. He overlooked the fact that Khinjan Caves for centuries had been a secret to be spoken of in whispers, and that prospect of its violation came to them as a shock.

Half of them did not believe him. Such a thing was impossible, and if he were lying as to one point, why not as to all the others too?

And the Army veterans, who had been converted by King's talk of pardons, and almost reconverted by the sermon, shook their heads at the talk of taking Khinjan. Why waste time trying to do what never had been done, with HER to reckon against, when an easy place in the sun was waiting for them, to say nothing of the hope of pardons and clean living for a while? They shook their heads, and combed their beards, and eyed one another sideways in a way the Hills understand.

That night, while the mullah glowered over the camp like a great old owl, with leaping firelight reflected in his eyes, the thousands under the skin tents argued, so that the night was all noise. But King slept.

All of another day and part of another night he toiled among the sick, wondering when a message would come back. It was nearly midnight when he bandaged his

last case and came out into the starlight to bend his back straight, and yawn, and pick his way reeling with weariness back to the mullah's cave. He had given his bag of medicines and implements to a man to carry ahead of him, and had gone perhaps ten paces into the dark when a strong hand gripped him by the wrist.

"Hush!" said a voice that seemed familiar.

He turned swiftly, and looked straight into the eyes of the Rangar Rewa Gunga!

"How did you get here?" he asked in English.

"Any fool could learn the password into this camp! Come over here, sahib. I bring word from HER."

The ground was crisscrossed like a man's palm by the shadows of tent-ropes. The Rangar led him to where the tents were forty feet apart and none was likely to overhear them. There he turned like a flash.

"She sends you this!" he hissed.

In that same instant King was fighting for his life. In another second they were down together among the tent-pegs, King holding the Rangar's wrist with both hands and struggling to break it, and the Rangar striving for another stroke. The dagger he held had missed King's ribs by so little that his skin yet tingled from its touch. It was a dagger with bronze blade and a gold hilt—HER dagger. It was her perfume in the air.

They rolled over and over, breathing hard. King wanted to think before he gave an alarm, and he could not think with that scent in his nostrils and creeping into his lungs. Even in the stress of fighting he wondered how the Rangar's clothes and turban had come to be drenched in it. He admitted to himself afterward that it was nothing else than jealousy that suggested to him to make the Rangar prisoner and hand him over to the mullah.

That would have been a ridiculous thing to do, for it would have forced his own betrayal to the mullah. But as if the Rangar had read his mind he suddenly redoubled his efforts, and King, weary to the point of sickness, had to redouble his own or die. Perhaps the jealousy helped put venom in his effort, for his strength came back to him as a madman's does. The Rangar gave a moan, and let the knife fall.

And because jealousy is poison, King did the wrong thing then. He pounced on the



"SHE SENDS YOU THIS!" THE RANGAR HISSED. IT WAS A DAGGER
WITH BRONZE BLADE AND A GOLD HILT—YASMINO SINGER.

knife instead of on the Rangar. He could have questioned him—knelt on him, and perhaps forced explanations from him. But with a sudden, swift effort like a snake's the Rangar freed himself, and was up and gone before King could struggle to his feet—gone like a shadow among shadows.

King got up and felt himself all over, for they had fought on stony ground and he was bruised. But bruises faded into nothing, and weariness as well, as his mind began to dwell on the new complication to his problem.

It was plain that the moment he had returned from his message to the Khyber the Rangar had been sent on this new, murderous mission. If Yasmini had told the truth a letter had gone into India describing him, King, as a traitor, and from her point of view that might be supposed to cut the very ground away from under his feet.

Then why so much trouble to have him killed? Either Rewa Gunga had never taken the first letter, or—and this seemed more probable—Yasmini had never believed the letter would be treated seriously by the authorities, and had only sent it in the hope of fooling him and undermining his determination. In that case, especially supposing her to have received his ultimatum on the mullah's behalf before sending Rewa Gunga with the dagger, she must consider him at least dangerous. Could she be afraid? If so, her game was lost already.

Perhaps she saw her own peril. Perhaps she contemplated—Gosh! what a contingency!—perhaps she contemplated bolting into India with a story of her own, and leaving the mullah to his own devices! In such a case before she went she would very likely try to have stabbed the one man who could give her away most completely. In fact, would she dare escape into India and leave him alive behind her?

He rather thought she would dare do anything. And that thought brought reassurance. She would dare, and being what she was, she almost surely would seek vengeance on the mullah before doing anything else.

Then why the dagger for himself? She must believe him in league with the mullah against her. She might believe that with him out of the way the mullah would prove an easier prey for her. And that belief might be justifiable; but as an explanation it failed to satisfy.

There was an alternative, the very thought of which made him fearfully uneasy, and yet brought a thrill with it. In all Eastern lands, love scorned takes to the dagger. He had half-believed her when she swore she loved him! The man who could imagine himself loved by Yasmini and not be thrilled to his core would be inhuman whatever reason and caution and caste and creed might whisper in imagination's wake.

Reeling from fatigue (he felt like a man who had been racked, for the Rangar's strength was nearly unbelievable), he started toward where the mullah sat glowering in the cave mouth.

The mullah glared at him, but let him by without a word. It was by the fire at the back of the cave, where he stooped to dip water from the enormous crock, that the next disturbing factor came to light. He kicked a brand into the fire and the flame leaped. Its light shone on a yard and a half of exquisitely fine hair, like spun gold, that caressed his shoulder and descended down one arm. One thread of hair that conjured up a million thoughts, and in a second upset every argument!

If Rewa Gunga had been near enough to her, and intimate enough with her, not only to become scented with her perfume, but even to get her hair on his person, then gone was all imagination of her love for himself! Then she had lied from first to last! Then she had tried to make him love her that she might use him, and, finding she had failed, she had sent her true love with the dagger to make an end!

In a moment he imagined a whole picture, as it might have been in a crystal, of himself trapped and made to don the Roman's armor and forced to pose to the savage Hills—or fooled into posing to them—as her lover, while Rewa Gunga lurked behind the scenes and waited for the harvest in the end. And what kind of harvest?

And what kind of man must Rewa Gunga be, who could lightly let go all the prejudices of the East and submit to what only the West has endured hitherto with any complacency—a "*tertium quid*"?

Yet what a fool he, King, had been not to appreciate at once that Rewa Gunga *must* be her lover. Why should he not be? Were they not alike as cousins? And the East does not love its contrary, but its complement, being older in love than the West, and wiser in its ways in all but the material.

He had been blind. He had overlooked the obvious—that from first to last her plan had been to set herself and this Rewa Gunga on the throne of India!

He washed, and went through the mummerly of Muslim prayers for the watchful mullah's sake, and climbed on to his bed. But sleep seemed out of the question. He lay and tossed for an hour, his mind as busy as a terrier in hay. And when he did fall asleep at last it was so to dream and mutter that the mullah came and shook him, and preached him a half-hour sermon against the mortal sins that rob men of peaceful slumber by giving them a foretaste of the hell to come.

All that seemed kinder and more refreshing than King's own thoughts had been, for when the mullah had done at last and had gone striding back to the cave mouth, he really did fall sound asleep, and it was after dawn when he awoke. The mullah's voice, not untuneful, was rousing all the valley echoes in the call to prayer:

*Allah is almighty! Allah is almighty!
I declare there is no God but Allah!
I declare Muhammad is His prophet!
Hie ye to prayer!
Hie ye to salvation!
Prayer is better than sleep!
Prayer is better than sleep!
There is no God but Allah!*

And while King knelt behind the mullah, and the whole camp faced Mecca in forehead-in-the-dust abasement, there came a strange procession down the midst—not strange to the Hills, where such sights are common, but strange to that camp and hour. Somebody rose and struck them, and they knelt like the rest; but when prayer was over, and cooking had begun, and the camp became a place of savory smell, they came on again—seven blind men.

They were weary, ragged, lean—seven very tatterdemalions, and the front man led them, tapping the ground with a long stick. The others clung to him in line, one behind the other. He was the only clean-shaven one, and he was the tallest. He looked as if he had not been blind so long, for his physical health was better. All seven men yelled at the utmost of their lungs, but he yelled the loudest.

"Oh, the hakim—the good hakim!" they wailed. "Where is the famous hakim? We be blind men—blind we be—blind—blind!

Oh, pity us! Is any kismet worse than ours? Oh, show us to the hakim! Show us the way to him! Lead us to him! Oh, the famous, great, good hakim who can heal men's eyes!"

The mullah looked down on them like a vulture waiting to see them die, and, seeing they did not die, turned his back and went into his cave. Close to the ramp they stopped, and the front man, cocking his head to one side as only birds and the newly blind do, gave voice again in nasal sing-song:

"Will none tell me where is the great, good, wise Kurram Khan?"

"I am he," said King, and he stepped down toward him, calling to an assistant to come and bring him water and a sponge. The blind man's face looked strangely familiar, though it was partly disguised by some gummy stuff stuck all about the eyes. Taking it in both hands, he tilted the eyes to the light, and opened one eye with his thumb. There was nothing whatever the matter with it. He opened the other.

"Rub me an ointment on!" the man urged him, and he stared at the face again.

"Ismail!" he said. "You?"

"Aye! Father of cleverness! Make play of healing my eyes!"

So King dipped a sponge in water, and sent back for his bag, and made a great show of rubbing on ointment. In a minute Ismail, looking almost young without his great beard, was dancing like a lunatic with both fists in the air, and yelling as if wasps had stung him.

"Aieeee-aieeee-aieeee!" he yelled. "I see again! I see! My eyes have light in them! Allah! Oh, Allah, heap riches on the great, wise hakim who can heal men's eyes! Allah, reward him richly, for I am a beggar and have no goods!"

The other six blind men came struggling to be next, and while King rubbed ointment on their eyes and saw that there was nothing there he could cure, the whole camp began to surge toward him to see the miracle, and his chosen body-guard rushed up to drive them back.

"Find your way down the Khyber, and ask for the Wilayti dukitar. He will finish the cure."

The six blind men, half-resentful, half-believing, turned away, mainly because Ismail drove them with words and blows. And as they went, a tall Afridi came striding

down the camp, with a letter for the mullah held out in a cleft stick in front of him.

"Her answer!" said Ismail with a wicked grin.

"What is her answer? Where is the Orak-zai Pathan?"

But Ismail laughed and would not answer him. It seemed to King that he scented climax. So did his near-fifty and their thirty friends. He chose to take the arrival of the blind men as a hint from Providence, and to "go it blind," on the strength of what he had hoped might happen. Also he chose in that instant to force the mullah's hand, on the principle that hurried buffaloes will blunder.

"To Khinjan!" he shouted to the nearest men. "The mullah will march on Khinjan!"

They murmured, and wondered, and backed away from him to give him room. Ismail watched him with dropped jaw and wild eye.

"Spread it through the camp that we march on Khinjan! Shout it! Bid them strike the tents!"

Somebody behind took up the shout, and it went across the camp in leaps, as men toss a ball. There was a surge toward the tents, but King called to his deserters and they clustered back to him. He had to cement their allegiance now or fail altogether, and he would not be able to do it by ordinary argument, or by pleading; he had to fire their imagination. And he did.

"SHE is on our side!" That was a sheer guess. "SHE has kept our man and sent another, as hostage for him in token of good faith! Listen! Ye saw this man's eyes healed. Let that be a token! Be ye the men with new eyes! Give it out! Claim the title, and be true to it, and see me guide you down the Khyber in good time like a regiment, many more than a hundred strong!"

They jumped at the idea. The Hills—the whole East, for that matter—are ever ready to form a new sect, or join a new band, or a new blood-feud. Witness the Nikalseyns, who worship a long-since-dead Englishman.

"We see!" yelled one of them.

"We see!" they chorused, and the idea took charge. From that minute they were a new band, with a war-cry of their own.

"To Khinjan!" they howled, scattering through the camp, and the mullah came out

to glare at them, and tug his beard, and wonder what possessed them.

"To Khinjan!" they roared at him. "Lead us to Khinjan!"

"To Khinjan, then!" he blundered, throwing up both arms in a sort of double apostolic blessing, and then motioning as if he threw them the reins and leave to gallop. They roared back at him like the sea under the whip of a gaining wind. And Ismail disappeared among them, leaving King alone. Then the mullah's eyes fell on King, and he beckoned him.

King went up with an effort, for he ached yet from his struggle of the night before. Up there by the ashes of the fire the mullah showed him a letter he had crumpled in his fist. There were only a few lines, written in Arabic, which all mullahs are supposed to be able to read, and they were signed with a strange scrawl that might have meant anything. But the paper smelled strongly of her perfume.

"Come then. Bring all your men, and I will let you and them enter Khinjan Caves. We will strike a bargain in the Cavern of Earth's Drink."

That was all, but the fire in the mullah's eyes showed that he thought it was enough.

"Khinjan is mine!" he growled. "India is mine!"

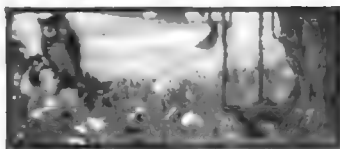
And King did not answer him. He did not believe Yasmini would be fool enough to trust herself in any bargain with Muhammad Anim.

While he and the mullah watched, the tents began to fall, and the women labored to roll them. The men began firing their rifles, and within the hour enough ammunition had been squandered to have fought a good-sized skirmish; but the mullah had Khinjan Caves in view, and none knew better than he what vast store of cartridges and dynamite was piled in there. He let them waste.

Watching his opportunity King slipped down the ramp while the mullah was busy with personal belongings in the cave. He left his own belongings to any thief who wanted them, and hid from the mullah among his nearly eighty men, who half-believed him a sending from the skies.

"We see! We see!" they yelled, and danced around him.

"King, of the Khyber Rifles" will be concluded in the January number.



UNDER THE SPREADING

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

An American just returned from Europe tells this story:

While riding from London to Liverpool in a railway coach it happened that he was alone in the compartment with an Englishman, who appeared to be deeply engrossed in the war news of one of the papers.

Thinking to start conversation, he said in good old American slang, "Some fight, eh?"

"Yes, and some don't!" was the reply.



A pompous orator of the old school—you know the kind: one of those boys who vocally wave the Flag of Freedom until some of the stars are shaken loose—got up to speak in a little town back in Ohio. Part of his discourse was devoted to praise of Daniel Webster, that other great orator.

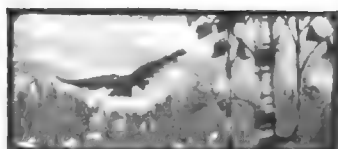
The rural Bill Bryan frequently skidded from the roadway of fact. On one occasion, he said: "Daniel Webster's wonderful command of the English language, his unfailing grasp of words, came from his tremendous knowledge of the dictionary, of which he was the author."

A well-meaning friend whispered to the speaker: "Say, Bill, Daniel Webster didn't write the dictionary; it was Noah."

Bill surveyed the other with scorn, and announced authoritatively and loudly: "Noah—hell! Noah built the ark!"

A woman, pocketbook in hand, said to the man in the box-office at the theatre: "Young man, before I buy my ticket, tell me whether or not this is a moral, proper show."

He pretended not to hear her, and pointed



CHESTNUT TREE

out the seats that were still vacant on the plan.

"Young man," she repeated, "why don't you answer me, when I ask if this is a moral, proper show?"

"Because, madam," confessed the agent, "I'm not a good enough judge of human nature to know which way to answer without losing a customer."



Among the season's crop of fair young débutantes were twin sisters whose ravishing blonde loveliness and striking resemblance to each other were constant topics of conversation. One evening, a young man of their social circle was approached by a friend, who remarked confidentially:

"I hear, Chester, that you are practically engaged to one of those peachy twins."

Young Chester, with a smile, admitted that he was.

"Well, tell me," asked the friend, "how in the world can you tell them apart?"

"I don't try to," was the reply.



Two most cadaverous-looking knights of the road stopped for a moment to look in at the window of a railway station in the West where a telegraph operator sat at his key.

"Say, bo," one of them gasped in a very husky voice, "would you mind reporting a couple of empties going east?"

A unique and ideally brief advertisement was recently observed in a Western shop-window. It ran:

Our Trousers \$1.50 a leg. All seats free.

"Reggie ought not to have any debts," said the father. "He ought to have what my boy in college wrote me for last week—'Kathleen Mavourneen' loans."

"What are they?" asked Reggie's friend.

"A 'Kathleen Mavourneen' loan may be for years and it may be forever," replied the father.



The late Gilman Marston, of New Hampshire, was arguing a complicated case, and had looked up authorities back to Julius Cæsar. At the end of an hour and a half, in the most intricate part of his plea, he was pained to see what looked like inattention. It was as he had feared. The judge was unable to appreciate the nice points of his argument.

"Your Honor," he said, "I beg your pardon, but do you follow me?"

"I have so far," answered the judge, shifting wearily about in his chair, "but I'll say frankly that if I thought I could find my way back, I'd quit right here."

They had been spooning a bit, and when she raised her face from his shoulder and they both observed the white streak on his coat he patted her affectionately, and said:

"Never mind, dearie, it will all brush off."

At this the young thing began to sob. "Oh, Harry," she exclaimed, hiding her head again on his shoulder, "how do you know?"



An Alabama Justice of the Peace Court was trying a man charged with a minor offense. Law and evidence were unquestionably on the side of the defense, but when the arguments had been concluded, the presiding justice, with considerable assumed dignity, arose, and announced:

"I find the defendant guilty, and I assess a fine of five dollars, with costs added. Mr. Sheriff, you will proceed to collect the necessary amount, or take charge of the prisoner."

The old lawyer for the defense was sitting with his back toward the justice. Without changing his position or rising to address the Court, he remarked, "Judge, please fine me for contempt of court."

The justice inquired, "What'd' ye mean, sir? You haven't committed contempt."

The following came from the old lawyer: "It's silent."

"But couldn't you learn to love me, Stella?" he pleaded.

"I don't think I could, Frank," she replied.

He stood erect, then quickly reached for his hat. "It is as I feared—you are too old to learn."

Willard and Annie were out motoring, and Annie insisted that he allow her to run the car. After some persuasion, he reluctantly acquiesced, and his fears soon were realized.

"Oh, Willard," the girl cried, excitedly, "take it quick! Here comes a ditch!"



"Ah say, Miz Carolina, am yo' program full?"

"Mercy no, Mr. Tauckie! It takes mo' 'an a san'wich an' two olives to fill mah program."

Emeline was watching men working a pile-driver, and came to her mother with the complaint:

"I'm so sorry for those men, mama; they've been trying and trying to lift out that big weight, and every time they get it 'most to the top it falls back again."

Charley Barrett, scout, tells this one and says it's new:

It was at a ball-game in Waco, Texas, between two negro teams. The umpire was a little "yaller nigger," weighing about one hundred and twenty pounds. The player at bat was a mammoth black who had a bad reputation.

The dusky pitcher put one over the pan.

"One!" squeaked the umpire.

"Wha's dat? One what, nigger?" asked the batter savagely.

"One strike," answered the little yellow umpire in a scared whisper.

The pitcher put over another.

"Two!" squeaked the umpire.

The big black lifted his war-club, poised it over the head of the umpire, and roared: "Wha's dat? Two what?"

"Two, two—too high!" squeaked the little umpire as he turned and fled from the park.



Two women were leaving the theatre after a performance of "A Doll's House."

"Oh, don't you just love Ibsen?" cried one, ecstatically. "Doesn't he just take all the hope out of life?"

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

JAMES H. GANNON,
GEORGE B. MALLON,

PRESIDENT
SECY. & TREAS.

HOWARD WHEELER,
RUTHERFORD BOYD,

EDITOR
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SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY



KEEP POSTED

Heading and sketches by George M. Richards

THE WAR AFTER THE WAR

WHEN the military peace of this war is signed, about fifteen million business men and workers will stack their guns and go home—to carry on as ruthlessly and implacably as they are doing it now the struggle to destroy their enemies. Instead of a few hundred miles of blackened earth, the battle-field will cover nearly every foot of the globe. The fighters will face each other from behind desks, in laboratories, in shops, mines, and ships instead of in muddy trenches. Their weapons will be such apparently bloodless things as import and export duties, bounties, prohibitions, shipping rates, special treaties, and every known device for killing a nation's commercial enemies perfected through the ages of commercial warfare. The two great European fighting groups will carry their contest back into the economic field in which it began.

And this will be the part of the war which we shall not be able to keep out of.

This unglad conclusion you reach after watching the steady preparations which the combatants have been making in the past year for a "war after war" on an unprecedented scale. The formidable agreement signed at the Economic Conference of the Entente Allies in Paris last June reads like a strategical report of an Army War College.

Though it is full of heated feeling, it is no mere aberration of war-time. It was not made by a band of acrimonious university professors, but by responsible statesmen representing the most advanced nations of Europe. It includes seven allies, five of which form the biggest commercial and industrial group of nations in the world. There is no mincing words about its purpose, for it says:

"The Central Powers of Europe and their allies are preparing a struggle in the economic domain which will not only survive the reestablishment of peace, but at that very moment will assume all its amplitude and all its intensity."

At about the same time six hundred representatives of the commercial associations of the Central Powers held a joint conference in Munich to discuss the revival of a Central European Zollverein. Recently the German Industrial Council, uniting the entire German manufacturing industry, was organized "to meet new conditions after the war and cooperate in recovering Germany's lost foreign trade." These actions, looking to the formation of a "Mittel Europa," were not official like those of the Entente, but they have precisely the same purpose and meaning.

The stage for this second war is being rapidly set.

The British Prime Minister has appointed a committee of the most eminent

industrial and shipping leaders to carry out the details of the Entente agreement. He has called a conference of the representatives of the United Kingdom, the dominions, and India to revise the internal and external commercial relations of the colonies and the mother country.

The Government has subsidized a newly formed corporation for the purpose of assisting trade between Great Britain and Italy. They are talking of placing a ban on Germans in certain lines of industry for twenty years. A cooperative export association has been formed in Canada in the expectation that "the products of Canada will be preferred in the British Empire against the products of her great neutral competitor, the United States, who has stayed outside of the war, and has borne no part in the great sacrifice of life and money made by the Allied countries."

The Entente agreement and all similar actions of both groups ignore neutrals. But M. Clémentel, President of the Entente Conference, says: "The neutral nations have nothing to fear; we are working to free them." This is kind, but it becomes less reassuring when you inquire, as the United States Senate requested our ambassador to do, concerning this work—into "the precise character, form and full purpose thereof."

THE purpose of all this economic saberrattling on both sides as declared in the Entente agreement is: 1. To render each group completely self-sufficient. 2. To capture all the foreign markets possible. To do this both parties propose to resort to government subsidy, direction or control of certain industries, duties and prohibitions, special navigation laws, all directed to the wholesale commercial and industrial ruin of the other group. The aim of each group shall be to bind its colonies and allies more closely to itself and form a kind of imperialistic unit.

This is a deliberate return to the fierce doctrine of the innate hostility of nations which characterized the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Enemy nations now are to be enemy nations forever. Here again is the medieval notion that a nation can permanently increase the power and wealth of its own people at the expense of other peoples; that commercial power brings political power. Here is the belief, as the old ballad puts it, that—"England, on ac-

count of your sheep and your ships, all nations should salute you."

Europe has already tried out this cut-throat mercantilist theory to the tune of millions of lives. The unscrupulous commercial rivalry for new trade routes, new sources of supply, new markets, led to a succession of wars for two centuries which culminated in the final struggle between England and Napoleon. Europe was not nearly so exhausted when that was over as she will be at the end of this war. But she decided then to try the other way. For fifty years she did. The year 1870 marks the climax of the "let 'er go" feeling toward international trade. Then the pendulum began to swing back—very slowly.

Even up to the present war the commercial intercourse of Europe and our own was based upon a network of trade treaties, the point of which was that no nation seriously discriminated against another by any kind of tariff or shipping rates. Any favor one nation gave another she had to extend to all with whom she had so-called "most-favored-nation" treaties. A uniform minimum tariff level was thereby automatically established.

This network began to tangle the feet of ambitious powers. Germany declared in so many words her intention to kick it to pieces by the end of 1917, and terminate all her agreements. The war did this conveniently for her and the rest of the powers.

Now the economic alliances planned are going to substitute a system of trade preferences through differential duties, shipping rates, subsidies, etc. The two European groups intend to develop within each alliance all possible sources of raw material, to buy cooperatively, i. e. cheaply, raw material not available within each alliance, to create a preference for allied manufactures over American manufactures in allied and neutral markets.

This is certain to overthrow the balance and flow of trade of the past half-century and create a discrimination against United States products. Roughly, seventy-five per cent. of our foreign trade is with these two quarreling groups. Any such sweeping change of tariff, navigation, or financial policy drags us immediately into the mix. The war has brought us a gold reserve which supports a structure of domestic and foreign credit unprecedented in world history. One effect of these alliances would be a violent

reversal of the flow of gold, and a dangerous jolt to that credit structure.

We have only three weapons ready for this kind of warfare. Two of these, the Administration Shipping Bill and the General Revenue Bill, are directed against rate discrimination, blacklisting, and dumping. The use or disuse of both lies in the discretion of one man—the President. The third weapon, the Webb Bill, which now permits combination of American exporters, seems to have no string to it.

We may need other weapons. More delicate treaty-making will go on in the five years after peace than ever before in history. Our treaties where revenue is concerned have to be approved by Congress. That is, they depend upon public opinion. Now who has ever met a real live public opinion on a complex commercial treaty?

And these are only a few of the things we may have to worry about, all because real peace in Europe seems farther away than ever.

The report of the Bureau of Railway Economics, established by the railway companies of the United States for the scientific study of transportation problems, shows an increase for 1916 over 1915 of 41.7% in the net operating income of about 90% of the steam railway mileage of the United States. In spite of recent poverty talk, it does seem that some time will elapse before we find railway presidents wearing patched trousers.



ALCOHOL: BEAUTY BLASTER



and sociologists who composed it, to rouse every instinct of fear and foreboding in the timorous breast of man. Yet, though this classic stands immovable upon library shelves, and is kept up to date by the Year Book of the Anti-Saloon League, unaccountable humanity still shows a disposition to twiddle its thumbs at its threats.

This may very well be because its com-

plers failed to mention—even in passing—one simple every-day fact recently pointed out by Dr. Edwin F. Bowers—that alcohol is the great destroyer of beauty.

Have you ever known a confirmed inebriate among the good-looking ladies or gentlemen of your acquaintance? Hardly, because, as Dr. Bowers says, alcohol works slowly and insidiously to coarsen and harden the most “lovely and ingenuous” features. Complexion, eyes, hair, figure, and all those “taking ways,” succumb one after another to the touch that withers. The action of alcohol on good looks, through physical and mental processes, is as definite as if it were a drug compounded for this specific purpose, and its effect as inevitable as the withering of the autumn leaf.

It is the most delicate skin that first shows the shadow of the bottle. It first inhibits the action of the delicate nerves which control the contraction and expansion of the blood vessels. The tiny capillaries underlying the skin become suffused with blood. That is the familiar cocktail “kick” that gives the pale girl over there such an attractive glow of color to-night.

Do not, therefore, set too high a value on that blush, for the abnormally stretched blood-vessels will presently lose their elasticity; the effort of blushing and unblushing without sufficient reason tires them. They become flabby and decide to stay dilated.

From that time on, the normal functions of the skin are interfered with. The—for woman—maximum penalty begins to be imposed in the form of enlarged pores, flabby, leaden skin, bloated features, and the beaming, bulbous nose. The bloom of the rose gives place to the bloom of the vine.

The bottle imp meanwhile is attacking the vital processes of the stomach and blood-making organs. It “slugs” the liver, and hampers the kidneys. Appetite, except for some things, flits away; the blood becomes a muddy tide of impurities. All functions are deranged. A dread crop of pimples appears. A dull color comes into the bright eyes, and black and blue circles gather around them. The lustrous, silky, abundant, etc., locks become dull and lifeless. All muscles lose their tone and vigor. And in place of your Venus or Adonis you have a Dame Quickly or a Falstaff.

This is but half the tale of woe. The daily nip at the bottle works profound damage to the delicate nervous organism, especially

of women. And the nervous system is the seat of the more permanent and deep-seated beauty of personality.

The angelic temperament becomes fractious, full of sound and fury. Your fair one develops insomnia, irritability, a temper, and all the symptoms of a leaky and unstable nervous system. She begins to age, looks dragged out and haggard; wrinkles and crows' feet begin to trace their story in her face; that "hard" look so inimical to beauty settles down upon it. The sweet and tender voice grates sharp and strident upon you. The elusive something which charms and mystifies, which makes even a plain-featured Madame de Staël indescribably fascinating, fades away like the sunset.

The potency of this appeal has never been tried out by the temperancers. And in a day when pocket-mirrors should be as cheap as paper, a word to the Anti-Saloon League should be sufficient.

English folks are already showing signs of being less squeamish about "women's rights" than they were in the days of the Pankhurst riots. Lady Howard of Llanely, Wales, is filling the unexpired term of her husband, the mayor, who died. This is a new kind of political succession.

AMERICA CAN ANSWER THIS PRAYER



THE National Guard of the United States has at last produced its long-expected Jeremiah or its Job. He is a member of a California Infantry Regiment. The resemblance of khaki and Texas alkali dust to the Biblical sackcloth and ashes may have inspired him to the following prayer, which is enormously popular among the soldiers on

the border, but is not likely to be found in any of the revised editions of the religious manuals used by army chaplains. According to the present outlook, it promises to be a permanent though unauthorized part of National Guard ritualistic literature, and it may be well for our citizen soldiery to keep copies of it over the mantelpiece beside their old flintlocks.

O LORD, we're not going to ask much, for many of us know not how to pray. But we do need help, down here

on the border and we pray that Thou wilt please send a lot of peanut-shells down here as head-coverings for our officers. We are sure; O Lord, that peanut-shells will cover entirely their brains, and, in most cases, be too large.

"We ask most humbly that they be instructed to drill themselves first, before attempting to drill us.

"For, O Lord, after three weeks in a hot desert sun, drilling five hours a day, a regular army sergeant came around and told us we were doing everything wrong, and he showed us in five minutes an easier way and gave us orders we could understand and learn quickly.

"Show our officers how they can feed men and give them enough to eat on the twenty-four cents a day our Government allows us.

"We know it can be done—our regular army is proof of that; but clerks, salesmen, and floorwalkers, who are captains and lieutenants in these outfits, know not how to do it, and so we suffer for their ignorance, and while they get from \$150 to \$250 a month, we who are willing to fight for our country, little as we know how, get only \$15.

"O Lord, then we ask that Thou send us cooks who can cook, not factory men or chauffeurs who think they are cooks, and who bake our beans half enough; and bakers, send us, who can bake bread that does not weigh three pounds to the slice—wet and soggy.

"Send us a quartermaster-captain who knows how to order supplies and when to order them, for we need food every day, O Lord, not three days a week.

"And, O Lord, in closing we ask that Thou take the 'shave tail' lieutenants out of the regular army and make them colonels in our National Guard, for they know how, if only a little, to take care of us and feed us; and take sergeants and corporals from the regular army and make them captains and lieutenants, for they know how to drill us.

"We love our country, our freedom, and our flag—the proof of this is we are here ready to fight; but, O Lord, we ask in exchange for our time that we be taught by competent instructors and fed and clothed by those who know how.

"We realize we have asked little, and still, O Lord, it means a great deal to

us; we are not chronic kickers; we don't want porterhouse steaks, nor even milk or sugar in our coffee; but we do want and most humbly ask the treatment, the food, and care that is given to our regular army soldiers."

IT IS natural that the National Guard, to which Job's boils would be as mere mosquito-bites, should have at last fallen back upon religion and turned to a higher power than the War Department for succor. This prayer is really addressed—without irreverence—to the American people. It expresses the Guardsman's faith in the coming of a better day of Government care and responsibility for its soldiers.

The difficulty is that the American people in turn are beginning to suspect that the only hope for its defense lies in supernatural hands. But—even as to the propriety of appealing to Providence we are unable to stand together. Why, the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in St. Louis was last month the scene of a remarkable ruction over the prayers for the army and navy, proposed by the Convention for the Revised Book of Common Prayer.

The sword-rattling faction in its proposed prayer for the army asks "The God of Hosts to strengthen and protect the soldiers of our country; to support them in the day of battle, and in time of peace to keep them from all evil."

Dr. John Howard Melish, a Christian Socialist rector from Brooklyn, fought this bloodthirsty appeal of his militaristic confrères to the last parliamentary ditch. He finally went down to defeat, but he incidentally said a very interesting thing. He said he opposed this prayer because it was without sense. It asked for things which could not possibly be granted.

Maybe this is true. A clergyman should surely know. The question is: does it let either the American people or its War Department out?

Gold importations into this country since December, 1914, have amounted to more than 675 million dollars; add to that the aggregate increase from domestic production, and you get a total well over 800 million dollars, just plain increase in our gold money supply since the beginning of the European war. It is absolutely beyond our experience—this flood of gold, but there are signs of pious resignation to our keeping it.

"OYEZ!" FROM PADUCAH



WHEN Mrs. Rose Falls Bres (that wasn't her name then; but never mind) rose in her place in the courthouse at Paducah, Kentucky, to take her oath to practise law within the borders of that renowned state, she repeated solemnly after the clerk these words, sacred to the tradition of the Kentucky Bar:

"I solemnly swear that I have never taken part in a duel with a citizen of the state of Kentucky; that I have never acted as a second in a duel in which a citizen of Kentucky was involved, and that I have never borne a challenge for a duel to, or on behalf of, a citizen of the state of Kentucky."

That was over twenty years ago. Mrs. Bres is to-day not only a practising lawyer in New York, but also the editor of that little monthly paper, *Oyez*, which has started a bold career amid the shoals and shallows of the New York magazine world to bring home to women a constructive impression of their disabilities before the law.

Mrs. Bres was brought up in Paducah, went to school there, and later worked on the *Paducah Journal*. Yes, you're right; that's the place Irvin Cobb comes from. And she knew him, and worked on the classic *Journal* with him, too—so what could Cobb do but pay a tribute to the "Portias" he had known, in the initial number of *Oyez*?

Sufficiently interesting, however, is Mrs. Bres in her own person. For she has the distinction of being the first woman lawyer to practise in the South. She went to Louisiana three years after she qualified in Kentucky, hung out her shingle in New Orleans, and practised there eighteen years. She found herself an astonishing curiosity in the small towns and country parishes; but fortunately she had a well-known partner, Colonel Wickliffe, her father's old Kentucky friend, with a dueling record which had preceded him; a record *not*, of course, involving "citizens of the state of Kentucky."

These eighteen years included a term as associate editor of the *Era*, besides no end of politics; friendship with John M. Parker

in the great lottery fight, and whole-hearted sympathy with the Pelican Progressivism which began to gain power and momentum immediately after that resounding victory for good government.

The North needs more women of Mrs. Bres's chivalrous quality. Hardly had she taken up practise at her little Broadway office than she heard about the case in Brooklyn which has since become known as the Sylvester case. She heard about it, and she went to investigate. She found a little tragedy which is a daily occurrence in New York, though of a sort which rarely gets into the papers:

A woman had been arrested for soliciting, on the oral complaint of a plain-clothes man. She turned out to be a respectable, churchgoing little mouse, quite past her first youth, who had answered an apparently harmless salutation, only to find herself accused and convicted on one man's unsupported evidence. The Sylvester case is still *sub-judice*, but the principle behind it is the most typical illustration possible of the legal helplessness in which women find themselves continually, through the law's inattention to their rights as human beings.

Mrs. Bres proposes to act as a reminder—and with a Kentucky edge to her just wrath. She sees the principle of it this way: The woman's evidence needs to be corroborated; why shouldn't the man's? There is a clear prejudice to justice in accepting one unsupported statement and refusing another. And when you think that this procedure is the unvarying rule in the night courts, save only where it is mitigated by the chance of a humane judge, you think with Mrs. Bres that a change is past due.

Mrs. Bres is also here to remind us that there are still two states—Virginia and Arkansas—where women are still not even admitted to the bar, an unregenerate pair of states from whom Georgia parted company this year when her General Assembly passed the Portia Bill. The following galling language may still be found, however, in Georgia's legal code:

"The husband is head of the family, and the wife is subject to him. Her legal and civil existence is merged in him, except so far as the law recognizes her separately either for her own protection or benefit, or for the public order. The house in which the husband and wife live is the house of

the husband, though the wife pay the rent and support the husband." ETC!

Mrs. Rose Falls Bres objects to this, and to scores and hundreds of milder disabilities from the same arrogant source. She proposes to make her objections eloquent from month to month in *Oyez*. It's a good title to cry down wrongs by—and Mrs. Bres is not the woman to skimp her case. Hail, *Oyez*, and welcome!

E. T. Allen is the man who organized seven years ago the Western Forestry and Conservation Association, through which he has done more to douse the forest fires in the Northwest than any other man in that limitless country. He's a tall timber engineer of the first water, and some citizen, too.

THE EMPRESS OF ETHIOPIA, NEUTRAL



THERE still exist corners and ends of the earth where the great war has not penetrated, and where the breaking strain of the white man's civilization causes no worry at all. In these days it is a wholesome relief to consider the merely domestic troubles of—let us say, Ethiopia.

Oh, yes, Ethiopia is a place. It has just got a new empress. Her

name is Zeoditu. It was this lady's father who, for our generation, put Ethiopia on the map. Ethiopia is a few deserts south of Egypt, and in our geographies it is called Abyssinia. To its own people, Ethiopia is its just and proper name, however, to-day, and far back into the biblical past. It is the last foothold of black independence (except shaky little Liberia) in all Africa. And its empress boasts descent from that most alluring and highly connected of ancient royalties, the Queen of Sheba.

It is tradition in Abyssinia that one of the consequences of the well-known visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon was a young prince, who was called Menelik I. Menelik II. was Zeoditu's father. He died in 1913. History can tell of few men who combined claims to such romantic lineage with the living reputation of being a right-down, regular, royal king on his own behalf. For the man who pulled together modern Abyssinia out of a handful of loose and peevish principalities had to drag it out of the jaws

of Europe's empire stalkers. Menelik did it, and the shadow of his name has earned his people an honorable neutrality in this war.

Abyssinia seems destined one day to be a political and commercial nucleus in north-east Africa. In the province of Kaffa, across the Red Sea from the Arabian port of Mocha, the coffee-berry first got its name; and a dozen other tropical staples in this amazingly fertile plateau-land make Abyssinian commerce an infinitely expansible prize.

This nation has made one feeble attempt to secure it. President Roosevelt more than ten years ago sent out one Robert P. Skinner to negotiate a commercial treaty at the court of Menelik II. This emissary, known in Ethiopian annals as the Excellent Skinner, got Professor Littman of Princeton, the only man in America who knew the Amharic language of Menelik's people, to draw up the treaty in the native tongue before he left. And Menelik was so bowled over with this unprecedented courtesy, and so pleased with the directness and modesty of the American proposals, that he signed the treaty practically as it stood. It gave us a paper privilege to trade anywhere in Abyssinia; and as at that time—you may hardly believe it, but it's true—we had \$1,400,000 out of the \$2,300,000 that is Abyssinia's trade total, we had a right to a treaty or two.

Unfortunately, we didn't follow up our advantage; we didn't even station a permanent consul there; and the Germans—well, why repeat another chapter of what has happened to our outpost trading opportunities the world over?

Trade in Abyssinia is a little embarrassed these days on account of the difficulty of import of coins of the realm. These are Maria Theresa thalers of the year 1780, and are made extensively in Austria (date and all) and shipped out each year for Abyssinian use. Menelik's head adorns other thalers, but most Abyssinian merchants will take only brand-new 1780 coins, though if hard pressed you can still live on the subsidiary coinage of cartridges and salt bars.

Generally speaking, however, Abyssinia is about as well safeguarded and as independent a neutral as can be found in this tormented world to-day. And so she will remain if the Empress Zeoditu even moder-

ately behaves herself as a kinswoman of King Solomon, remembering that on the whole the foreign devils respect her and her people mightily

"Municipal forests" is a phrase that sounds a little queer to Americans; but J. W. Toumey, director of the Yale Forestry School, reminds us that in Switzerland forests are all owned by cities. The "Municipal forests" in this country promise well: Newark, N. J., gets back civic dividends on its 22,000 acres, while Hartford, Conn., uses a tract of 4,000 acres to protect a natural water-supply.

AMERICA FIRST? SPEAK ENGLISH!



AMERICA first? All right, then stop encouraging a foreign language and speak English!"

That would start an argument with a German-American editor, wouldn't it? And he would have a first-rate case, too. He would retort that Americanism is a sentiment, not a language. He would ask you what language his people were to speak and read until they learned English. He would defy you to find for foreigners a better and more effective entering wedge to Americanism than the foreign-language press. And he would warmly conclude by demanding why one would be a better citizen for abandoning the tongue and Kultur of his fathers.

In all these rhetorical questions he would be right. But a group of homesick aliens clinging to their native speech while at the same time adopting that of a new land is another matter from a permanent indigestible language group. This country is full of such little indigestible groups, and unquestionably it has grown morbidly conscious of them since the war.

At any rate, here we find a campaign in full swing, led by authority no less than that of the Department of the Interior, and headed by Commissioner Claxton and Specialist Wheaton of the Federal Bureau of Education, blazoning it about like some utterly unsuspected discovery that there are three million immigrants concealed in various parts of our country who do not read or write English. It is a discovery so far as Federal action is concerned, and a tardy one, for Federal action in this direction

should have begun long ago. The immediate object of this campaign is to promote school - attendance, especially at night school, of every one of those three million non-English-speaking foreigners that can be reached by modern publicity methods and through local Bureaus of Immigration.

Ordinary citizens would do well, if they want to understand what there is for a movement like this to do (it is called the "America First!" Campaign), to look over that most amazing of all our census reports, the "Mother Tongue Survey," as issued by the Census Bureau two or three years ago. Sorted on this basis, what a picture you get of New York's coat of many colors, for instance. It appears in cold percentages thus: seven-tenths of the population belong fairly evenly to four races—English-speaking, 21 per cent.; Yiddish and Hebrew, 19 per cent.; German, 18 per cent.; and Italian, 12 per cent.; other non-English races, 30 per cent. In Manhattan borough Hebrew- and Yiddish-speaking people count just under a quarter of the total population, while English- and Irish-speaking folk have to be content with being but 21 per cent. of the total.

And there are (we can't resist the temptation) more Italians by almost a hundred thousand than in Rome, more Germans than in any other German city save Berlin, more Anglo-Saxons than in any other British city save London, more Irishmen than in Dublin—and proportionately fewer born natives of the second and third generation than you would probably see in any other city in the world.

New York had this alien background long before the war made her conscious of it, and in her evening schools she has had sixty to seventy thousand immigrants a year going through the Americanizing mill of language study. A tireless individual named Henry

E. Jenkins is district superintendent in charge of these schools, and last year at the top of the season's effort he had 82,000 new Americans in over a thousand schools learning English. He doesn't reach them all—he knows he doesn't. In New York over 68,000 new foreigners speak for their citizenship papers every year; and this is a small proportion of those who ought to be learning English. That great proportion of immigrants who speak for their first papers and not for their second, those who never take out any papers of any kind, and thousands who perfunctorily take out papers and papers and care not at all—most of these are not interested in the study of English in night schools.

But under the Bureau of Education's new scheme they are getting a new series of jolts. As soon as the immigrant arrives at Ellis Island, if he is going to stay in New York a directory of evening-schools is thrust into his hand among the papers that share in making his first impression of the New World. Applicants for citizenship are traced and kept tabs on, leaflets are sent out broadcast to the number of over a quarter-million, the evening-schools are being improved and extended; and finally, the attainment of citizenship is celebrated with a real ceremony, with friends and relatives in the audience and notables on the platform.

Citizenship in a rolled parchment, with a nice blue ribbon round it, received in your best clothes on a day on which there is no work—that is inspiration. It even puts dignity into Fourth of July; and it would also be a mighty appropriate festivity for Thanksgiving Day. A little tact, a little real sentiment, and the assurance of a good grip on the English language—these things offered to our immigrants may make all the difference some day between a hyphenate and a real American.



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Everybody's Magazine



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Issued monthly.

Yearly subscription, \$1.50 in advance. Single copy, fifteen cents.

Foreign postage, \$1.00 additional. No extra postage for Canada.

Copyright, 1916, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

Published by THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, Spring and Macdougall Sts., New York City.

6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., England.

Entered at the New York Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

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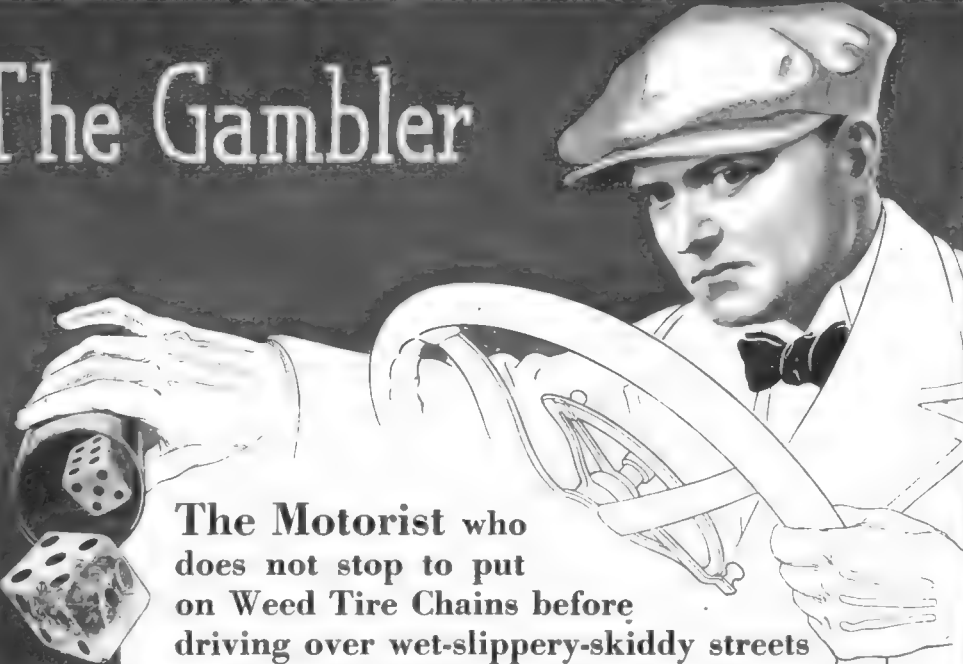
WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

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COVER DESIGN BY ADOLPH TREIDLER



The Gambler



The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippy-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others.

Some men would gamble with anything, from a counterfeit coin to life and property and all that they or others hold dear.

But at least they gamble for some stake which to them—if to no one else—seems worth the gamble. They do not risk their whole fortunes with only a few dollars to gain.

Why then, if time be precious, would they risk *all the time* allotted them here on earth, for the sake of a *few moments* of it now?

Yet, strange to say, this is just what some motorists do when *they fail to stop to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippy-skiddy streets*. They gamble their automobiles, their limbs, their very lives, and the lives of others on the road—for no more than a little of their time to put on *Weed Chains, the only dependable safeguard against skidding.*

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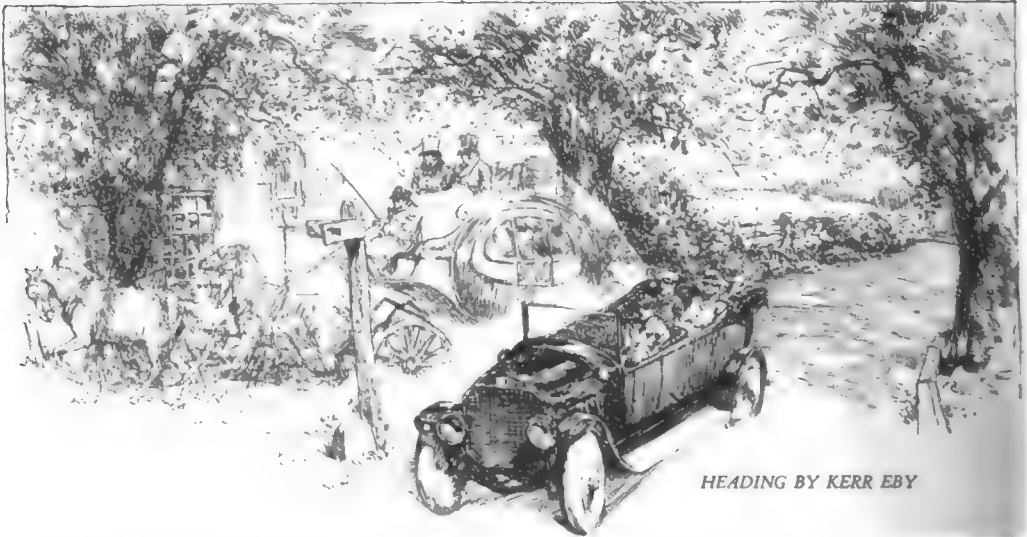
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HEADING BY KERR EBY

ABOUT FERGUSON—AND HIS TOPIC

WHEN we were a good deal younger (editorial "we," of course) than we are now, an occasional native of our small town "went abroad." That was something to brag about in our community. Each one of these venturesome tourists brought home from mysterious Europe the sort of information that interested him or her most. And by a community gentleman's and lady's agreement each was allowed a reasonable length of time to get over the habit of saying, apropos of the weather, or of the fact that a new hardware store was to be opened, or—whatever:

"Now, when I was in London—(or Paris or Rome)."

Like some of the old G. A. R.'s, however, who managed to wedge into any conversation a freshly remembered incident of Bull Run or Gettysburg, a few of these people, "who had enjoyed the advantages of foreign travel," never did cease talking about it.

One of them was old Ferguson, who owned a good two-hundred-acre farm five soft, dusty, sandy, up-and-down miles from the village. His trip to Europe twenty years before had been a county sensation. And he talked it constantly.

Around Ferguson we (not editorial "we")

this time) organized the "When I Was In Club" and we unanimously made Ferguson president of it. Like the Frenchman in one of—was it Daudet's stories?—whose only reminiscences of a trip around the world were of the ways in which potatoes were cooked in each country, Ferguson brought back from England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy only one conversational topic. He never mentioned an art-gallery, or a restaurant, or a hotel; but he described with a fervor that never failed to raise a laugh—the good roads he had seen. And he lamented that some such road did not connect his farm with the most popular general store in town, which was also a community club.

Ferguson had vision, though he did not know it.

He just felt it.

It was our pleasure to motor past Ferguson's old farm last summer over a state road that is probably quite as good as the roads Ferguson saw abroad. It is one of the approaches to the Adirondacks from the northern part of New York state, and running into it were county roads of a quality that made thirty-five or forty miles an hour in a car comfortable riding. And we thought of Ferguson of our boyhood days—and we thought of him not as the crank president of the W. I. W. I. Club, but as the one man in that whole community who

The Only Girl Who Commanded A Nation's Armies

A simple little girl of sixteen played one day in a little lost village. The next year, in supreme command of all the troops of France, she led them in triumph to victory.

Great dukes bowed before this girl who could not read. Sinful men, men who had cursed and drunk and murdered all their days, followed her meekly.

It is the most dramatic, the most amazing story in the whole story of human life. In the dim, far-off past, Joan of Arc went her shining way in France—and her story was never told as it should have been till it was told by an American—

MARK TWAINE

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WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

(Continued from page 6)

sensed, without analyzing it, what rural communities need.

In Ferguson's day every farmer at some time of the year when it was most convenient put in a certain number of days at road work as his contribution to the highways. Each farmer was his own road-engineer. A ten-mile trip with a good horse over these makeshift highways took a forenoon and most of the horse's animation.

The ten-mile-away farmer now zips to the town, which is of city size, in his car, if he has one, in twenty minutes; or his horse hauls him with one-eighth of the effort that was required in the days when the sand dripped from the fetlocks with every step.

THIS old sandy road of Ferguson's day—one of the worst in a region of bad roads—led past that most pathetic rural spectacle, an occasional abandoned farm. Mighty few of the farmers who clung to the land gave any thought to the appearance of their farm buildings.

The thin ribbon of good state road that now runs through this country has, like a new vein throbbing with healthy blood, transformed everything that it touched. The abandoned farms are industriously at work again. Old farmhouses and barns all along the way have been restored or done over. A pleasing arrangement of flowers gives a touch of color to the front yards. Many of the huge new barns which face the highway now carry in large letters the name of the owner, or the fanciful name of the farm—obvious indication that the farmer is proud of his job—and pride in one's job is always stimulating. Even the country schoolhouses have been painted and the playgrounds cleaned up.

We wish that Ferguson might have lived to see these transformations, and we are confident that his old neighbors would have pardoned him if he said "I told you so."

Seven years ago, when the first meeting was held in this particular county to stimulate an interest in good roads and an appropriation to build them, one of those men who are apparently created to act as banana-peels on the pathway to progress made a strong argument against the appropriation. He said that it was throwing away county money for the benefit of rich men who wanted to speed through the country in their automobiles.

That sounded like a fair argument then.

Of course the automobiles stimulated the good-roads movement in this country.

But there isn't a thinking man in that county to-day, whether he has an automobile or not, who is not convinced that these roads have paid big dividends, even on the reckless cost of many of them.

In other words, this county—and it is only one of many that have made the good-roads experiment—is convinced that the benefit to the tourist who comes from without is as nothing compared with the benefit to the resident who may perhaps own no motor vehicle and to whom the highway is simply a channel of utility and home convenience.

Professor Frederic Remson Hutton, who is General Secretary of the National Highways Association, has tabulated the economic, moral, social, and political values of good roads to a community in a pamphlet that should be widely distributed wherever this problem is still debated.

He estimates that our annual highway haulage in the United States amounts to five billion tons, and that the average haul is ten miles. It costs on good roads of hard and resilient surfaces about eight cents to haul one ton one mile with horses, and on poor roads this cost rises to twenty-five cents a mile. This haulage, of course, includes the farmer's produce going to the market and the manufactured articles and supplies that he brings home. If all our roads were good, there would have been an annual saving of \$7,500,000,000 in transportation, a part of which would go to the poor badgered consumer in lower prices.

In other words, bad roads in this country constitute the most stupendous wastefulness of the most wasteful people on the globe.

Let's make some assertions that good roads have made good:

POOR ROADS RUN PAST — POOR SCHOOLS — IGNORANCE AND POVERTY.

GOOD ROADS LEAD TO — GOOD SCHOOLS — KNOWLEDGE AND PROSPERITY.

MOREOVER, THE EASY HIGHWAY OF INTERCOURSE PROMOTES A SOLIDARITY IN A COMMUNITY THAT IS A MORAL, ETHICAL, AND POLITICAL SAFEGUARD.

We are just beginning to realize in this country that whatever they cost, if the construction is normally honest, good roads pay



Why Did He Tempt Death?

Captain Macklin, high-hearted soldier of fortune, just out of West Point, looked into the eyes of death. The other man's gun was leveled at his heart, but Captain Macklin fired into the air. The girl was the cause of it all—but she didn't know—she did not understand.

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WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

(Continued from page 8)

bigger community dividends than the railroads.

There are two hundred and fifty thousand miles of railroads in the United States built at an average cost of one hundred thousand dollars a mile. There are two million five hundred thousand miles of highway in this country which carry two hundred times the passenger traffic of the railroads and two and a half times as much tonnage.

We have never really appreciated the fact that good roads are the advance agents of prosperity. But better times are in sight for our roads. And through them for the man on the farm—and for the city man with the car—and for the producer—and we hope for the consumer.

If any of our readers have surplus energy which they wish to expend for community betterment and are doubtful how to direct it, EVERYBODY'S earnestly invites them to invest it in work for good roads.

If they are skeptical of such a road's permanent dividends, let them go through a county that had been notorious for poor roads, as we did last summer, and see the transformation that has been wrought not only in the farms, but in the small towns, by good roads.

EVERYBODY'S believes in building good roads because they make for national prosperity, for national preparedness in case of war, and for a finer, higher, and more contented community spirit.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1916. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James F. Birmingham, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publisher*, THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York. *Editor*, HOWARD D. WHEELER, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. *Managing Editor*, HOWARD D. WHEELER, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. *Business Manager*, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) *Owner*: THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City. *Stockholders*: THE FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York, N. Y. WM. H. BLACK, 812 Lincoln Avenue, Mendota, Illinois. MRS. THERESA R. CARROLL, 777 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y. W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William Street, New York City, N. Y. CLARA E. KEHOE, 2524 Creston Avenue, New York City, N. Y. H. F. MORSE, 3 West 46th Street, New York City, N. Y. LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 156 Ridge Street, Glens Falls, N. Y. MRS. ARETHUSA POND, 955 West End Avenue, New York City, N. Y. ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. R. A. VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. H. N. WHITNEY & SONS, 179 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. G. W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. BEN F. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. MARIE A. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) GEORGE W. WILDER, 329 W. 108th St., New York, N. Y. GERTRUDE C. WILDER, 329 W. 108th St., New York, N. Y. JULIA MARLOWE, Hotel Walton, Philadelphia, Pa. ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. JOHN ADAMS THAYER, Westport, Conn. JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, 128 W. 59th St., New York, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) J. F. BIRMINGHAM, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1916. A. P. SCHOEN, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1917.)

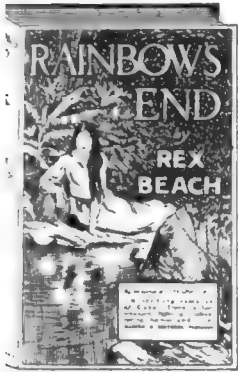
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The name of the donor of this year-through gift appears on the card. If you wish to join the thousands who will ask us within the next three weeks to send Christmas cards, your Christmas order should be mailed as soon as possible.

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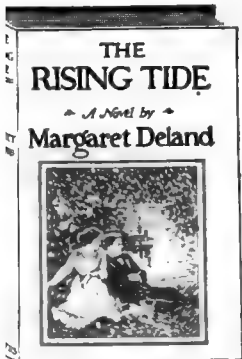
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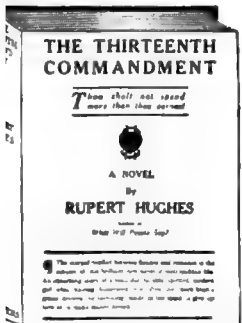
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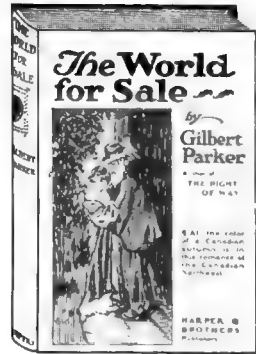
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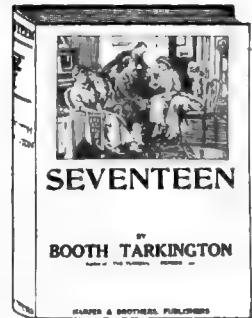


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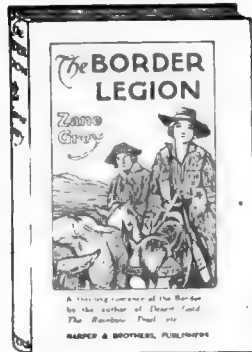


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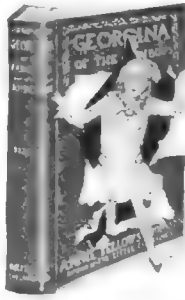
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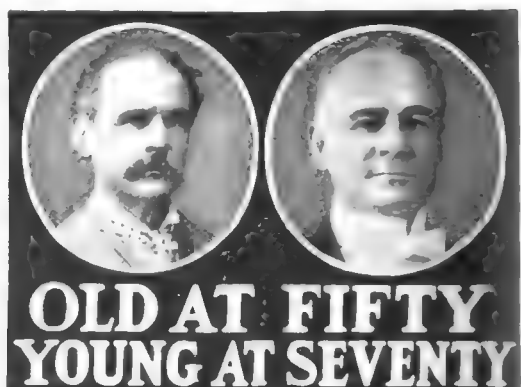
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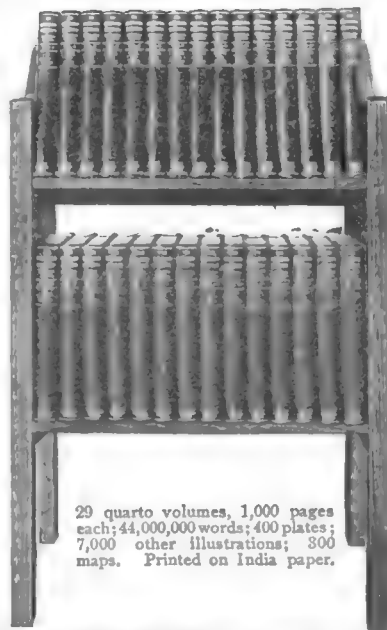
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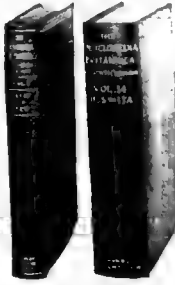
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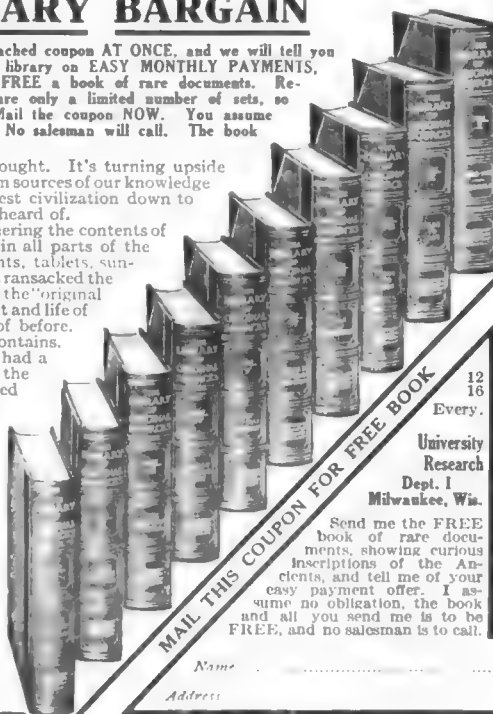
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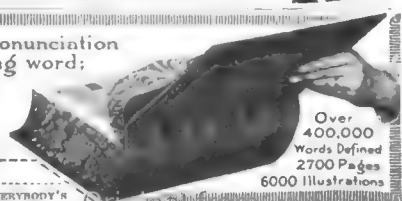


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The Look That

MARY'S home was the grandest in town.

Gray stone, almost like a castle; velvet lawns and clean gravel paths.

Within, the great corridors shone like glass; orderly, immaculate. The children never stepped on the polished floors—they were trained to walk only on the linoleum strip.

It might never have occurred to you that children lived there, all was so still. No laughter was heard, no romping of boisterous feet.

Yet Mary did not live there alone. There were four hundred other children. Mary was never alone, but always lonely.

She stood by the window this day and she should have been very happy. For would not tomorrow be Sunday, the day on which she was allowed to wear a colored ribbon in her hair!

Something she had heard this morning troubled her. She did not understand, but there was a dull ache in her heart.

It was while on the morning walk—four hundred unsmiling children all dressed rigidly alike, down the center of the street; a forlorn little regiment out for its daily exercise.

Mary had been watching with her great eyes two beribboned angels in a pony cart when she heard one of them say in an awed whisper—every time she had overheard that remark it had

been made in an awed whisper—"There go the orphans!"

Mary did not understand. She was only six, and she could not remember the fragile mother who brought her, over four years before, to the great, gray stone building. The dry-eyed woman, bravely smiling who kissed her, breathed, "Be good to my little girl," walked steadily out of the room and staggered sobbing down the steps—within a week of her grave.

So Mary did not understand. She was only just beginning to wonder, but each month grew deeper in her eyes the look that can only be loved away, in a home that is not spelled with a capital "H."

That look is no longer in Mary's eyes. Sometimes it comes there and then she buries her head in her darling "mother's" lap and soon all the world smiles again.

It is all like a beautiful dream. There are whole hours in the day when she can be alone, and not lonely, and do what she pleases. She can actually walk on the grass and visit neighbors just like some other child. She is allowed to play with dolls—her own dolls.

All day long no gong rings for getting up, for meals, for prayers, for play, for bed; all in ordered



Was Loved Away

silence. Mary has her own bed, her own room, her own home. She can wear a different colored ribbon in her hair every day. And at night the wonderful being called "daddy" comes home with a pocket bulging with mystery.

Mama and daddy tell her that to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow no more gongs will ring, and her own heart tells her that no one ever again will say in that awed whisper, "There go the orphans!"

Twelve thousand two hundred and thirteen such homes have thrown open their doors and their hearts to such forlorn little waifs through the work of Butterick magazines.

Since Butterick started its Child-Rescue Campaign in 1907, thousands of little children have been taken from great gray institutions and adopted into loving homes.

By ceaseless effort, through the influence of

its magazine pages, by personal investigations, by interesting prominent people, by the collection and donation of money, Butterick has found the home without a child for the child without a home—12,213 of them.

To have done such a work is its own recompense and too sacred a privilege to be commercialized. It is related here because this series about the House of Butterick could not be complete without reference to it. While the Child-Rescue Campaign is perhaps more dramatic, it is one in spirit with the work the Butterick magazines have been accomplishing for half a century.

Butterick has the intimate trust and influence to open twelve thousand homes to forlorn children only because for years and years the Butterick magazines (*THE DELINEATOR*, *THE DESIGNER*, *THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE*) have both served and led millions of women in all the fundamental activities of their lives.

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A NEW kind of love-story, in which a bald head plays a romantic part. A young bald head, you see. "The Heavenly Spat" sheds some light on the subject of love and eugenics.



OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY



BOOTH TARKINGTON

HERE'S *Lucius Brutus Allen* mixing up in some other people's affairs. If there happen to be any spoiled children among your friends' and relatives' families, by all means don't fail to find out what *Lucius* did to *Ludlum*. And—the same, in any case!



OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY

the lady who wrote "The Fifth Wheel," contributes a story about a girl who made her father forget he wanted a son. "The Price of Catalogues" is human and charming.



THE THEATRE

THEN there's to be a review of the New York shows. Karl Schmidt is going to tell the folks back home what's really worth seeing on that coming trip to New York. Mr. Schmidt's theatre articles are "different." You are going to find a lot of solid enjoyment in what he has to say in the January EVERYBODY'S.

Keep Posted—important
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EVERYBODY'S FOR JANUARY

"LET GEORGE DO IT!"

THIS has been England's answer in times of crisis since the war began. How David Lloyd George has "done" it, will be told by Isaac F. Marcossan, just back from England, in a brilliant character study. Also, Mr. Marcossan brings a direct message to the American people from England's "man of the hour."



JAPAN IN THE CHINA SHOP

THERE'S been a lot of talk in this country about the Yellow Peril and war with Japan. Here's some real information about the possibilities and probabilities. In *this* number, on page 641, O. K. Davis, war correspondent and expert in Eastern affairs, tells what Japan is up to in the Far East.

Next month Mr. Davis will show the bearing of Japan's program on American trade.



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DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

THE SERIALS

YOU will get the conclusion of Talbot Mundy's splendid mystery story, "King, of the Khyber Rifles," in January, and a good, big instalment of "His Family," by Ernest Poole. Then—coming in February—the opening chapters of a romance full of adventure and love and court intrigue—

"Long Live the King!" by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

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One can be mighty glad if, in the spring- and summer-time of life, some care was given to Nature's laws of health.

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It is a pure, cereal food-drink, free from any harmful substance, but nourishing, and especially delicious in flavor. Where tea or coffee interferes with personal comfort, a change to **Postum** brings happy results.

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Stop Eating Foods That Poison!

Why Wrong Eating is Responsible for More Sickness than Any Other Cause. How Right Eating Removes the Cause of Sickness.

By ARTHUR TRUE BUSWELL, M. D.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN

AT LAST we Americans are beginning to wake up to the full meaning of the recent remarkable discoveries made by the food scientists. And it is time we did, for I firmly believe that the meals we eat every day cause more sickness and destroy more of our mental efficiency than all the drugs, alcohol, and tobacco combined.

I say this advisedly, and my opinion is confirmed by many of my leading contemporaries, who agree that no less than 90 per cent of all disease is traceable to the digestive system.

Very few people have any knowledge of what takes place in their stomachs. Not only are we ignorant of the values of particular foods but we have absolutely no conception of the meaning of proper food combinations.

To eat good, simple, nourishing food is not necessarily to eat correctly. In the first place, many of the foods which we have come to regard as good are in reality about the worst things we can eat, while others that we regard as harmful have the most food value. And usually the inexpensive foods are the good ones and the high priced ones the most injurious.

But perhaps the greatest harm which comes from eating blindly is the fact that very often two perfectly good foods when eaten at the same meal form a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode, liberating dangerous toxics which are absorbed by the blood and form the root of nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation, and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

These truths have been strongly brought out by Professor Metchnikoff in his treatise on the "Prolongation of Life," and by many other modern scientists. But most efforts in the past have been designed solely to cleanse out the system and remove the poisons *after* they had formed, wholly disregarding the cause.

Correct Eating involves first, the proper selection of foods; second, the right combinations, and

third, proper proportioning so as to form at each meal a constructive health and energy building whole. All of which is much simpler than it sounds.

And, strange as it may seem, scientifically proportioned meals are more delicious and more satisfying than the meals which are chosen without regard to health. Instead of being deprived of the good things of life, we come to take more pleasure in eating than ever before. It is not even necessary to upset your table to eat scientifically and no special foods are required. You can get anything you need out of your garden, at your local store or in any restaurant.

Eugene Christian, the well-known food scientist, has shown repeatedly that just as wrong eating causes sickness and loss of brain energy, good foods rightly combined and proportioned will remove the cause of almost any non-organic disease and increase the mental efficiency of users several hundred per cent.

And these results are easy to maintain because a system of eating that will restore health and energy will protect the system from further attacks. When you learn to eat correctly, you not only gain health but you insure your health for life. This, of course, is not true of most drugs and medicines which cure you for the time being. It is interesting to note that no member of Christian's family (he has a wife and two daughters) has had even a slight cold in twelve years, and you never saw such pictures of healthful energy.

At his private office, Eugene Christian has a constant stream of men and women in all sorts of circumstances and in all conditions of health who come to him for advice and help, and the results he secures for them are, to say the least, remarkable.

Business men who are "slowing down" and find they have lost their energy and enthusiasm go to Christian to renew their youth. People who suffer with stomach, liver and kidney trouble—most of whom had tried all other sources—come to him and go away brimming with perfect health and energy. Others who are too stout or too thin find that with foods alone and Christian's advice they can quickly acquire a normal figure.

In a number of instances his patients have

been so thankful for what he has done that they have, after the treatment was over, in paying the bill, voluntarily added \$500 or \$1,000 to the amount, saying that never could they adequately repay him for the good he had done.

In order to help as many people as possible, not only those who are ailing but those who want to maintain their health, Eugene Christian founded The Corrective Eating Society to disseminate his teachings. This society has prepared a book based upon Christian's 20 years' experience. Corrective Eating, in 24 Lessons, is being offered for free examination to those who are interested. This work was written expressly for the layman. Technical terms have been avoided and every point is explained so that there can be no possible misunderstanding. Reasons are given for every recommendation, and every statement is based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice.

But the lessons do not merely tell you why you should eat correctly and what the results will be, they also give actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness for all ages from infancy to old age and covering all occupations, climates and seasons.

Each and every one of these menus has been employed for its purpose of increasing efficiency and restoring health not merely once but many times—so that every vestige of experiment has been removed. And an interesting feature is that it costs less to follow these menus than your food costs you now.

Christian says that every thinking man or woman—young or old—well or sick—should know the science of correct eating. That most people dig their graves with their teeth is as true as gospel, in his estimation. Food is the fuel of the human system. And just as certain fuels will produce definite results when consumed in a furnace, so will certain foods produce the desired results when put into the human furnace.

Yet not one person in a thousand has any knowledge of food as fuel. Some of the combinations we eat every day are as inefficient and

dangerous as soggy wood, wet leaves, mud, sawdust and a little dynamite would be for a furnace. No wonder man is only 50% efficient—no wonder the average life is only 39 years—no wonder diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103% within the past 30 years!

Yet The Corrective Eating Society shows how easy and simple it is to eat your way back to perfect health and up to a new type of physical and mental power. The relationship of health to material success is so close that the result of the society's teaching is a form of personal efficiency which puts people head and shoulders above their less fortunate brothers. Everyone knows that the best ideas, plans and methods are worked out when you are brimful of vitality—when you feel full of "ginger." The better you feel—the better work you can do. I understand that The Corrective Eating Society's lessons have times without number been the means of bringing great material prosperity to its students by endowing them with health so perfect that work seems like play.

If you would like to have the Book of 24 Lessons in Corrective Eating written by Eugene Christian out of his vast experience simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 1612, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City, and they will mail you a set for examination.

I am authorized to say that it is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely write and ask them to send the lessons for five days' free examination with the understanding that you will either return the lessons within that time or remit \$3, the small fee asked.

There will of course be some who will doubt the efficacy of Corrective Eating, but I am certain your objections will be quickly removed once you examine Christian's course. Anyway, you are obligating yourself in no way by accepting the society's generous offer which enables you to investigate its wonderful work before you pay for the lessons. If the more than 300 pages contained in the course yield but one single suggestion that will bring greater health, you will get many times the cost of the course back in personal benefit—yet hundreds write the Society that they find vital helpfulness on every page.

I suggest that you clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

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You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remail these to you in five days or send you \$3.

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Agnes Repplier, Burges Johnson, Henry Seidel Canby, William Trufant Foster, E. S. Martin, Laura Spencer Porter, Meredith Nicholson, and others will contribute essays. Science and Travel—on which Harper's never puts any limit of expense to secure—will of course be features of the magazine during 1917.

TO-DAY should see your order for Harper's Magazine for the coming year in the hands of your newsdealer, or it may be sent to Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York City

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Illustration by Douglas Dyer

The active cause of his flight was his supplemental woman's father

Scribner's Magazine for Christmas

Tropic Madness

HE THOUGHT serious thoughts. She thought frivolous ones. So she broke her engagement to him—and he sailed to the tropics, where he met a man who drank green swizzles and shot land-crabs with an air-rifle. And there was a daughter who thought serious thoughts, too, so she and the ex-fiancé did their thinking together, until—

But, honestly, you will get too much fun out of "Tropic Madness" to have it spoiled by advance information.

It is one of *nine* excellent stories in the Christmas Scribner's. One of the others is by James Whitcomb Riley. And "War-Music," a spirited, timely poem by Henry van Dyke, is in this number.

Are you seeing Scribner's regularly? In this day of mediocre fiction you have to choose your stories carefully, don't you? Better to subscribe to Scribner's—and be sure. By the year, \$3. Four months, for acquaintance's sake, \$1.

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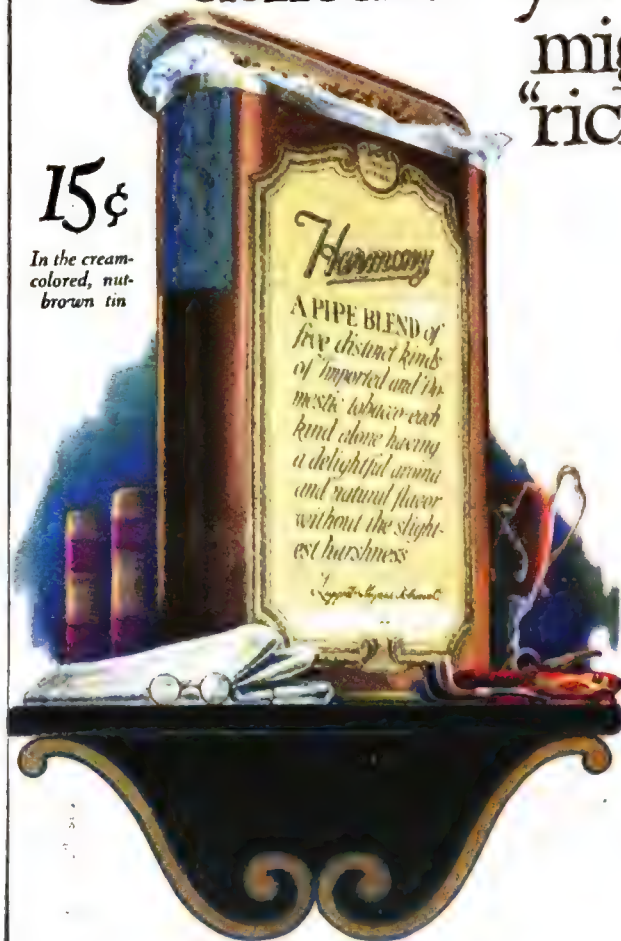


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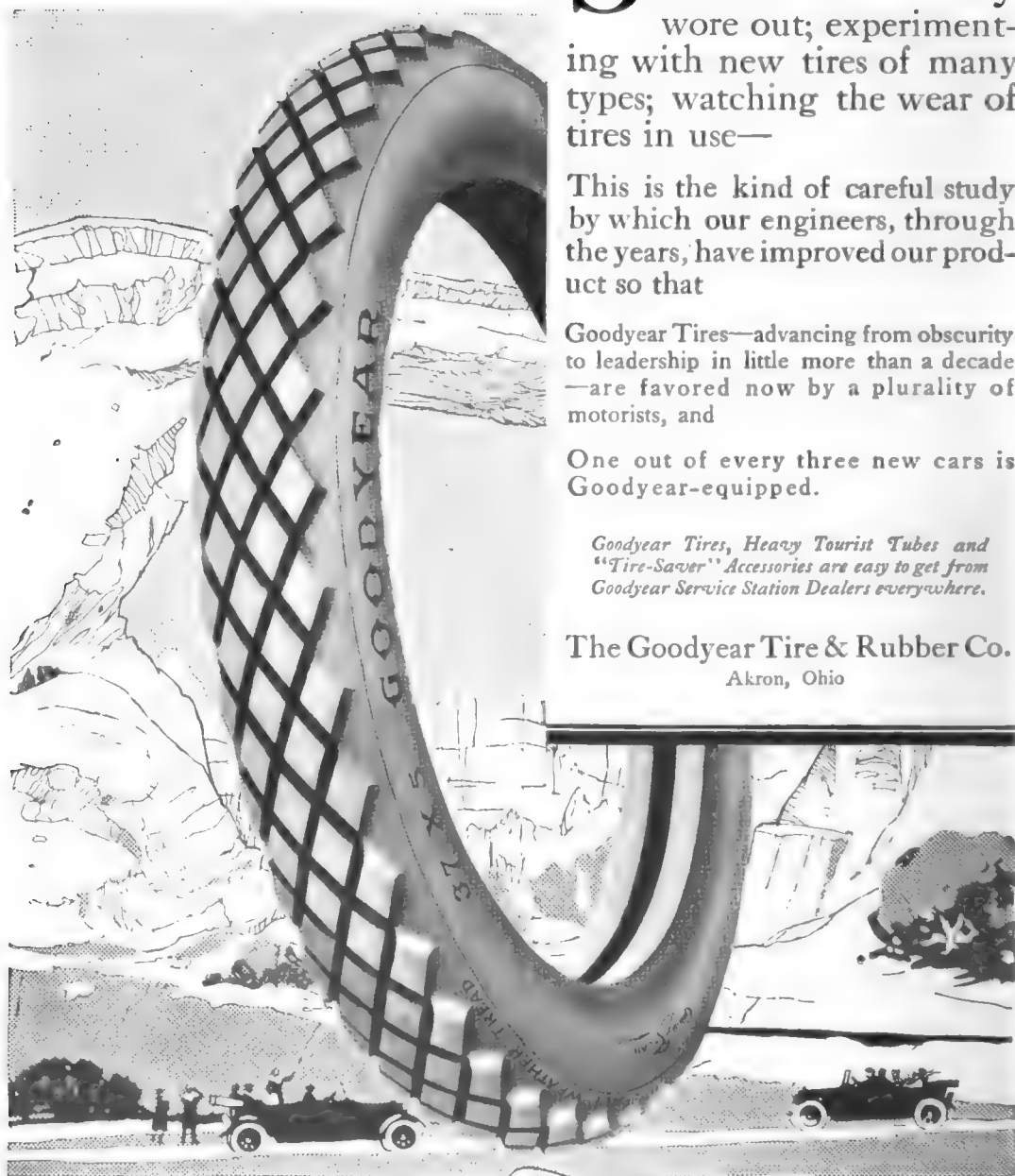
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AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY

ACCORDING to estimates prepared by automobile authorities, over a million and a half cars will be sold during the next twelve months.

Heretofore, the prospective automobile owner has had considerable difficulty in the matter of selection because of the limited sources of information available to him, and it was to enable such purchasers to get complete comparative information in condensed form that Everybody's Magazine Automobile Directory was established as a regular department.

The brief specifications that follow the name of each American pleasure and commercial car include:

The address of the manufacturer
The number of models made
The number of cylinders
The length of wheel-base
The range of prices

The capacities, prices and type of drive of commercial cars.

Most prospective buyers have in mind the price they wish to pay and the body styles wanted. By checking off cars that come within the sum decided upon, a comprehensive list may be made up. The manufacturers who do not make the bodies desired can then be eliminated and further information obtained from the remaining ones, whose addresses are given. If preferred, the information can be secured from the Automobile Department of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

Prices, models and mechanical specifications are constantly changing, but this Directory, corrected and brought up to date each month, embodies the latest available data and may be considered authoritative.

Any assistance that this department can give to readers interested in automobiles will be gladly supplied.

Your correspondence is invited.

Gasoline Pleasure Cars

Listed alphabetically by name of car. Prices are f. o. b. Factory

Models—Number of chassis

T. C.—Touring Car

R.—Roadster

W. B.—Wheel-base

	Cylinders	Prices		Cylinders	Prices
"ABBOTT-DETROIT," Abbott Corp., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 5 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 122 in.	6	\$1195 to \$1820	"CRAWFORD," Crawford Automobile Co., Hagerstown, Md., 1 model, 4 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 120 in.	6	\$1650 to \$2250
"ALLEN," Allen Motor Car Co., Fostoria, Ohio, 2 models, 4 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 112 in.	4	795 to 850	"CROW ELKHART," Crow Elkhart Motor Car Co., Elkhart, Ind., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 113 in.	4	795 and 845
"ALTER," Alter Motor Car Co., Plymouth, Mich., 2 models, 2 bodies (T. C.), W. B. 106 in. and 114 in.	4-6	675 to 850	"CROWTHER-DURYEA," Crowther Motor Co., Rochester, N. Y., 2 models, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 110 in.	4	450 to 650
"ANDERSON," Anderson Motor Co., Rock Hill, S. C., 2 models, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 120 in.	6	1250 and 1275	"CUNNINGHAM," James Cunningham Son & Co., Rochester, N. Y., 2 models, bodies to order (T. C. & R.), W. B. 130 in. and 142 in.	8	3750 - 6000
"APPERSON ROADPLANE," Apperson Bros. Auto Co., Kokomo, Ind., 2 models, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 130 in.	6-8	1750 to 3000	"DANIELS EIGHT," Daniels Motor Car Co., Reading, Pa., 1 model, 5 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 127 in.	8	2800 to 4000
"ARGO," Argo Motor Co., Jackson, Mich., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 96 in.	4	405 and 465	"DAVIS," Geo. W. Davis, Richmond, Ind., 2 models, 4 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 120 in. to 124 in.	6	1195 to 1795
"AUBURN," Auburn Automobile Co., Auburn, Ind., 2 models, 3 bodies, (R. & 2 T. C., Sedan Tops extra), W. B. 120 and 131 in.	6	1085 to 1535	"DETROITER," Detroit Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 119 in.	6	1098
"AUSTIN," Austin Automobile Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 3 models, 6 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 142 in.	6-12	2800 to 5100	"DISPATCH," Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 1 model, 3 bodies, W. B. 120 in.	4	1135 to 1400
"BELL," Bell Motor Car Co., York, Pa., 1 model, 1 body (T. C.), W. B. 112 in.	4	875	"DIXIE FLYER," Dixie Motor Car Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 112 in.	4	795
"BIDDLE," Biddle Motor Car Co., Phila., Pa., 1 model, 4 bodies (T. C. & R.)	4	2285	"DODGE BROTHERS," Dodge Brothers, Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 4 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 114 in.	4	785 to 1165
"BIMEL," Bimel Automobile Co., Sidney, Ohio, 2 models, 3 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 102 in. and 115 in.	4-6	550 to 995	"DORRIS," Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model, 1 body (7-passenger T. C.), W. B. 128 in.	6	2475
"BOUR-DAVIS," Bour-Davis Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & Closed), W. B. 118 in.	6	1250 and 1500	"DORT," Dort Motor Car Co., Flint, Mich., 1 model, 3 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 105 in.	4	695 to 1065
"BREWSTER," Brewster & Co., New York City, 1 model, 14 bodies (T. C. & R., etc.), W. B. 125 in.	4	6500 to 7900	"DREXEL," Drexel Motor Car Corp., Chicago, Ill., 1 model, 3 bodies, (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 112 in.	4	855 to 1155
"BRISCOE," Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 3 models, 5 bodies, (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 105 in. to 114 in.	4-8	625 to 985	"DRUMMOND," Drummond Motor Co., Omaha, Nebr., 1 model, 3 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 120 in.	8	1600
"BUICK," Buick Motor Co., Flint, Mich., 2 models, 6 bodies, (2 T. C., 2 R., etc.), W. B. 106 in. and 115 in.	4-6	650 to 1800	"DUNN," Dunn Motor Works, Ogdensburg, N. Y., 1 model, 1 body (Roadster), W. B. 84 in.	4	295
"CADILLAC," Cadillac Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 11 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 125 in. and 132 in.	8	2080 to 3750	"EAGLE," Eagle-Macomber Motor Car Co., Sandusky, Ohio, 1 model, 1 body (Roadster).	5	700
"CASE," J. I. Case T. M. Co., Racine, Wis., 1 model, 1 body (T. C.), W. B. 120 in.	4	1190	"ELCAR," Elkhart Carriage & Motor Car Co., Elkhart, Ind., 1 model, 3 bodies (T. C. & R.).	4	795 to 845
"CHALMERS," Chalmers Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 7 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 115 in. and 122 in.	6	1090 to 2550	"ELGIN," Elgin Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.).	6	845
"CHANDLER," Chandler Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 1 model, 5 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 123 in.	6	1295 to 2595	"EMPIRE," Empire Automobile Co., Indianapolis, Ind., 2 models, 3 bodies (2 T. C. & R.), W. B. 116 in. and 120 in.	4-6	960 to 1125
"CHEVROLET," Chevrolet Motor Co., N. Y. City, 2 models, 6 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 102, 108 and 120 in.	4-8	490 to 1100	"ENGER," Enger Motor Car Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 1 model, 1 body, (5-passenger T. C.), W. B. 116 in.	12	1295
"COEY FLYER," Coey Motor Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 106 in.	4	695	"ERIE," Erie Motor Car Co., Painesville, Ohio, 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 118 in.	4	795
"COLES," Cole Motor Car Co., Indianapolis, Ind., 1 model, 4 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 127 in.	8	1595 to 2195	"F. I. A. T.," F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 2 models, 4 bodies (T. C., etc.), W. B. 128 in. and 135 in.	4-6	4850 to 6350
"COLUMBIA," Columbia Motors Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 115 in.	6	On application	"FORD," Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 5 bodies, W. B. 100 in.	4	345 to 645
			"FOSTORIA," Fostoria Light Car Co., Fostoria, Ohio, 1 model, 1 body (T. C.), W. B. 108 in.		695

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	Cylinders	Prices		Cylinders	Prices
"FRANKLIN," H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 1 model, 8 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 115 in.	6	\$1800 to \$3000	"MITCHELL," Mitchell Motors Co., Racine, Wis., 2 models, 8 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 127.	6	\$1050 to \$2650
"F. R. P.," Finley Robertson Porter Co., Port Jefferson, N. Y., 3 models, chassis only, W. B. 110 in., 130 in. and 140 in.	4	5000	"MOLINE-KNIGHT," Moline Automobile Co., East Moline, Ill., 2 models, 8 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 118 in. and 128 in.	4	1450 to 3250
"GLIDE," Bartholomew Co., Peoria, Ill., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. and R. Sedan Top extra), W. B. 119 in.	6	1125 and 1150	"MONARCH," Monarch Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 1 body (T. C.), W. B. 125 in.	8	1500
"GRANT," Grant Motor Car Corp., Findlay, Ohio, 1 model, 3 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 112 in.	6	825 to 1050	"MONITOR," Cummins-Monitor Co., Columbus, Ohio, 2 models, 3 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 108 in. and 115 in.	4-6	795 to 995
"HACKETT," Hackett Motor Car Co., Jackson, Mich., 1 model, 1 body, (T. C.), W. B. 112 in.	4	888	"MONROE," Monroe Motor Co., Pontiac, Mich., 2 models, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 96 in. and 115 in.	4	565 and 985
"HAL TWELVE," HAL Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 1 model, 5 bodies, (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 135 in.	12	2385 to 4250	"MOON," Moon Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models, 4 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 118 in. and 125 in.	6	1295 to 1650
"HARVARD," Harvard-Pioneer Motor Car Corp., Troy, N. Y., 1 model, 1 body (R.), W. B. 100 in.	4	750	"MOORE 30," Moore Motor Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 1 model, 1 body (T. C.), W. B. 106 in.	4	550
"HATFIELD," Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 1 model, 1 body (R.), W. B. 106 in.	4	875	"MORSE," Morse Cyclecar Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 1 model, 3 bodies (R. & 2 T. C.), W. B. 127 in.	4	3600 and 3700
"HAYNES," Haynes Automobile Co., Kokomo, Ind., 2 models, 10 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 121 in. and 127 in.	6-12	1485 to 2750	"MURRAY," Murray Motor Car Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 1 model, 2 bodies, (T. C. & R.), W. B. 128 in.	8	2450
"HOLLIER," Lewis Spring & Axle Co., Chelsea, Mich., 2 models, 4 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 116 in.	6-8	895 to 1185	"NATIONAL," National Motor Vehicle Co., Indianapolis, Ind., 2 models, 10 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 128 in.	6-12	1750 to 2500
"HOMER LAUGHLIN," Homer Laughlin Engineers Corp., Los Angeles, Cal., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.).	8	1050 and 1250	"NEW ERA," New Era Engineering Co., Joliet, Ill., 1 model, 1 body (T. C.), W. B. 104 in.	4	685
"HUDSON," Hudson Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 8 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 125½ in.	6	1650 to 3025	"OAKLAND," Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Mich., 2 models, 5 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 112 in. and 127 in.	6-8	845 to 1585
"HUPMOBILE," Hupp Motor Car Corp., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 6 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 119 in. and 134 in.	4	1185 to 1375	"OLDSMOBILE," Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Mich., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 120 in.	8	1195
"INTERSTATE," Interstate Motor Co., Muncie, Ind., 1 model, 6 bodies, (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 110 in.	4	850 to 1250	"OVERLAND," Willys-Overland Co., Toledo, Ohio, 3 models, 5 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 104, 112 and 116 in.	4-6	620 to 1325
"JACKSON," Jackson Automobile Co., Jackson, Mich., 1 model, 3 bodies (1 T. C., 2 R.), W. B. 112 in., 118 in. and 124 in.	8	1295 to 1395	"OWEN-MAGNETIC," The Baker R & L Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models, 9 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 125 in. and 136 in.	6	3150 to 5000
"JEFFERY," The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 2 models, 6 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 116 in. and 125 in.	4-6	1065 to 1530	"PACKARD," Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 21 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 126 in. and 135 in.	12	2865 to 4915
"JONES," Jones Motor Car Co., Wichita, Kans., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 123 in.	6	1475	"PAIGE," Paige Detroit Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 9 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 117 in. and 124 in.	6	1070 to 2750
"JORDAN," Jordan Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 1 model, 6 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 127 in.	6	1650 to 3000	"PARTIN - PALMER," Commonwealth Motors Co., Chicago, Ill., 2 models, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 96 in. and 110 in.	4	495 to 695
"KING," King Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 3 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 120 in.	8	1350 to 1900	"PATERSON," W. A. Paterson Co., Flint, Mich., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 117 in.	6	1095
"KISSEL KAR," Kissel Motor Car Co., Hartford, Wis., 2 models, 11 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 117 in. and 126 in.	6	1095 to 2100	"PATHFINDER," Pathfinder Co., Indianapolis, Ind., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 130 in.	12	2750 to 2900
"KLINE KAR," Kline Car Corporation, Richmond, Va., 1 model, 3 bodies (T. C. & R.).	6	1175 to 1195	"PEERLESS," Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 1 model, 4 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 125 in.	8	1890 to 3260
"LAMBERT," Buckeye Mfg. Co., Anderson, Ind., 2 models, 2 bodies (2 T. C.), W. B. 112 in.	4-6	685 and 985	"PHIANNNA," Phianna Motors Co., Newark, N. J., 1 model, 5 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 125 in.	4	5000 to 6000
"LAUREL," Laurel Motor Car Co., Richmond, Ind., 1 model, 3 bodies (R. & 2 T. C.), W. B. 112 in.	4	850 and 875	"PIERCE - ARROW," Pierce - Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models, 37 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 134 in., 142 in. and 147 1-2 in.	6	4300 to 7200
"LENOX," Lenox Motor Car Co., Boston, Mass., 1 model, 1 body, (T. C.), W. B. 123 in.	6	On application	"PILLIOD," Pilliod Motor Co., Toledo, Ohio, 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 120 in.	4	1485
"LEXINGTON," Lexington-Howard Co., Connersville, Ind., 2 models, 6 bodies (T. C. etc.), W. B. 116 in. to 144 in.	6	1185 to 2875	"PILOT," Pilot Motor Car Co., Richmond, Ind., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. and R.), W. B. 119 in.	6	1150
"LIBERTY," Liberty Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 4 bodies (T. C., etc.), W. B. 115 in.	6	1095 to 2350	"PREMIER," Premier Motor Corp., Indianapolis, Ind., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 125 1-2 in.	6	1685
"LOCOMOBILE," Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models, 11 bodies (others to order), W. B. 139 in. and 142 in.	6	4600 to 6800	"PRINCESS," Princess Motor Car Corp., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 3 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 108 in.	4	775
"LOZIER," Lozier Motor Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 4 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 120 in. and 132 in.	4-6	1695 to 4650	"PULLMAN," Pullman Motor Car Co., York, Pa., 1 model, 3 bodies (T. C. & 2 R.), W. B. 114 in.	4	825
"LUVIERNE," Luvierne Automobile Co., Luvierne, Minn., 1 model, 1 body (T. C.), W. B. 130 in.	6	1500	"REGAL," Regal Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 3 bodies (2 T. C. & R.), W. B. 108 in. and 115 in.	4-8	695 and 1200
"McFARLAN SIX," McFarlan Motor Co., Connersville, Ind., 1 model, 17 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 136 in.	6	3200 to 5000	"REO," Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models, 4 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 115 in. and 126.	4-6	875 to 1750
"MADISON," Madison Motors Co., Anderson, Ind., 4 models, 6 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 115 in., 120 in. and 124 in.	6	1050 to 1250	"RICHARD," Richard Auto Mfg. Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 137 in.	4	5000
"MALBOHM," Malbohm Motors Co., Racine, Wis., 1 model, 1 body (Roadster), W. B. 105 in.	4	695	"RICHMOND," The Wayne Works, Richmond, Ind., 1 model, 1 body, W. B. 110 in. and 120 in.	4	750
"MARION-HANDLEY," Mutual Motors Co., Jackson, Mich., 2 models, 4 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 120 in. and 125 in.	6	1275 to 1475	"ROAMER," Barley Motor Co., Streator, Ill., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 124 in.	6	1850
"MARMON 34," Nordyke & Marmon Co., Indianapolis, Ind., 1 model, 7 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 136 in.	6	2900 to 5350	"ROSS EIGHT," Ross Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 3 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 130 in.	8	1550
"MAXWELL," Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 5 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 103 in.	4	580 to 985	"SAXON," Saxon Motor Car Corp., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 3 bodies (T. C. & R.).	4-6	495 to 815
"MERCER," Mercer Automobile Co., Trenton, N. J., 2 models, 4 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 115 in. and 132 in.	4	3400 to 3500	"SCRIPPS - BOOTH," Scripps - Booth Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 3 bodies (T. C., R., etc.), W. B. 110 in. and 120 in.	4-8	825 to 1450
"METZ," Metz Co., Waltham, Mass., 1 model, 2 bodies, (T. C. & R.), W. B. 105 in.	4	545			



"The Gold Standard of Values" In Automobiles and Motor Trucks

THE TERM is more than a mere catch phrase.

IT APPLIES with peculiar aptness to the product of the Reo Factories.

IT WAS EARNED by long years of consistent service in the hands of users.

IT WAS CONFERRED by those users, apparently by common consent—for it is an interesting fact that we heard it applied by owners and dealers many months before we decided to adopt it, as indicative of Reo quality, in our advertisements.

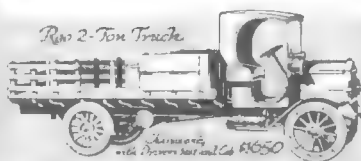
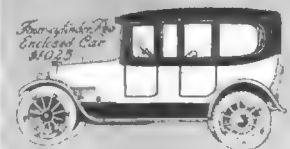
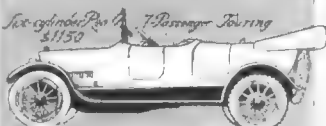
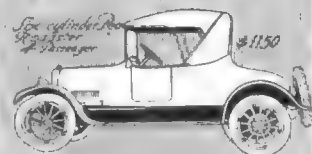
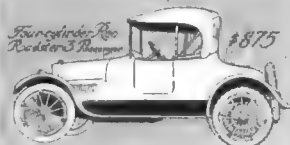
IT IS A COMPLIMENT to the Reo product. And it is an incentive to the Reo Folk to deserve it always.

SPACE FORBIDS a detailed description of any of the eight Reo models (six pleasure cars and two motor trucks) that now comprise the Reo line.

BUT WE'LL BE GLAD to send you a catalog, or any one of the 2000 Reo distributors will show and explain to you in detail the particular Reo model that best fits your needs and your purse.

AND NO MATTER which you may select, you can feel confident that in quality, in performance and in low upkeep cost, that Reo will, in its class, represent "The Gold Standard of Values."

Reo Motor Car Company
Lansing, Michigan



All Prices are F.O.B. Lansing, Michigan



	Cylinders	Prices		Cylinders	Prices
"SIMPLEX," (Crane Model), Simplex Automobile Co., New Brunswick, N. J., 1 model, bodies extra, W. B. 143 1/2 in.	6	\$6000	"THOMAS," E. R. Thomas Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 1 model, bodies as specified. (To order only). W. B. 134 in.	6	\$4000 to \$5000
"SINGER," Singer Motor Car Co., New York, N. Y., 1 model, 5 bodies (T. C. R., etc.), W. B. 138 in.	6	3500 to 4700	"VELIE," Velie Motor Vehicle Co., Moline, Ill., 2 models, 8 bodies (T. C. R., etc.), W. B. 115 in. and 124 in.	6	1065 to 2200
"STANDARD," Standard Steel Car Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 1 model, 4 bodies (T. C. R., etc.), W. B. 127 in.	8	1850 to 1900	"WACO," Western Automobile Co., Seattle, Wash., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. R. & R.), W. B. 112 in.	4	950
"STANLEY STEAM CARS," Stanley Motor Carriage Co., Newton, Mass., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.), W. B. 130 in.	Steam Power	1925 and 1975	"WESTCOTT," Westcott Motor Car Co., Springfield, Ohio, 1 model, 6 bodies (T. C. R., etc.), W. B. 125 in.	6	1590 to 2190
"STATES," States Motor Car Mfg. Co., Kalamazoo, Mich., 1 model, 1 body (T. C.), W. B. 112 in.	4	845	"WHITE," White Motor Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 3 models, 10 bodies (T. C. R., etc.), W. B. 115 in., 133 1-2 in. and 142 in.	4	2650 to 5300
"STEARNS," F. B. Stearns Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models, 20 bodies (T. C. R., etc.), W. B. 119 in. and 123 in.	4-8	1450 to 3500	"WILLYS," Willys-Overland Co., Toledo, O., 1 model, 1 body (T. C.), W. B. 125 in.	6	1325
"STEPHENS SIX," Stephens Motor Branch of Moline Plow Co., Freeport, Ill., 1 model, 2 bodies (T. C. & R.).	6	1150	"WILLYS - KNIGHT," Willys-Overland Co., Toledo, O., 2 models, 5 bodies (T. C. R., etc.), W. B. 114 and 121 in.	4	1095 to 1950
"STUDEBAKER," Studebaker Corporation, Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 9 bodies, W. B. 112 in. and 122 in.	4-6	850 to 2600	"WINTON SIX," Winton Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models, 24 bodies (T. C. R., etc.), W. B. 128 in. and 138 in.	6	2485 to 4750
"STUTZ," Stutz Motor Car Co., Indianapolis, Ind., 1 model, 3 bodies (R. & 2 T. C.), W. B. 130 in.	4	2275 and 2550	"WOODS," Woods Mobilitee Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model, 1 body (R.), W. B. 104 in.	4	880
"SUN," Sun Motor Car Co., Elkhart, Ind., 1 model, 4 bodies (T. C. R., etc.), W. B. 116 in.	6	1095 to 1295			

Gasoline Trucks and Delivery Cars

All engines are 4-cylinder unless otherwise specified

	Capacity Tons	Prices		Capacity Tons	Prices
"ACASON," Acason Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models. Chassis only. Hotchkiss drive.	2 and 3 1/2	On application	"DE KALB," DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra.	2 to 2 1/2	\$2100 to \$2450
"ACME," Cadillac Auto Truck Co., Cadillac, Mich., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3 1/2	1500 and \$2900	"DE KALB," De Kalb Mfg. Co., Auburn, Ind., 1 model, 3 bodies.	4	895
"ARMLEIDER," The O. Armleder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3 1/2	2800 and 3500	"DENBY," Denby Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models, 1-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal gear drive.	1 to 2 1/2	1120 to 2090
"ATLAS," Martin Carriage Works, York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Hotchkiss drive.	1000 lbs.	690	"DENMORE," Deneen Motor Co., Cleveland, O., 1 model. Chassis only. Shaft drive.	1 1/2	1385
"ATTERBURY," Atterbury Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 model. Chassis only. Shaft drive.	1 to 3 1/2	1775 to 3171	"DIAMOND T," Diamond T Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models. Chassis only.	3 1/2 to 3 3/2	1175 to 3300
"AUTOCAR," The Autocar Co., Ardmore, Pa., 1 model, 2 cylinders. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1 1/2 to 2	1650	"DISPATCH," Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 models. Complete. Housed chain drive.	3 1/2	1100 to 1200
"AVERY," Avery Company, Peoria, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	2 to 5	2700 to 4500	"DORRIS," Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	2	1990
"BECK," Beck & Sons, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal gear drive.	3 1/2 to 2	950 to 1475	"DOWNING," Downing Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models, 4 cylinders.	3 1/2 to 1 1/2	600 and 750
"BEECH CREEK," Beech Creek Truck & Auto Co., Beech Creek, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Gear drive.	3	3350	"DUPLEX 4-WHEEL DRIVE," Duplex Power Car Co., Charlotte, Mich., 2 models. 3-ton heavy service extra.	2 and 3	2800 and 3200
"BESSEMER," Bessemer Motor Truck Co., Grove City, Pa., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1080 to 4000	"DURABLE DAYTON," Durable Dayton Truck Co., Dayton, Ohio, 6 models. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 7 1/2	2650 to 4950
"BRINTON," Brinton Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 2 models. 3/4-ton complete. Other bodies extra.	1/2 and 2 1/2	995 to 2250	"ELLSWORTH," Mills - Ellsworth Co., Keokuk, Iowa, 1 model. Complete.	3 1/2	695 and 720
"BRISCOE," Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 2 models. Complete. Shaft drive.	3 1/2	675	"ERIE," Erie Motor Truck Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3 1/2	1500 to 3000
"BROCKWAY," Brockway Motor Truck Co., Cortland, N. Y., 6 models. Complete. Worm drive.	1 to 2 1/2	1450 to 2125	"FARGO," Fargo Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 1/2 and 2	1400 and 1700
"BURFORD," Burford Motor Truck Co., Fremont, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	2 and 4	2250 to 3600	"F. W. D.," Four Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis., 1 model. Bevel Gear drive.	3	4000
"CHASE," Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Worm drive.	1/2 to 3 1/2	1500 to 3300	"FEDERAL," Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 1/2 to 3 1/2	1800 to 2800
"COEY," Coey Motor Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Express bodies extra. Shaft drive.	3 1/2	695	"GABRIEL," Gabriel Auto Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	3 1/2 to 1 1/2	1600 to 2300
"COLLIER," Collier Motor Truck Co., Painesville, Ohio, 1 model. With or without body. Direct bevel drive.	3 1/2	800 and 895	"GARFORD," The Garford Motor Truck Co., Toledo, Ohio, 6 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	1 to 10	1450 to 4500
"COMMERCE," Commerce Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal and Bevel Gear drive.	3 1/2 and 1	875 to 1175	"GARY," The Gary Motor Truck Co., Gary, Ind., 5 models. Worm drive.	3 1/2 to 3 1/2	On application
"CORBITT," Corbitt Auto Co., Henderson, N. C., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 1/2 to 3 1/2	2150 to 2900	"GLOBE," Globe Motor Truck Co., Northville, Mich., 2 models, 6 cylinders. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 and 2	1375 and 1985
"COUPLE GEAR," Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Chicago, Ill., 3 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Gas electric).	3 1/2 to 7	5200 to 6000	"O. M. C.," General Motors Truck Co., Pontiac, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	3 1/2 to 5	1090 to 3900
"CRANE & BREED," Crane & Breed Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		3000 to 4200	"GRAMM-BERNESTEIN," Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co., Lima, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6	On application
"CROWTHER - DURVEA," Crowther Motor Co., Rochester, N. Y., 1 model. Complete. Roller drive.	3 1/2	600	"HAHN," Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Hamburg, Pa., 4 models. Worm drive.	3 1/2 to 3 1/2	1000 to 2900
"DART," Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Iowa, 3 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 2 1/2	1850 to 2470	"HALL," Lewis Hall Iron Works, Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Worm and Chain drive.	2 to 5	2000 to 3600
"D-E," Day-Elder Motors Co., Newark, N. J., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	3 1/2 to 1 1/2	895 to 1800	"HARLEY - DAVIDSON," Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 3 models. Cycle delivery.	300 lbs.	310 to 380
			"HARVEY," Harvey Motor Truck Works, Harvok, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2250 to 3600

	Capacity Tons	Prices		Capacity Tons	Prices
"HATFIELD," Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	1000 lbs.	\$765 to \$820	"MORELAND," Moreland Motor Truck Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 4 models. Chassis only. Shaft drive.	1 to 4	\$1650 to \$3400
"HAWKEYE," Hawkeye Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa, 1 model. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1½	1300	"MORTON," Morton Truck and Tractor Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	3	4250
"HENDERSON BROS.," Henderson Bros., North Cambridge, Mass., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ and 2	1125 and 1695	"NETCO," New England Truck Co., Fitchburg, Mass., 3 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies and fire apparatus extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 2	2350 to 4250
"HEWITT - LUDLOW," Hewitt-Ludlow Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	¾ to 3½	1650 to 3350	"NILES," Niles Car & Mfg. Co., Niles, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1275 and 1875
"HOOVER," Hoover Wagon Co., York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	¾	On application	"NORTHWESTERN," Star Carriage Co., Seattle, Wash., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½	2150
"HORNER," Detroit - Wyandotte Motor Truck Co., Wyandotte, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	1 to 5	2250 to 4200	"OLD HICKORY," Kentucky Wagon Co., Louisville, Ky., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	1250 lbs.	825
"HOUGHTON," The Houghton Motor Car Co., Marion, Ohio, hearses and ambulances. Worm drive.	¾	1485 to 1585	"OLD RELIABLE," Old Reliable Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 12 models. Bodies and trailers extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 7	1950 to 5000
"INDEPENDENT," Independent Motors Co., Port Huron, Mich., 2 models. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1385 and 1850	"PACKARD," Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6	2200 to 4550
"INTERNATIONAL," International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ and 1	1225 and 1500	"PALMER - MOORE," Palmer - Moore Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 and 2	1075 and 1675
"JEFFERY," The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Bevel and Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	965 to 2850	"PEERLESS," Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 6 model. Bodies and tractors extra. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 6	3000 to 5000
"KEARNS," Kearns Motor Truck Co., Beavertown, Pa., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive.	1000 lbs.	785	"PIERCE - ARROW," Pierce - Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 5	3000 to 4500
"KELLY," The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, 8 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	2000 to 4500	"PIGGINS," Piggins Motor Truck Co., Racine, Wis., 4 models. Chassis only. Enclosed Spur Gear drive.	1 to 5	1750 to 3850
"KING," A. R. King Mfg. Co., Kingston, N. Y., 1 model. Chassis only. Chain drive.	3¾	2600	"RAINIER," Rainier Motor Corp., N. Y. City, 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾	875
"KISSEL," The Kissel Motor Co., Hartford, Wis., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	¾ to 4	950 to 2850	"REO," Reo Motor Truck Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models ¾-ton with express body. Other, chassis only. Shaft and Chain drive.	¾ and 2	1000 and 1650
"KLEIBER," Kleiber & Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2250 to 4500	"REPUBLIC," Republic Motor Truck Co., Alma, Mich., 4 models. ¾-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 5	750 to 2550
"KNICKERBOCKER," Knickerbocker Motors, Inc., N. Y. City, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive. Also 3-ton tractor.	3 to 5	3500 to 4500	"RIKER," The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models. Bodies, tractor, etc., extra.	3 and 4	3500 to 3650
"KOEHLER," H. J. Koehler Motors Corp., Newark, N. J., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1	895	"ROWE," Rowe Motor Mfg. Co., Downingtown, Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Fire apparatus special.	1 to 5	2450 to 4500
"KOENIG & LUHR," Koenig & Luhrs Wagon Co., Quincy, Ill., 1 model.	¾	900	"RUSH," Rush Motor Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	¾	695
"KREBS," Krebs Commercial Car Co., Clyde, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	¾ to 3	1600 to 3100	"SANDOW," Sandow Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2000 to 3250
"LAMBERT," Buckeye Mfg. Co., Anderson, Ind., 5 models. Also tractors. Chain drive.	½ to 2	900 to 2200	"SANFORD," Sanford Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	1290 to 2100
"LANGE," Lange Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models, 4 cylinders. Bodies extra.	1 to 2½	1850 to 2450	"SAURER," International Motors Co., N. Y. City, 2 models. Chassis only. Chain drive.	5 and 6½	4800 to 5800
"LARRABEE," Larrabee-Deyo Motor Truck Co., Binghamton, N. Y., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 2½	1550 to 2300	"SCHACHT," The G. A. Schacht Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 3	2650 to 3200
"LENOX," Lenox Motor Car Co., Boston, Mass., 1 model, 4 and 6 cylinders. 6 tons haulage.	Tractor	On application	"SELDEN," Selden Truck Sales Co., Rochester, N. Y., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	985 to 2950
"LESLIE," Leslie Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Kerosene fuel.	¾	On application	"SERVICE," Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1375 to 4000
"LIPPARD-STEWART," Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2	1000 to 2500	"SIGNAL," Signal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1550 to 4000
"LITTLE GIANT," Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co., Chicago, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 2	1400 to 2500	"STANDARD," Standard Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 5	2000 to 3600
"MACCAR," Maccar Truck Co., Scranton, Pa., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5½	2100 to 4150	"STANLEY," Stanley Motor Carriage Co., Newton, Mass., 2 models. steam power. Bodies extra.	¾ to 1½	1550
"MACK," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 7½	2000 to 4500	"STEGEMAN," Stegeman Motor Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models, 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	1900 to 4000
"MAXIM," Maxim Motor Co., Middleboro, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus special. Worm drive.	2	2500 and 3000	"STERLING," Sterling Motor Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	2½ to 7	2800 to 4750
"M. H. C.," Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		On application	"STEWART," Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	½ to 1½	695 to 1390
"THE MENOMINEE," Menominee Motor Truck Co., Menominee, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1295 to 2775	"STUDEBAKER," Studebaker Corp. of America, Detroit, Mich., 2 models. With and without bodies. Shaft drive.	½ and 1	875 to 1250
"MERCURY," The Mercury Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., tractor.		3400	"SUPERIOR," E. G. Willingham's Sons, Atlanta, Ga., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 and 2	1350 and 1800
"MODERN," Bowling Green Motor Truck Co., Bowling Green, Ohio, models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1500 and 2000	"THOMAS," Thomas Auto Truck Co., Inc., New York City, 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 to 2½	2700
"MOELLER," New Haven Truck & Auto Works, New Haven, Conn., 3 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	1½ to 5	2500 to 4500	"TON A FORD" (Extension Chassis), Ton A Ford Truck Co., Racine, Wis. Ford chassis and motor. Bodies extra.	1	685
"MOGUL," Mogul Motor Truck Co., St. Louis, Mo., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	1600 to 4000	"TOWER," Tower Motor Truck Co., Greenville, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra.	1¾ to 3	1150 to 2500
"MONARCH," Monarch Light Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ and 1	750 and 950	"TRABOLD," Trabold Truck Mfg. Co., Johnstown, Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2	975 and 1750
"MOON," Jos. W. Moon Buggy Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 1½	850 and 1600			

		Electric Commercial Vehicles	
Capacity Tons	Prices	Capacity Tons	Prices
"TROYAN," The Commercial Truck Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.			
1	\$1500 and \$1800	1 to 5	On application
"UNITED," United Motors Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.			
2 to 5	2250 to 3900	150 and 2000 lbs.	\$1185 and \$2000
"U. S.," United States Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 5 models. Bodies extra. Chain and worm drive.			
2 to 5	2500 to 4000	$\frac{1}{2}$ to 5	1500 to 3500
"UNIVERSAL," Universal Service Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.			
$1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3	2000 to 3400	$3\frac{1}{2}$ and 5	4400 and 5000
"VEERAC," Veerac Company, Minneapolis, Minn., 3 models, cylinders. Complete. Chain drive.			
$\frac{3}{4}$ and 1	950 to 1150		
"VELIE," Velie Motor Vehicle Co., Inc., Moline, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.			
2 and $3\frac{1}{2}$	2250 and 3350	$\frac{1}{4}$	2000
"VIALI," Vial Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.			
$1\frac{1}{2}$ to 5	1650 to 3250	$\frac{1}{2}$ to 5	1700 to 3700
"VIM," Vim Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 12 delivery bodies. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.			
	695 to 1385	$\frac{1}{2}$ to 6	1450 to 3500
"VOLTZ," Volta Brothers, Chicago, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.			
3 and 5	2750 and 3600	Tractor	1274 to 4435
"WACO," Western Automobile Co., Seattle, Wash., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive.			
	850	$\frac{1}{2}$ to 5	On application
"WALTER," Walter Motor Truck Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Also tractor. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.			
3 to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	4000 to 4500		
"WARE," Twin City Four Wheel Drive Co., St. Paul, Minn., 2 models. Complete. Direct Shaft drive.			
3 and 5	3950 and 4650		
"WATSON," Watson Wagon Co., Canastota, N. Y. Tractor and Trailer.			
5	On application		
"WHITE," The White Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus, etc., special. Chain and Shaft drive.			
$\frac{3}{4}$ to 5	2100 to 4500		
"WICHITA," Wichita Falls Motor Co., Wichita Falls, Texas, 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.			
1 to 5	1350 to 3850		
"WILCOX TRUX," Wilcox Motor Truck Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.			
$\frac{3}{4}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$	On application		
"WILSON," J. C. Wilson Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. 5-ton haulage body extra. Worm Gear drive.			
2	2350		
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"DETROIT," The Anderson Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 6 bodies, W. B. 100 in.	
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"FRITCHIE," Fritchle Electric Co., Denver, Colo., 2 models, 4 bodies (R. etc.), W. B. 96 in. and 104 in.	
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"HUPP - YEATS," Hupp-Yeats Electric Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model, 2 bodies (2 coupes), W. B. 86 and 100 in.	
1500 and 1750	
"MILBURN," Milburn Wagon Co., Toledo, Ohio, 2 models, 3 bodies. Coupe. W. B. 105 in.	
1285 to 1995	
"OHIO," The Ohio Electric Car Co., Toledo, Ohio, 4 models, 4 bodies.	
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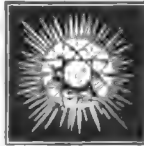
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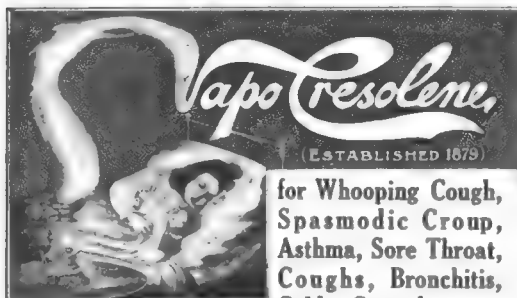
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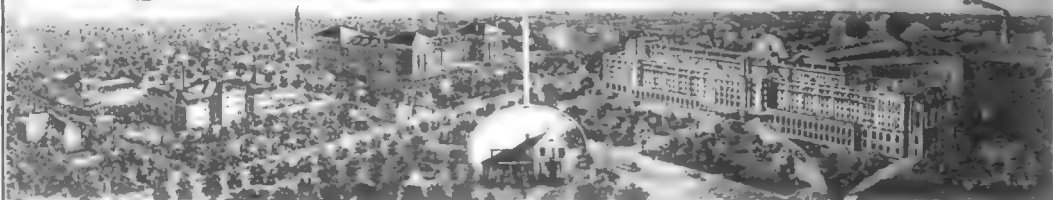
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BOX 109, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Atwood Grapefruit

Recommended by Physicians for Rheumatism.

As to Flavor, in a Class by Itself.

Price about the same as the common variety.

Always in
 this brand





The Tonic for Convalescents

The weakest of stomachs will retain and the weakest of digestions will digest

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic

A strengthening, building-up tonic. The nutriment of barley combined with the tonic properties of hops.

Cheap substitutes may be offered you—don't be deceived, but remember that anything less than the best for the sick is harmful economy.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product—not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

Interesting Booklet on Request

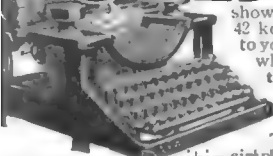
Anheuser-Busch

St. Louis

U. S. A.



WOULD YOU



show this standard high grade 42 key fully visible typewriter to your friends and let them see wherein it excels any \$100 typewriter, if by doing this and other small assistance, you could easily have one to keep as your own? Then by post card or letter

FOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO.,

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Sent absolutely free. Mail the coupon and get it. See a wonderful collection of high grade, genuine diamonds in richest gold and platinum mountings. Also get particulars about our special offer. Learn how we sell exquisitely beautiful diamonds on liberal credit terms.

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You can buy direct. No storekeepers' profit to pay. Special net price list comes with the Diamond Book. Shows you how to save on rings, in all styles of mountings, Tiffany, Belcher, etc., Brooches, Pins, La Vallieres. Every stone a selected gem. Every mounting a work of most expert artisans.

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Yes, only \$2.50 monthly will give you a handsome ring. Other terms \$3.50, \$4.50

and up. Offers that are really startling in prices and terms. Get all the facts before you buy a diamond. Write today for the Free Diamond Book!

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Copr. Life Pub. Co.

Life

*An American Paper, by Americans,
for Americans*

Christmas is now rapidly approaching—not only the great gift season, but also the time when you naturally renew your subscription to your favorite periodicals. If you are not already a regular subscriber to LIFE, you can send one dollar (Canadian, \$1.13; Foreign, \$1.26) and secure LIFE on a trial order for three months, this offer being open only to new subscribers, no subscriptions renewed at this rate. Or you can send five dollars (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04) for one year. No premium. Our circulation is based strictly on what LIFE gives its readers each week.

Dear Life: I enclose a two-cent stamp, for which please forward me, without charge, a copy of the last edition of the Miniature Life. Also, I enclose check for Send Life as a Christmas gift to

Name

Street

Place

Tear out the coupon, and return to Life with the blank lines filled in

LIFE, 24 West 31st Street, New York.

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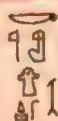
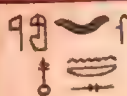
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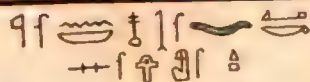
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 12.

EVERYBODY'S

Christmas Gift Suggestions



A Toilet Ritual of
3000 Years ago



DID it ever occur to you that **MARY GARDEN** is the reincarnation of **CLEOPATRA**, Queen of **EGYPT**? Like **MARY GARDEN**, she was famous for intelligence and beauty.

MARY GARDEN PERFUME—the subtle fragrance specially created for the divine **Prima Donna** by **RIGAUD**, identifies **EVERY WOMAN** with a personality which renders her captivating and alluring—by accentuation of personal charm.

Mary Garden Perfume

Toilet Water, Talcum, Sachet and Face Powders, Rouge (Vanity Case), Massage, Cold and Greaseless Creams, Soap and Breath Tablets.

Rigaud
Master Perfumer
Original from Paris and New York



EVERYBODY'S
Christmas Gift Suggestions



The Christmas Gift Good All Year 'Round

Parents, boys and girls and guests are all fascinated by the royal games of Carom and Pocket Billiards when played on Brunswick tables in cozy home surroundings.

After school hours and winter evenings always find the Brunswick the center

of merriment and wholesome exercise. Some styles can be set up quickly anywhere and taken down easily after play.

Made of beautiful oak and mahogany, richly inlaid—speed, accuracy and ever-level smoothness—sizes to fit all homes.

"Baby Grand"

Brunswick Home Billiard Tables

\$30 and Up—Pay 10c a Day

A small first payment puts any Brunswick that you select in your home for Christmas. After that, pay the balance monthly—terms as low as 10c a day.

Balls, Cues, etc., FREE

With every Brunswick Table we give you a

complete Brunswick high-class Playing Outfit—Rack, Markers, Balls, Cues, Tips, expert book of 33 games, etc.

Get our 30-day home trial offer and see these tables in our handsome colored catalog—"Billiards—The Home Magnet."

Write or send the attached coupon and have this book by return mail free! Send today and decide in time for Christmas delivery.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., Dept. 41 L
623-633 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Send FREE, postpaid, color-book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet" and tell about your home trial offer.

Name

Address



60 LEATHER BOUND BOOKS

100
Down After 5 Days Examination

An amazing bargain. 60 famous masterpieces, bound in genuine limp leather, unaltered, convenient pocket size—shipped for FREE inspection, no money in advance. Handsome quartered oak book rack free. Glance at the list of titles. Millions have been charmed and stirred by these, the greatest stories, plays, poems and essays ever written by the greatest authors of all time.

Every Title a World Famous Masterpiece Unabridged, Convenient Pocket Size

Fourteen's profoundest essays, Kipling's stirring ballads and tales, De Maupassant's most vivid narratives, Poe's poems and mystery stories, Shakespeare's and Ibsen's greatest plays, G. Bernard Shaw's delightful essays, the works of Burns, Tennyson, Browning, Tolstoy, Stevenson, Dickens, Barrie, Wilde, Dante, Coleridge—these and a score of other masterpieces that every cultured person must wish to possess—shipped on approval. Mail coupon without money NOW!

Send No Money

Just mail coupon or letter. The 60 books, and book rack will be sent prepaid. Examine them five days then return at our expense or send us \$1.00 and balance on easy monthly terms. Books of equal quality often sell for \$1.00 each, yet our price is but a fraction. Because of rapid increase in price of leather and paper, the price must go up shortly. Send coupon now. If cash in full is sent with order, deduct 10 percent money back. If desired, single volumes postpaid \$3.00 each, payable in advance.

Little Leather Library
2912 Mercantile Building
Chicago, Ill.

LIST OF TITLES, SINGLE VOLUMES 35c. EACH, POSTPAID

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|--------------------------------------|--|---|
| Christmas Carol Dickens | Etherlock Holmes Doyle | On Going to Church Shaw |
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| Utopia of Great Men | Ghosts | Idylls of the King, Vol. 1 |
| The Forest Story in the World | The Murderers in the Rue Morgue Edgar Allan Poe | Idylls of the King, Vol. 2 |
| Parables Room Ballads | The Raven, etc. | Friendship, etc. Thoreau |
| Without Benefit of Cery | Ballad of Reading Gaol Wilde | Memories, Lincoln Whitman |
| Stories De Maupassant | Folk and Melancton | Ancient Mariner Coleridge |
| Tales from Arabian Nights | Masterpiece Speeches Abraham Lincoln | Inferno Dante |
| A Child's Garden of Verses Stevenson | The Bear Hunt, etc. Tolstoy | Speeches and Letters Washington |
| Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde | Sonnets from Portuguese Elizabeth Barrett Browning | A Dream of John Bull Morris |
| Fifty Best Poems of England | Scholarship Confession of an Opium Eater De Quincey | Poems Burns |
| Fifty Best Poems of America | Through the Looking Glass Alice's Wonderland Carroll | Carmen Merimee |
| Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam | Contes de Saint-Germain | Confession of an Opium Eater |
| Romance of King Lear Macbeth | Fairy Tales Schreier | Woe of Jezebel A Tillyloss Scandal Barrie |
| Romance of Venice Romeo and Juliet | Mother Goose Rhymes | The Jew, etc. The Last Days of a Con |
| Julius Caesar—Sonnets | Van Winkle | Unlabeled |

Name

Address

Little Leather Library, 2912 Mercantile Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Are You a Friend of His? Give Him a Gillette

WHAT could you give that he will use so often—and like so much? The happiest hit of all the gifts at Christmas. See the displays—buy now!

The Bulldog, the Aristocrat, the Standard Set or Pocket Edition—\$5; with gold-plated razor, \$6. Or more elaborate—a Combination or Traveler's Set, \$6 to \$50.

A clever "little gift" is a packet of Gillette Blades—50c. or \$1. Dealers everywhere. Write us for Catalogue.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

NO STROPPING.

NO HONING





The CHILD is ASLEEP

*Just on the other side
of that wall!*

The curtain blows into the lamp—flares up like lightning—and in five minutes the whole room is ablaze, with the flames licking greedily at the walls.

There they *stop*. The fire cannot go beyond that one room. The house is built throughout of

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

For a nominal expenditure over criminally dangerous wood construction, one home builder has bought absolute safety. That extra expenditure he gets back in a few years by the resulting economies in maintenance and insurance.

His home is permanent, beautiful, and safe. His walls are built of the big and permanent Natco Hollow Tile units, with decorative stucco outside and plaster inside

adhering to the patented dovetail scored surface of the tile. There is no lath—no furring. There is no cracking of walls and ceilings from expansion and contraction.

His house is cooler in summer and warmer in winter—saving coal bills—thanks to the blanket of dry air contained in the cells of the tile. It is vermin proof and damp proof—sanitary, modern, livable in the best and most complete sense.

The greatest architects agree that Natco—the material that made the skyscraper possible—is ideal for home building, large or small. Send ten cents for the 32-page book, "Fireproof Houses," and see what beautiful homes other discriminating people have built of Natco. It is *your* building material—be sure you get the genuine bearing the "Natco" imprint—for comfort, economy and safety.

NATIONAL FIRE-PROOFING COMPANY

272 Federal Street

Pittsburgh, Pa.

This is a NATCO XXX Hollow Tile, of the type used for residence wall construction. These big units mean quick and permanent construction and everlasting safety against fire. Note the air cells which make the NATCO wall temperature and damp proof, and the patented dovetail scoring on the surface for a strong mechanical bond with decorative outside stucco and inside plaster. No studding or lath is required. There is a NATCO tile for every building purpose, from smallest residence to largest skyscraper. It is the most modern building material made.



THE MATERIAL THAT MADE THE SKYSCRAPER POSSIBLE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Loyal to the Service

They Uphold Each Other's Hands

The public *must* be served. This is the dominating thought of the entire Bell organization from the president down. Every employe feels the sense of responsibility that this working principle implies. The public must be served—efficiently, uninterruptedly.

In the fulfilment of this policy, the management of the Bell System realizes that every individual employe must give undivided and undistracted effort and interest to his work.

To assure this, every worker receives adequate remuneration, ample protection in case of illness and provision for old age. All these personal matters are cared for so that the employe has the least possible worry regarding

his own welfare. His whole-hearted attention can be devoted to serving the public.

While each employe realizes that he is but a single factor, he understands that not only is supreme personal effort expected of him, but also a loyal support to every other telephone worker.

There is something in the telephone organization which imbues every employe with a spirit of loyalty to the public. All feel a direct responsibility for each other because each recognizes that only by mutual endeavor can they render the high standard of service which is expected of them. They uphold each other's hands so that the public may be served.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy **One System** **Original for Universal Service**
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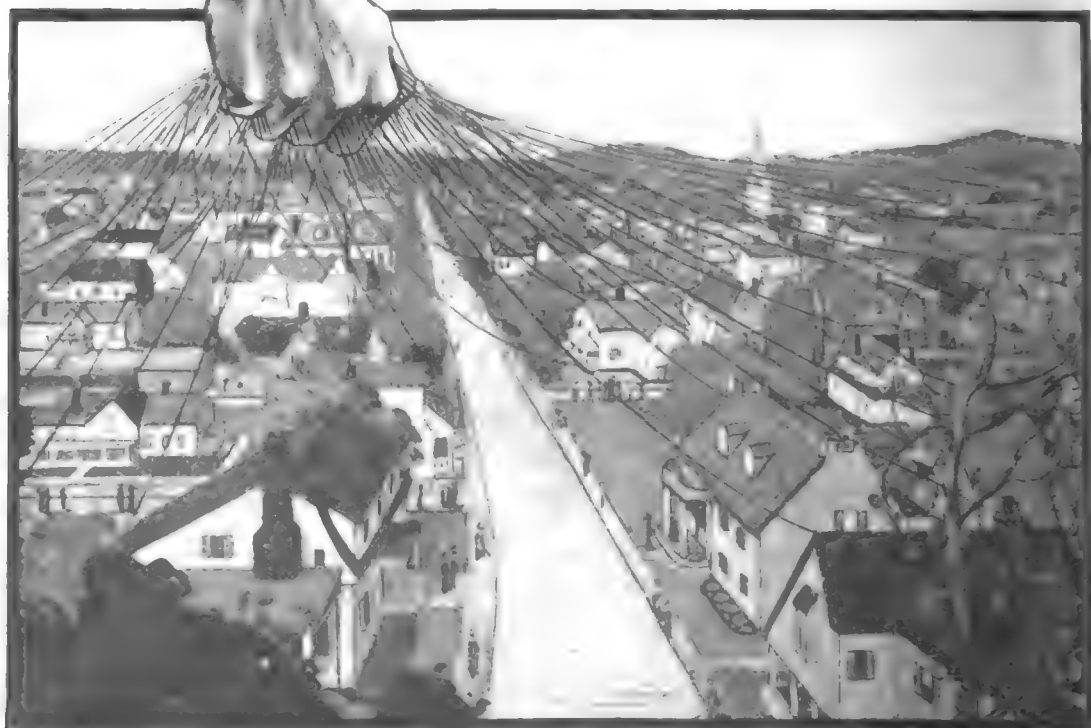
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Do You Want Money?

5000 able men will supplement their incomes with \$20.00 to \$40.00 a week extra this year acting as Butterick's Local Subscription Correspondents. The same plan and the same success that we propose for you.

A plan that will supplement your present income \$10.00, \$20.00, \$30.00 a week, or more? We will consider your appointment as Butterick's Local Subscription Correspondent in your town. This means introducing THE DELINEATOR and EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE into homes where they are not now taken. A clean-cut, dignified, permanent, and decidedly profitable plan. We furnish everything. If you can measure up, we'll buy your time. Write to-day to Desk "R," The Butterick Publishing Company, Butterick Building, New York City.

Every home in your locality represents a profit





A happy Christmas thought—

KODAK

The gift that adds to the good times at the moment; that indoors and out gives zest to the merry making *and then*—preserves the happy picture story of all that goes to make the day a merry one.

The Kodak catalogue, free at your dealer's, or by mail, tells in detail about the various Kodak and Brownie cameras—from \$1.25 upward. Photography is really very simple and inexpensive. Kodak has made it so.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



*The Perfect
Stereopticon*

THE Bausch and Lomb BALOPTICON

—is an IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT. It fulfills the desire of young and old alike for a real "picture machine," not a toy. There are many models, but the HOME BALOPTICON particularly appeals to all. With it you can project colored post cards, photo prints, solid objects, etc., on a screen for the enjoyment of your family and friends. Fitted with new gas-filled Mazda lamp, which attaches to any socket and runs itself. Extremely simple to operate. Price, including aluminum-coated screen, \$35.00. Other models for lantern slides, \$20.00 and up.

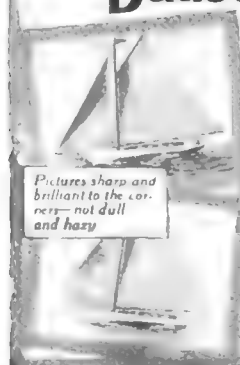
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Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.

500 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y.

New York Washington Chicago San Francisco

Leading American Makers of High Grade Optical Products.



Pictures sharp and
brilliant to the cor-
ners—not dull
and hazy

Type like
this—
not like
this

OILING

CLEANING
AND
POLISH-
ING

3 IN ONE

true to name,
has three distinct
purposes. 3-in-One lub-
ricates sewing machines,
locks, clocks, door hinges, type-
writers, tools, adding and address-
ing machines—everything in the
home or office that "works." Can't
gum, contains no grease, won't collect
dirt and has the right viscosity to stay at
friction points.

3-in-One cleans and polishes floors, fine furniture, pianos,
mirrors, etc. For making Dustless Dusters or Polish
Mops there is nothing like it.

FREE—Sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses.
3-in-One prevents rust or tarnish on any metal
surface. Especially is it famous for keeping
the shaving edge of razor blades free of
microscopic particles of rust that make
a razor "pull."



Sold by all stores in Handy
Oil Cans for 25c. In bottles
10c, 25c, 50c.

**3-in-One
Oil Co.,**
425 W. 11th St.,
S. F.

PREVENTING
RUST

Crooked Spines Made Straight



The Philo Burt Method 30 Days at Our Risk.

NO MATTER how serious your case, no matter **what** ~~also~~ you have tried, the Philo Burt method consisting of a **Scientific Appliance** and a course of special exercises will help you and probably **wholly overcome** your affliction. We are so sure of this that we will make an Appliance to suit your special condition and let you decide, after 30 days, whether you are satisfied. We make this unusual offer simply because in over 25,000 cases we have **absolutely proved** the wonderful benefit this Method brings to spinal sufferers, young and old, and in all kinds of cases. There is no need to suffer longer or to bear the torture of old-fashioned plaster, leather or steel jackets. The Philo Burt Appliance gives an even, perfect adjustable support to the weakened or deformed spine and brings almost **immediate relief** even in the **most serious cases**. It is easy to put on or take off. Does not chafe or irritate. Is light and cool. The price is within reach of all. You owe it to yourself, or the afflicted one in your family, to find out about it. Describe your trouble fully so we can advise you intelligently.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO. L 294 Odd Fellows' Temple, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

NABISCO

HERE are sugar wafer confections to entrance the eye, to delight the palate and to bring pleasure to all. These sweets are desirable for serving with ices or sherbets, frozen puddings or fruits as well as with beverages of any kind—or as a dessert. In ten-cent and twenty-five-cent tins.

FESTINO—Almond-shaped dessert confections of surpassing goodness. Filled with a creamy almond-flavored sweet.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**



Does Cypress ^{"The Wood Eternal"} Last?!

Study These Photographs of an "Ingrowing Fence"



WITHOUT A NAIL
OR A PEG IN IT.

Below is a glimpse down a country highway ("de big road," as Uncle Remus called it) near Monroe, Louisiana. That fence has no posts. It was built by forcing split Cypress boards between saplings. This occurred so many years ago that nobody knows when it was, nor who was the labor-saving genius who did it. Then the trees grew, and grew, and grew.

NOW, PLEASE, study the larger photograph and see in detail how the fence looks today. Note the size of the tree, and how deeply are embedded the ends of those old Cypress rails — no one can tell how deep they extend in. Note, also, how weathered they are, yet they ring as true and sound under a hammer as though just hewn. Were those old Cypress boards somebody's money's worth? Why should not YOU do as well with your lumber money — whether you are building a beautiful home or just patching up the old place? USE CYPRESS.



"Build of Cypress Lumber and You Build but Once."

Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

1200 Hibernia Bank Building, New Orleans, La., or 1200 Heard National Bank Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.

INSIST ON CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL LUMBER DEALER'S. IF HE HASN'T IT, LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY.



So the Children Didn't Lose Their Christmas After All!

WHEN Daddy was taken down with pneumonia, just a month before Christmas, mother thought things looked pretty black. In her mind she saw the Christmas cheer vanish. Only an empty stocking for the babies this year, and all the joy of Christmas Eve and Christmas morning turned to sorrow. It was bad enough to have him ill, and this seemed the last straw.

But she didn't know that he had AETNA-IZED. He knew that accident and sickness wait on no man. He had not considered himself stronger than Destiny. He had protected himself while he could.



AETNA-IZE



Protect yourself now. If you are in a "Preferred" occupation and under 51 years of age and pay \$60 a year for an Aetna Disability Policy, you will get:

\$25 a week up to 52 weeks while you are ill. \$25 a week for 100 weeks—nearly two years—if you lose the sight of both eyes by disease, or the use of both hands or feet or one hand and one foot by paralysis. Also payment of hospital charges up to \$12.50 per week for ten weeks, or for a surgical operation.

Or you will get \$50 a week as long as you are disabled by a railway, steamship or burning building accident. \$25 a week if disabled by an ordinary accident.

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.

The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance

Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines
An Aetna Agent has a national advertising campaign working for him all the time

If you are killed in an accident, or lose two limbs or both eyes, you will get from \$5,000 to \$15,000. Half as much for loss of one hand, foot or eye, depending on the character of the accident and how long you have carried the insurance.

For your wife's sake and your children's sake, send this coupon—now.

Send this coupon and let Aetna send you your pay envelope when you need it most.

Name
 Occupation
 Bus. Address
 AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
 Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.
 I have marked the kinds of insur-
 cident ☐ Health ☐ Disability ☐ Life ☐ Accident ☐
 years. I am in good health.

The gift for the one you are thinking of now—a PREMO

No matter whether it is a man or woman, a boy or girl, you know how interested everyone is in pictures—especially pictures of the people and events that make up their own lives.

This is why a Premo is a gift that can't be wrong—that is sure to please the one you wish to please most, for with a Premo anyone can have the pleasure of making his or her own pictures with practically no effort.

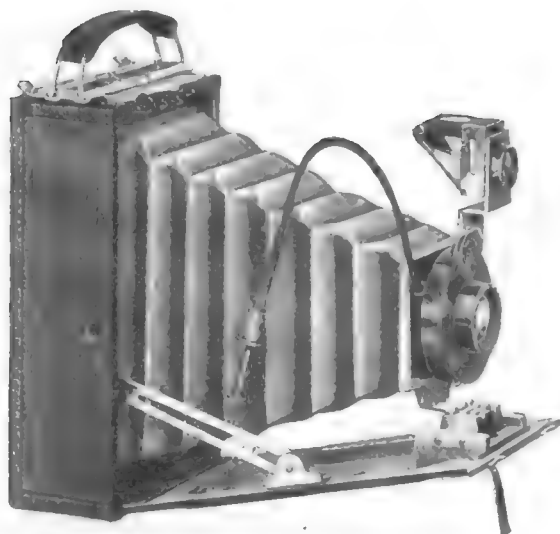
Premos are the simplest of all cameras to load and operate, they are re-

markably light and compact, they are made on graceful lines and attractively finished—an important consideration in a Christmas gift—and each one receives the same careful inspection for dependability as do all cameras that come out of the Kodak factories.

Premos are made for film packs, for cartridge film and for plates. They range in price from 75 cents to \$140.00, suiting every requirement of price or equipment.

The illustration shows the

PREMOETTE JR. No. 1^A



A daylight loading film pack camera for $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ pictures. Just a trifle larger than the pictures it makes, it is an exceptionally appropriate Christmas camera. Price, with Meniscus Achromatic lens, \$7.00, with Rapid Rectilinear lens, \$9.00, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, f.7.7, \$14.00.

Premo catalogue free at all dealers', or mailed by us on request.

**ROCHESTER
OPTICAL DIVISION**

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



**He
made
his
Mark**

From 14 cents an hour to Railroad Official

AT the age of eighteen Frank R. Judd was a machinist's helper earning 14c an hour—\$1.40 for ten hours' work. One day he marked the coupon of an American School advertisement and a few weeks later enrolled as a student. Before he finished his course he was holding a good position in the engineering department of the Illinois Central Railroad. "Because I had the proper training," said Mr. Judd, "other advances were rapid." Today he is Engineer of Buildings for the entire 6,000-mile system, with hundreds of men under him. He is a trained man—and the high position he holds is his just reward. *He has made his mark!*

Make Your Mark

Just put an X before the position in life that you want to fill—we'll tell you how easily you can fit yourself for it. For nearly twenty years our practical lessons—written in plain, understandable language—have been training men for promotion. Today, thousands of our students are "making their marks" in engineering, business and law. Marking the coupon will bring full particulars about your choice of 34 well-paying positions. Investigate *now!* Your own ambition, your fondest dreams, say: "Mark the coupon!" Do it now—for the sake of the man you want to be.

American School
of Correspondence, Chicago, U.S.A.
Dept. C1039

American School of Correspondence, Dept. C1039 Chicago, U. S. A.
Gentlemen: Without obligation please send me booklet
and tell me how I can qualify for position marked X.

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.....Hydroelectric Engineer	Business Manager
.....Telephone Engineer	Auditor
.....Architect	Accountant
.....Architectural Draftsman	Certi'd Public Acc't
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.....Structural Engineer	Fire Ins. Inspector
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.....Mechanical Engineer	Fire Ins. Expert
.....Mechanical Draftsman	Sanitary Engineer
.....Civil Engineer	Plumber
.....Steam Engineer	Reclamation Engineer
.....Shop Foreman	Automobile Engineer
.....Shop Superintendent	Automobile Repairer
.....Sheet Metal Draftsman	College Preparatory

We also prepare for civil service examinations in all engineering subjects.

Name

Address.....Original from.....



When Physician Meant "Physic—Dispenser"

IN Shakespeare's time, if you were sick and went to a doctor he did one of two things. He either bled you or "physicked" you.

Physicians no longer practice bleeding. And the leaders of the profession are equally opposed to the indiscriminate use of laxative and cathartic drugs. In fact, the habitual use of laxatives is now known to be one of the most fruitful causes of constipation.

Physicians of the highest standing prescribe Nujol because it relieves constipation without any bad after effects and without forming a habit. It acts in effect as an internal lubricant, preventing congestion and facilitating normal movements.

All druggists carry Nujol. Avoid substitutes. Write today for booklet, "The Rational Treatment of Constipation" using coupon below.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(New Jersey)

Bayonne

New Jersey

Nujol

FOR CONSTIPATION

Send for booklet, "THE RATIONAL TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION." Write your name and address plainly below. Dept. 3

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

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This and seven other Colonial home designs included in our Homebuilders Book.

Individuality

in woodwork as well as general design is the thing you strive for when planning your new home.

That perplexing question "which wood" for the library, hall or bedroom is best answered in the use of

Arkansas Soft Pine

Our Homebuilders Book will give you the "why of it" in every detail, while our samples and book of finishing directions, attractively illustrated, will supply the "how of it." We'll send them free. Write today. Architects should have our Manual. Sent on request.

Arkansas Soft Pine is Trade-Marked and sold by dealers. Yours can supply it.

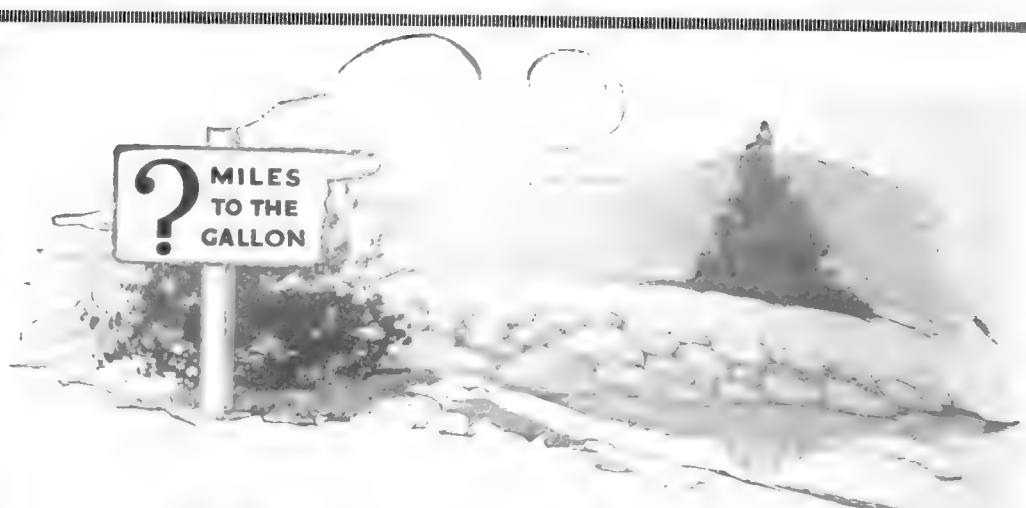
ARKANSAS SOFT PINE BUREAU

712 Bank of Commerce Bldg., Little Rock, Arkansas

Satin-like



Interior Trim



Higher Mileage

*from both oil and gasoline
follows lubricating efficiency*

THE careful motorist today wants high mileage from his lubricating oil. For high mileage is significant in many ways.

Higher mileage from an oil means more work, less waste.

Higher mileage results from a more complete piston-ring seal. That means practically eliminating oil working into the combustion chambers. It means cutting down the gasoline waste past the piston rings. It means sealing-in the power, which then acts with full force on the pistons.

And a higher mileage oil must naturally be one which withstands the intense working-heat in the cylinders.

The high mileage from Gargoyle Mobiloils is causing a marked reduction in many annual oil bills. But, much more important, it points plainly to greater lubricating efficiency.

A Massachusetts garage man writes us: "Some motorists say Gargoyle Mobiloils go $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ further. In our seven livery cars we get 20 to 25 miles more per quart than with anything else on the job."

A prominent manufacturer of motor trucks and tractors found that Gargoyle Mobiloils cut gasoline consumption 28% when compared with one oil and 41% when compared with another.

We constantly hear of such experiences.

Frequently two friends own the same make and model of car.

Both are satisfied with gas and oil mileage until they compare results. Then comes a surprise to one of them.

We recommend that you compare results on your own car, as follows:

An Economical Demonstration

It will probably cost you less than \$1.00 to fill your reservoir with the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car. The garage or dealer you trade with has it, or can promptly secure it for you.

Ask him to empty your reservoir of its present oil and fill it with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils. You can then judge for yourself the results in gasoline economy and reduced oil consumption, to say nothing of reduced carbon deposit. If your car is not listed in the partial chart to the right, a copy of our "Correct Lubrication" booklet containing the complete Chart will be sent you on request.



Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for gasoline engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

Electric Vehicles—For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year 'round. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" the year 'round. **Exception**—For winter lubrication of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches: Detroit Chicago Minneapolis
Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh
New York Indianapolis Kansas City, Kan.

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation: In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OR CARS	1915	1915	1915	1915	1915
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Abbott Detroit (8 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A Arc
Apperson (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A Arc
Asburn (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A Arc
Autocar (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Avery (Mod 5&C 1 Ton)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Bruce (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Buick Cadillac (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Case (Model 640)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Chalmers (Model 640)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Chrysler Sedan (8 cyl)	B	B	B	B	B B
Chrysler Sedan (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A Arc
Chevrolet (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Cole (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A Arc
Cummins (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A Arc
DeLaney Bellville	B	B	B	B	B A
Detroit (8 cyl)	Arc	Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Dodge (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Empire (8 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A Arc
Federal (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Ford (8 cyl)	B	B	B	B	A E
Franklin (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A Arc
Grant (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Haynes (12 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Hudson (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Hupmobile (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
U. S. (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A A
Jackson (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Jeffery (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Keane (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Kelly Springfield (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A E
Kiser (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Knight (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Knight (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Knickerbocker (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Loose (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Loose (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Martin (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Mason (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Mayer (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Mitchell (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Moline (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Moon (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
National (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
National (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Oakland (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Oldsmobile (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Owens (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Packard (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Paige (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Patton (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Pearce (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Pierce Arrow (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Premier (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Regal (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Reo (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Richmond (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Saxon (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Selden (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Simplex (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Stearns Knight (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Stevens Duryea (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Stutz (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Veier (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
White (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Willis Knight (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc
Wisconsin (8 cyl)	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc	A Arc

"Swift's Premium" Calendar for 1917

Cut-out dolls for calendars!
As big as a live new baby!



The Most Attractive Calendar We Have Ever Issued

Swift & Company for years have been famous for the exquisite calendars they have offered each Holiday season. This year we have secured one of which we are specially proud! We feel it is by far our most attractive calendar.

Four Big Darlings

These four big darlings, over 18 inches tall, each *exquisitely colored* and able to stand alone, will merrily tell you the day of the year; for each one carries a complete calendar.

How the children will love them! You, too, will smile every day of 1917 when you look at these laughing little faces.

Best of all, each doll has a pretty new dress for every season! These

changes keep the calendar fresh and different. But to the heart of every child, they will bring that keenest of childish joys—a chance to dress and undress the newest, most unusual of paper dolls!

Write for several sets of them—send them out during the holidays—they will make an original, inexpensive gift—or keep them for your family—daily they will remind you of the savory flavor and rare quality of

"Swift's Premium" Hams and Bacon

How to Get This Calendar

One doll with four changes of clothes, forming a complete calendar for 1917, will be sent to any address in the United States for 10c in coin or stamps—
or—4 Labels from "Swift's Premium" Oleomargarine cartons
or—4 Covers from Bookfield Sausage cartons
or—6 Maxine Elliott Soap Wrappers
or—10 Wool Soap Wrappers
(If you live in Canada, send 10c extra on each doll ordered to pay duty.)

NOTE: All four dolls—with four changes of clothes for each, making four complete calendars, sent for 40c or four times the number of labels or wrappers required for each doll.

When you send for a calendar or calendars, address

Swift & Company
4162 Packers Ave. Chicago

the original
inexpensive gift!



Golden Hours at Sea

Such fascinating things to do and see and such comfort all the way if you choose

Southern Pacific Steamships

(Morgan Line)

NEW YORK NEW ORLEANS

See the quaint City of New Orleans, then board the "Sunset Limited" for California, affording opportunity for that marvelous side trip over the "Apache Trail," the oldest highway in America.

Through Pullman Service between El Paso and Globe, Arizona, and Phoenix, Arizona, and Los Angeles, California, for Apache Trail Passengers.

For literature and full information address

L. H. Nutting, General Passenger Agent, 366 Broadway, New York

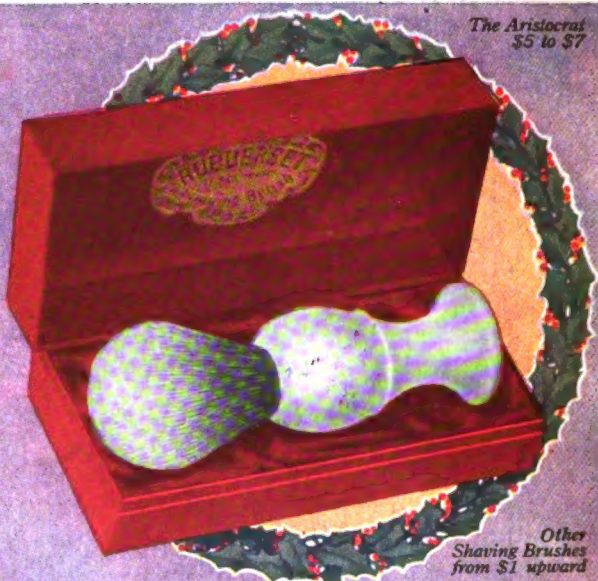


Write, right now to the
RUBBERSET CO.
 156 Ferry St., Newark, N. J.
 for the booklet:

"RUBBERSET Holiday Gift Brushes"

RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes have long been famous as the most acceptable and appropriate of remembrances for men, while the newer comers to the "RUBBERSET Family" allow the "RUBBERSET Christmas" to embrace the members of both sexes.

RUBBERSET Gift Brushes are especially boxed in handsome containers, and the prices shown are those at which they may usually be purchased by the Christmas shopper, save in localities far removed from the place of manufacture. They are the distinguishing features of the holiday stocks of the best stores in every city, and we recommend them unreservedly as brushes which may be sold, purchased and given as remembrances with an overflowing measure of genuine pride.



The Aristocrat
\$5 to \$7

Other
Shaving Brushes
from \$1 upward



RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK



Founded on the underlying principle of all RUBBERSET products—of gripping every bristle *everlastingly* in hard rubber and of providing an article embracing every quality of excellence in brush construction—RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes, Hair Brushes, Nail Brushes and Complexion Brushes, *all* RUBBERSET Brushes are fully guaranteed and any brush proving in any way unsatisfactory may be exchanged for a new one of similar style without charge.



Military
Hair Brushes
Finest Imported
Russian Bristle

Alberite
Ivory Handled
Pair \$6

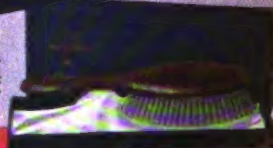
The Bull Dog
\$5 and \$6



Ladies' Hair
Brushes
\$4 and \$6



Black Walnut
Hair Brushes
\$1.50 and \$2



Complexion Brushes
Medium \$1.75
Extra Soft \$2



Everlasting Nail
Brushes
\$1.50
All Black \$1.25



Another suggestion: A dozen or half dozen
 RUBBERSET Tooth Brushes.

RUBBERSET CO. (R.C.H.T. Co.) Newark, N. J.

"Makers of a Standard Brush for every use to which a BRISTLE Brush is put."